

# CHATELAIN

OCTOBER • 1939  
TEN CENTS



PRESENTING THE FASHION STORY FOR FALL

## "IT'S 'PINK TOOTH BRUSH' ALL RIGHT — AND I'VE NO ONE BUT MYSELF TO BLAME!"

*Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firm  
and your teeth sparkling with IPANA AND MASSAGE!*



# IPANA TOOTH PASTE

"YES, I'M THE ONE to blame! I'm the one who thought that I would never see a tinge of 'pink' on my tooth brush!"

"Day after day, I just went along in the same old way . . . brushing my teeth so carefully, so faithfully . . . but never bothering at all about my gums!"

"Well, I've got 'pink tooth brush' all right. But I'm not going to ignore it and let it spoil my smile. I'm going to do something about it right now . . . I'm going to see my dentist, today!"

\* \* \* \* \*

One smart thing, one sensible thing to do—when you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—is to see your dentist immediately! It may not mean that you are headed for serious trouble, but get his advice.

Very often, however, it simply indicates a case of lazy, tender gums—gums cheated of hard chewing by today's soft, creamy foods. They need more work, more exercise—and that's why so many modern dentists often advise "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and gum massage."

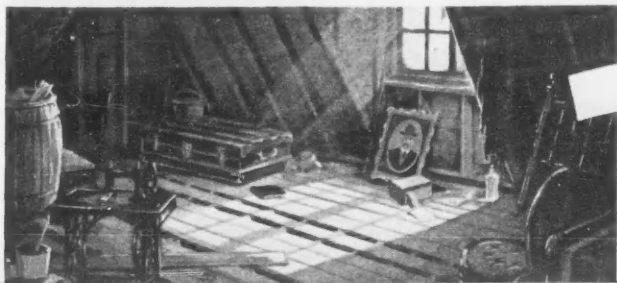
For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to aid the health of your gums as well. Every time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens within the gums, they tend to become firmer and healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Join the thousands of people who use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage regularly—who've discovered this modern way to brighter teeth, healthier gums, more attractive smiles!

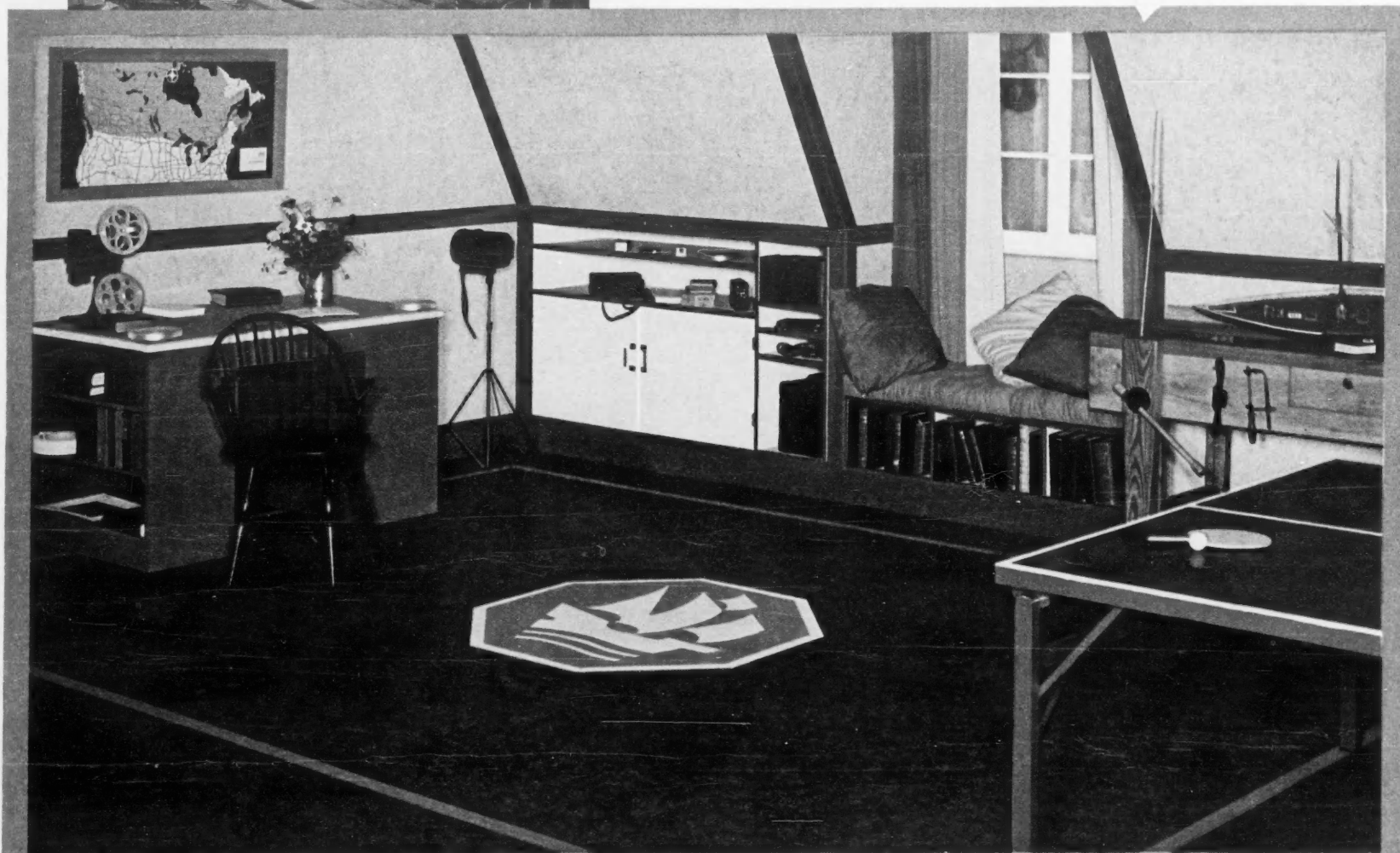


**TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH**  
For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D.D. Tooth Brush.





FROM THIS .... TO THIS...  
FOR ONLY  
\$14<sup>18</sup> per month



## JOHN DOE and FAMILY HAD A PROBLEM



● John Doe and family, typical Canadians—Mother, Bill (15) and Alec (13)—had problems. In a nutshell, Dad wanted peace and quietness. Mother wanted tidiness and the boys said "All right, give us a room to ourselves!" Whereupon Dad countered "What are you going to use for money?"



● Dad was talking it over one evening when Mr. James (a contractor) remarked, "What about that old attic of yours? If you could give the boys a *real* playroom without spending a dime now and paying a small amount every month to the Bank, wouldn't you do it?" Dad thought he was safe, so he said yes—and Bill and Alec got their "Hobby Room".



● The total cost was \$466.00. The Bank Manager made the necessary arrangements under the Home Improvement Plan sponsored by the Dominion Government. The Bank advanced the money—to be repaid in small monthly payments of only \$14.18. Now Dad has peace, Mother is happy and the boys are home evenings—busy upstairs!

*Like* this family you too can get twice as much happiness and comfort out of your home — by converting a basement corner or an attic to the modern room you have always wanted. It's so easy to plan, too. Dominion Battleship Linoleum or Marboleum make the perfect floor for *any* room.

Colourful, permanent, easy-to-keep-clean, low cost are familiar features to homeowners. And for the walls, Muroleum, giving lasting beauty and durability, in colour harmonies matching your floor and the design of the room. While you're thinking of it, press your initiative into action, have a talk with an architect, a builder or a banker, or write to us for sample plans.

Illustrated above is a custom-built Marboleum floor using Marboleum pattern M/60 with motif and interlining of orange and ivory Dominion Battleship Linoleum. The walls are covered with Muroleum pattern 801. All these Dominion products when permanently installed qualify under the Home Improvement Plan. The desk top is covered with orange Dominion Battleship Linoleum.

DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY  
LIMITED MONTREAL

# \* MARBOLEUM

\*Marboleum—manufactured exclusively by Dominion Oilcloth and Linoleum Company Limited.

*"That's one fish story  
I'm glad I heard!"*



1. "I used to be up at the crack of dawn," John told Junior. "That's funny," I said to myself, "you can't get him up in time for breakfast now!" So I listened. John was making gestures. "We'd hurry home with fish *this* big. Your Grandmother would flake the fish, put a layer of it in the pan, cover it with white sauce, then add another layer of fish. It was baked, sprinkled with buttered crumbs, and touched off with little butter pools! M-m-m-m!"



2. John and Junior sat there with the most wistful expressions on their faces! It started me thinking. They both longed for fish, yet we hadn't had any for months! I didn't grab a fish pole next day, but I *did* hurry down to the store to get fish the modern way — in cans! I know that canned fish and seafoods are packed while they're at their best — full of flavor and goodness. So I was ready to match my dish against the one Junior's Grandmother used to prepare!

## Good — and good for you!

Canada's canning industry packs fish while it's at the peak of flavor — and it has that flavor when you serve it! The Dominion's rich supply of canned fish and other seafoods offers healthfulness, variety and economy. All are rich in natural iodine, and the canned fish is rich in body-building proteins and Vitamin D.

**Hint:** Canadian women can obtain a free copy of "100 Tempting Fish Recipes" in either French or English by writing to the Department of Fisheries, Ottawa, Ontario.



3. While I was at it, I ordered several kinds of fish, to put VARIETY in our menus. I stocked up on canned salmon, finnan haddie, pilchard, lobsters, clams, and other seafoods. From now on, our meals are going to have *newness* — properly balanced with fish and seafood, to keep those men of mine from longing for the "good old days!"



4. That night, John's and Junior's eyes nearly popped out when they saw what I put on the table. There was their favorite dish — butter pools and all! How they ate! (I still have hundreds of recipes to give them.) Would you believe it—that meal was the most inexpensive one of the whole week. *Any day's a fish day now!*

**AMERICAN CAN COMPANY**

MONTREAL HAMILTON TORONTO  
American Can Company, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.





# NEW, SCIENTIFIC DANDRUFF TREATMENT

## A NATION-WIDE SUCCESS!

Enthusiastic letters received from all parts  
of the country describing quick results . . .



"UNTIL I TRIED LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC I wouldn't have believed there was anything that would really get rid of dandruff."  
Mr. Jack Carletto, Pittsburgh, Pa.



"THANKS A MILLION FOR LISTERINE! It is the only dandruff treatment for me from now on."  
Mrs. G. A. Marion, Mt. Airy, N. C.



"I BEGAN USING LISTERINE a few weeks ago. Now, with continued daily applications, I am absolutely free from dandruff."  
Mr. Elmo Howell, Bexar, Ala.

**Easy, delightful home treatment  
cleaned up symptoms in 3 to 4  
weeks in many cases.**

If remedy after remedy has failed to give you real relief from ugly, itching dandruff . . . do not be discouraged. The most pleasant, stimulating dandruff treatment you have ever tried—Listerine Antiseptic and massage—is now a proven success as shown by test after test . . . and countless letters from all parts of the country corroborate its brilliant results.

### Kills the Dandruff Germ

Recently, the most intensive dandruff research ever undertaken brought to light a startling fact . . . dandruff is a germ affliction. It is caused by the tiny "bottle-bacillus," *Pityrosporum ovale*. And Listerine Antiseptic kills this stubborn germ!

Time and again, in laboratory and clinic, Listerine has shown a positive record of dandruff control. It has killed *Pityrosporum ovale* in laboratory cultures . . . it has banished dandruff symptoms in clinical tests on human beings.

In one typical test, 76% of a group at a New Jersey clinic who were told to use the Listerine Antiseptic Treatment twice daily showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improve-

ment in, the symptoms within a single month.

### Don't Delay

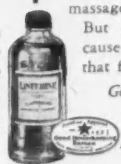
If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, don't wait until it assumes serious proportions. Start today with Listerine Antiseptic . . . the same Listerine you keep on hand as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle. Feel the invigorating tingle as you massage . . . as Listerine Antiseptic strikes at the seat of the trouble, the germ itself. And even after dandruff may be gone, enjoy an occasional treatment to guard against possible infection. Lambert Pharmacal Co. (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

### THE TREATMENT

**MEN:** Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp at least once a day. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.



**LISTERINE**  
THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC  
MADE IN CANADA

### Grand Radio Entertainment...the top-ranking Mystery Thrillers

#### "DRUMS" Starring WILLIAM FARNUM

Calgary **CFRN** Wednesday 9-9:30 P.M.  
Charlottetown **CFBY** Sunday 8:30-9 P.M.  
Edmonton **CFRN** Wednesday 9-9:30 P.M.  
Fredericton **CFNB** Sunday 8:30-9 P.M.  
Kirkland Lake **CJKL** Sunday 9-9:30 P.M.  
North Bay **CFCH** Sunday 9-9:30 P.M.  
Ottawa **CBO** Wednesday 7-7:30 P.M.

Sydney **CJCB** Sunday 8:30-9 P.M.  
Timmins **CKGB** Sunday 9-9:30 P.M.  
Winnipeg **CKY** Friday 7-7:30 P.M.

#### "Adventures of Charlie Chan"

Montreal **CFCF** Sunday 6-6:30 P.M.  
Sudbury **CKSO** Wednesday 8:30-9 P.M.  
Toronto **CFRB** Sunday 6:30-7 P.M.

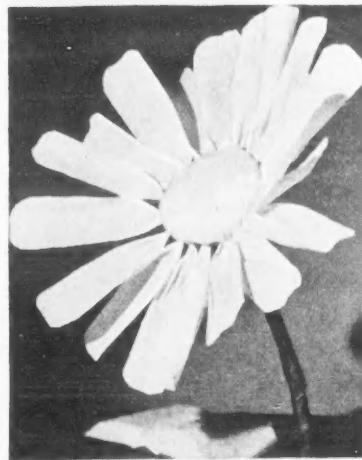
## A DAISY SHOWER

### For Fall Brides

\*\*\*

by

GAEL CALDER



WANT TO give a bridal shower that will be quite, quite different for that little friend you're so fond of? It will delight her, amuse the guests and brand you as that most envied of people, an original hostess.

This is how it was done, recently, with great success.

When the guests had all arrived, the hostess brought in an enormous daisy fashioned from that good old stand-by, crepe paper, and presented it to the bride-to-be.

Its huge size took everybody's fancy on the spot. It was easily twenty-two inches across and you can figure out how big that is from the size of the book lying below it in the photograph. The petals were a pure daisy white, the centre, yellow, the long graceful stem, natural green. A lovely eye-fall!

When the excitement had died down a bit, the hostess took the floor again and explained to the guest of honor that she should know what daisies were really for and if she wished to find out whether all her friends there loved her or not, she knew what to do—pull the petals from the daisy.

She followed this suggestion and discovered a small piece of paper wrapped

cardboard. Any dress box will supply enough of the latter.

Before starting, however, make a list of suitable places throughout your rooms for concealing the gifts and be sure to provide plenty of large ones. The places will correspond to those described on the ends of the petals. It is also a good idea to hand this list to a friend and have her take charge of the gifts as they arrive and conceal them for you. This prevents confusion and leaves the hostess free to look after her guests. And now for making!

First the centre of the flower. With a pencil draw a circle on the cardboard six and one-half inches in diameter, then mark off four tabs at the edge, one and one-half inches deep (Fig. 1). Cut out the circle leaving on the tabs and bend them down along the dotted line.

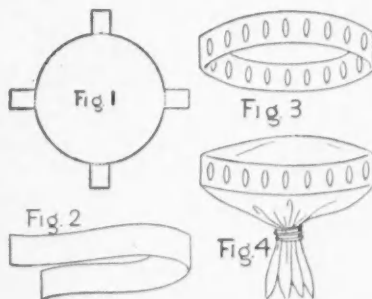
Next cut a strip of cardboard one and one-half inches wide and long enough to go around the edge of the circle with a little to spare for lapover (Fig. 2). Wrap the strip around the circle over the tabs and paste firmly to the tabs. This forms a shallow round box.

Now take scissors or knife and cut narrow oval openings all around in the strip you have just pasted on (Fig. 3). In these you insert the ends of the petals and you will find about twenty holes will be correct, although the number may be varied. The number of holes, you understand, corresponds to the number of gifts, mock or genuine.

Pad the top of the box with a little soft crushed paper to give it a rounded effect and stretch a nineteen-inch square of yellow paper over the top of the box, gather it closely in and fasten temporarily with an elastic band. With the point of the scissors now pierce holes in the yellow paper corresponding to the holes in the cardboard underneath (Fig. 4). Your flower centre is ready for the petals.

The petals are very simple to make. Cut three-inch strips of white crepe paper about ten inches long. You can get two out of the width of your paper. Round off one end with the scissors and

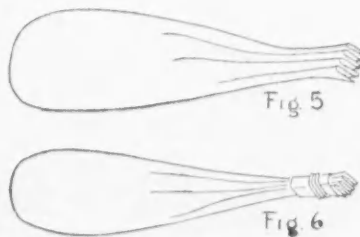
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around the end of the first petal, held firmly in place with an elastic band. Written instructions on this paper told her to go and look in a certain place. In this place, she found a gift!

Each petal, as it was pulled, carried similar instructions. The shower gifts were hidden in the most unlikely places, both in and out of the room. To vary the fun a bit, now and then, a hiding place disclosed a mock present, such as a cake of laundry soap. The whole idea, you see, was a variation of the treasure hunt which is always grand fun.

You can put on a treasure hunt too, with very little trouble, for the daisy is surprisingly easy to make and quite inexpensive. Your materials are white, yellow and green crepe paper, elastic bands, a pot of paste and some light



# Chatelaine for OCTOBER



IT ISN'T so much that the smart young modern has gone back to the 'nineties, as that she's brought them up to date.

Her evening wrap may be short and hip-flared, to match her bustle—but it's square-lined as to shoulder, and wrist-length in sleeve.

Her gown is trained and bustled—but it's of softest chiffon jersey to achieve the modern molded look, for all its back fullness.

Her muff is warm and voluminous—but it's zippered and pocketed for lipstick and what-not.

Buns and rats may bolster her hairdress—but the labor's in the setting and waving, not the coiffure.

Her short flared corset (if she wears that type) is pliable as to steel, and elastic in fabric.

Her evening satins sweep the floor, but they're designed to show her figure, and are nonstainable.

Her rustling taffetas, in case they should "swish through the dew," are waterproof.

Her swirling velvets won't crush.

Her bustle is either detachable (fastened on a sash) or made without uncomfortable stiffening.

Her hobble skirts are of elastic fabric, and spring with her hurrying footsteps.

If her boots are buttoned, they're also streamlined, made of soft and lovely suedes and dull leathers. Her pumps have elastic gores to keep them from pinching, and her toe size has spread a couple of notches through wearing open sandals.

Her flutter of lovely pleats is unpressed . . . or stitched . . . for convenience.

Her tight little waistline is elastic or adjustable, so she can hold in her tummy and look enchantingly fragile . . . or let go and be extremely comfortable, or within a second.

If her bust is buxom, you may be sure the brassiere . . . and not the lady . . . is padded.

Her hats are done in feathers and ornaments, but they're weatherproof (the former) and of lighter-than-air plastics (the latter).

Her jewels are elaborate and ornamental, but far from priceless . . . so she can have a good time and not worry.

Her sport clothes are full-skirted, but short and easy to get around in . . . nipped-in at the waist, but not confining. And she has lots of pockets.

Her winter coat is warm . . . but light and flexible in those new weatherproof fabrics . . . and it has a hood for sudden storms.

Her colors are plain and simple . . . but singing and exciting in their rich new values.

Everything she wears, including her lovely furs, is washable or cleanable, from tip to toe; because her picturesqueness is made to stand the wear and tear of this modern, rushing world.

And she can still get around the golf course without difficulty, and jump into the rumble seat after a party to drive home wind-blown and speed-swept.

And having achieved all that, we'd say, she has something.

Something you'll go for. ☆



THE  
WOMAN OF TOMORROW  
IS THE GIRL OF YESTERDAY

- Streamlined -



# Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS



**Star of Society Pages**—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts' family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.



**Frequent Hyde Park Visitor**—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.



**Modern Mansion**—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in the doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Massachusetts, home.

## But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care \* a famous cream gives

### QUESTION:

Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

### ANSWER:

"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use two creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

### QUESTION:

How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

### ANSWER:

"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's two creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

### QUESTION:

Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

### ANSWER:

"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin, just by using Pond's."

### QUESTION:

What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

### ANSWER:

"That's where my second cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

### QUESTION:

Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

### ANSWER:

"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

### QUESTION:

Does your work make you conscious of make-up effects off-stage as well as on?

### ANSWER:

"It certainly does. Everyday make-up should be glamorous, too. That's why, after cleansing and softening my skin with Pond's Cold Cream, I always smooth it for powder with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Then my make-up looks flattering all the time I'm out."

\*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

**NOW GET THESE 2 FAMOUS BEAUTY AIDS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE**



**BUY THIS**

**GET THIS FREE**

**THIS THRILLING COMBINATION BRINGS YOU EXTRA FLATTERY**

Here's your chance to give your skin the extra care that Pond's Cold Cream now gives—and, at no extra cost to you, get a box of Pond's Face Powder in a glamorous, appealing shade. Don't delay getting your thrilling Pond's "combination for skin flattery." Remember—this special offer, at all local stores, for a limited time only!



**Backstage**—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



**Between Rehearsals**—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.



**For Her Scrapbook**—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.



This exquisite Persian lamb coat follows the new-old trend, form-fitting draped yoke, leg-o-mutton sleeves. (Photograph courtesy Russeks.)



Lucien Lelong does a sporting outfit after the 1940 manner. Big plaid skirt, tight jacket, tall cap are featured in a gay new ensemble.



The 1940 look in a soft wool cedar-wood brown suit with quaint velveteen binding and hat of hazy blue. (Photograph courtesy Bonwit-Teller.)

## FASHIONED GIRL MAKES GOOD

or girdles for the already small waist, flares to the hips, short coats finishing at the waistline, or longer ones firmly caught there. For the hips, flounces or just well-placed fullness in the back for daytime, cleverly made bustles for dinner and evening. Sleeve interest centres in the part below the elbow, where all manner of tricks are used for quaint old effects, such as tucking, godets and gathering. And of course, touches of velvet, ribbon, lace, metal flowers, frills and such are endless.

There's another silhouette with a long line and hobble effect. But freedom of action is obtained through an elastic weave in the fabric, or a flare at the hemline. Front fullness is popular in this type of dress, and again the old-fashioned accessories pay it compliment.

Dressmaker touches give sportswear a softened tone. Full skirts, frilly blouses, quaint hoods on coats.

Even the classic suit has a longer coat, a fuller skirt, and uses a dozen tricks to make the eye think of frills and furbelows instead of lines which are straight and tailored.

Colors are true, simple and less massed than previously. But rich and of exciting tones.

Bags are soft and manipulated, hats and hairdresses carry out the old-fashioned picture (low in the back, high in the front), and shoes are closed, simple in design, and even run to buttoned boots for the adventurous youngsters.

Fabrics are rich for evening, featuring satins, rich silks, lots of velvets, metallics, dull-sheened but rich-looking synthetics. Woollens with interesting weaves, soft rayons, a few daytime taffetas and velveteens for the under-thirties are smart for daytime.

Fur is very good as coat trimming and for touches on frocks. The flat furs are smart, particularly in the lovely new dyed shades. Fur-trimmed hats with fur coats are

*With the mode doing a definite right-about-face this season, it takes ingenuity to choose your new clothes and adapt your old ones—here's how*

by CAROLYN DAMON

very good. Short jackets, capelets and stoles recall the 'nineties, and muffs are again to the fore.

### How to Modernize Your Wardrobe

Let's say you have a plain suit, a good plain coat, and an afternoon dress made on last year's tight-bodied, full-skirted lines. For the suit, if you can get the coat reshaped to pull it in at the waist or lengthen the jacket—good. Shorten the skirt again, and if you're buying an extra skirt, get one with fullness.

Frilly blouses, plastic flowers for lapels, lace collars and cuffs, velvet collars, fur trimmings and richly embroidered blouses will do the trick. If you're buying a new suit, get one with a longer jacket (if you're older), or a short box jacket with a narrow skirt or rippled peplum jacket (if you're young). A cape ensemble is a grand new idea for the fall. . . . cape, jacket and skirt, and you can wear them all separately.

Your coat should be more ornamental than formerly, and fur trimmings are especially good. The loose coat with back or front fullness is still good for sport. A fur capelet, hood, bolero or deep fur borders on the lapels will give your coat a new look.

You must buy a new afternoon dress, because there's nothing much you can do to last year's frock to get that tight waistline and sleek fullness in the back. Shoulders

are more moderate, sleeves are draped or barrel-shaped, and skirts are shorter still. In bringing your last year's frocks up to date, try an apron or capelet or peplum . . . all the kind that fasten on with ties. Glistening embroidery in very gay colors, elaborate necklaces in gold and silver with spray effect, long earrings (for the long-necked), and the use of a deeper or lighter color in accessories to accent the color of the dress are all tricks of the trade.

It's pretty hard to make last year's hat do, unless you've got a flat-crowned, fairly broad-brimmed one that you can wear straight on. Anyway, a new hat is the life of the season, and you'll find the high-crowned, trimmed-in-front and down-in-the-back models are really exciting and becoming. If you must do one over, mass trimming on the front, top, and get a snood to wear down in the back. But you'll have to have clever fingers.

Gloves are longer, stockings apt to be more subdued, richer in tone, shoes closed and of dull fabrics. Pumps are the best bet. A pair of buttoned boots would be fun.

Get a bright little jacket, flounced and tucked in the back, to wear with your black dresses or odd skirts. If you need an evening wrap, a bright wool, or camel hair, or gabardine will be the smartest. Subdue the shade if you're older.

Brass buttons, braid, cute pockets are touches for our sport clothes.

A tunic with a simple dress is one of the season's smart ideas.

For color you'll find black first as always, with the browns, greens, rust and orange tones a good second. Two of the new and smart combinations are brown and black, or brown and grey. You could wear a touch of orange with the former, of scarlet with the latter. That burst of color we had

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Gold and colored stone embroidery on black velvet typify one of the season's loveliest of old-fashioned touches. The hemline sweeps to evening glory in photograph at bottom. Here's the alternative to the fitted dressmaker coat... it's got back fullness, fur trimming and pockets. The hat is the new postilion. Quaintly lovely, yet losing none of the modern slickness, is the Maggy Rouff gown of violet velvet, mutton-sleeved, tight waisted and nicely molded. The bonnet is high, low in the back.



**E**VERYBODY'S back from Paris talking old-fashioned clothes. In "the Woman of Tomorrow," on the previous page, we've taken a look at how the modern girl adapts the fashions of yesteryear.

But the question in our minds is... what are we going to do about them? Well... let's see just what they are, first of all. Let's see how we can recognize a new-season style when we see it. How practical it will be for everyday wear. How we can give a 1940 look to our 1939 wardrobe without bombing the family budget. And what the pitfalls of the season's styles are.

#### The Fashion News

Clothes are quaint, but not sticky.

Pretty... becoming... dainty... but still as smart as paint. And that's achieved through cleverness of line, effective molding of contours, subtle assembly of fabric patterns and color combinations. For these are the hallmark of the well-dressed modern woman.

There are two important silhouettes.

The 1880 and '90 hourglass figure, with buxom bust, nipped-in waist, emphatic hipline. All these things may be achieved in a number of ways. Molding above the waist (with well-formed bustline or built-up brassieres), tucking, pleating and various kinds of fullness. Waistline emphasis through built-in corsets, colored bandings



wanted guns. But it was odd that no one had spoken of them—not even Hedgely.

Biff-Janey glanced up at him.

"Mr. Findlater thinks you ought to get out," she said.

"Out of what?"

"Your business."

He wanted to ask why, but he was far too indignant to do so.

"I wish Mr. Findlater would mind his—"

"You don't like him, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Why not?"

"He's vulgar. He's too pleased with himself—just because he's made a lot of money—"

"Well—you're pleased with yourself because you haven't. We're all pleased with ourselves about something. Anyway he's kind. He wants you and me to go on a trip with him at Port Said."

"Thanks. I prefer not."

"Why not?"

"I don't care to be a chaperone."

"But you won't be. I don't need one. I can look after myself."

They were beginning to dance stiffly. He actually missed a step and kicked her. Which was infuriating, because he danced extremely well, too.

"I'm sorry."

"All right. I'm used to it. Do come."

"I'd rather not. It's no use picking up with people you never want to lay eyes on again—just because you happen to be on a ship together."

"Vulgar people?" she suggested.

"People with whom you haven't a thing in common—who don't speak your language—"

"Like me, you mean?"

He had meant nothing of the sort, though no doubt that was what he should have meant. She laughed to herself.

He had no chance to retort. The ship's doctor—an offensively self-assured young man—cut in.

"My patient is dancing too much," he said. He added humorously, "With you."

David went out on deck. But there was no escape from the "Blue Danube." Even the moonlight reflected on the quiet waters, danced to it. He leaned against the rail, resting his chin on his hand, and thought about Elinor. He noticed that his coat sleeve carried a faint disturbing scent. He proceeded at once on a hearty after-dinner walk.

At the end of the promenade deck a bulky shadow loomed up beside him.

"Taking a stroll, Mr. Gretorex? Mind if I join you? I'd like to talk to you."

David stopped dead.

"Thanks. But I'm going below. I've—I've got a headache."

Mr. Findlater shrugged his shoulders. And David went below. His stateroom was hot and stuffy and music-haunted. He liked dancing. Why couldn't they have just danced together? Why did they have to talk? And why did everything conspire to make him seem like a mannerless young bear?

But suppose, in spite of Eton and Balliol and Longspere, he was a mannerless young bear?

The thought stuck in his mind like a burr. So that he could not even sleep.

"I DID not," Mr. Findlater said. "I have never sent orchids to a lady in my life."

He took her by her sound arm and steered her down the gangplank to where the big limousine waited for them. The sun had not yet risen, but the horizon was slowly kindling, drowning the searchlights of the great vessels as they slid between the flat banks of the canal. Port Said, except for the passing of some soft-footed natives, still slept. It looked, Biff-Janey thought, surprisingly like Manchester.

"Anyway it's a gormless sort of thing to do," she said.

"You're a very unbelieving young woman. I've told you that I don't—"

"Happen you'll tell me where I'm going with you."

"Cairo. We'll visit the Sphinx and pick up the ship tomorrow at Suez. It'll be terribly hot. But you'll like it."

"And what, may I ask," she said in very precise English, "are your intentions, Mr. Findlater?"

"Honorable."

"You don't expect me to marry you, do you?"

"If you were the last woman on earth I wouldn't marry you."

"I call that a dirty crack." She was thoughtful for a moment. "Reckon you're married already," she decided.

"I lost my wife—years ago."

"Don't tell me I've got her smile or summat—"

His brown monkey eyes twinkled.

"I won't. I'll put it this way. I'm just an old fellow, rather lonesome, with too much money, who's had many a good laugh with you when you didn't know it and who would like to laugh with you when you didn't know it and who would like to laugh with you when you did."

"A good time, eh—and no nonsense?"

"No nonsense whatever."

She slipped her arm comfortably through his.

"Okay, lad. Let's go. Reckon your Sphinx will cough up a spare toothbrush."

"She's not noted for coughing things up," Mr. Findlater remarked. "But I guess no one's ever asked her for a toothbrush."

David, leaning on the ship's rail, watched them go. It had been a wretched night. And he really had a headache. No doubt it was true that she could take care of herself. She was the tough, self-sufficient type with a street urchin's worldliness. All the same he wondered if he shouldn't have gone with her. After all, he had saved her life. And once you started being responsible for people it seemed you couldn't stop. He had an idea Elinor would say he was taking an exaggerated point of view. Perhaps for that reason he had not mentioned Biff-Janey at all in his first letter to her. The fact bothered him. He and Elinor had agreed to tell each other everything—even the silly things. Well, he could always add a postscript. *Continued on page 58*



She looked up at him, laughing. "Shall we dance?" she asked. "Not in this place," he said. "It's not fit for a white woman."

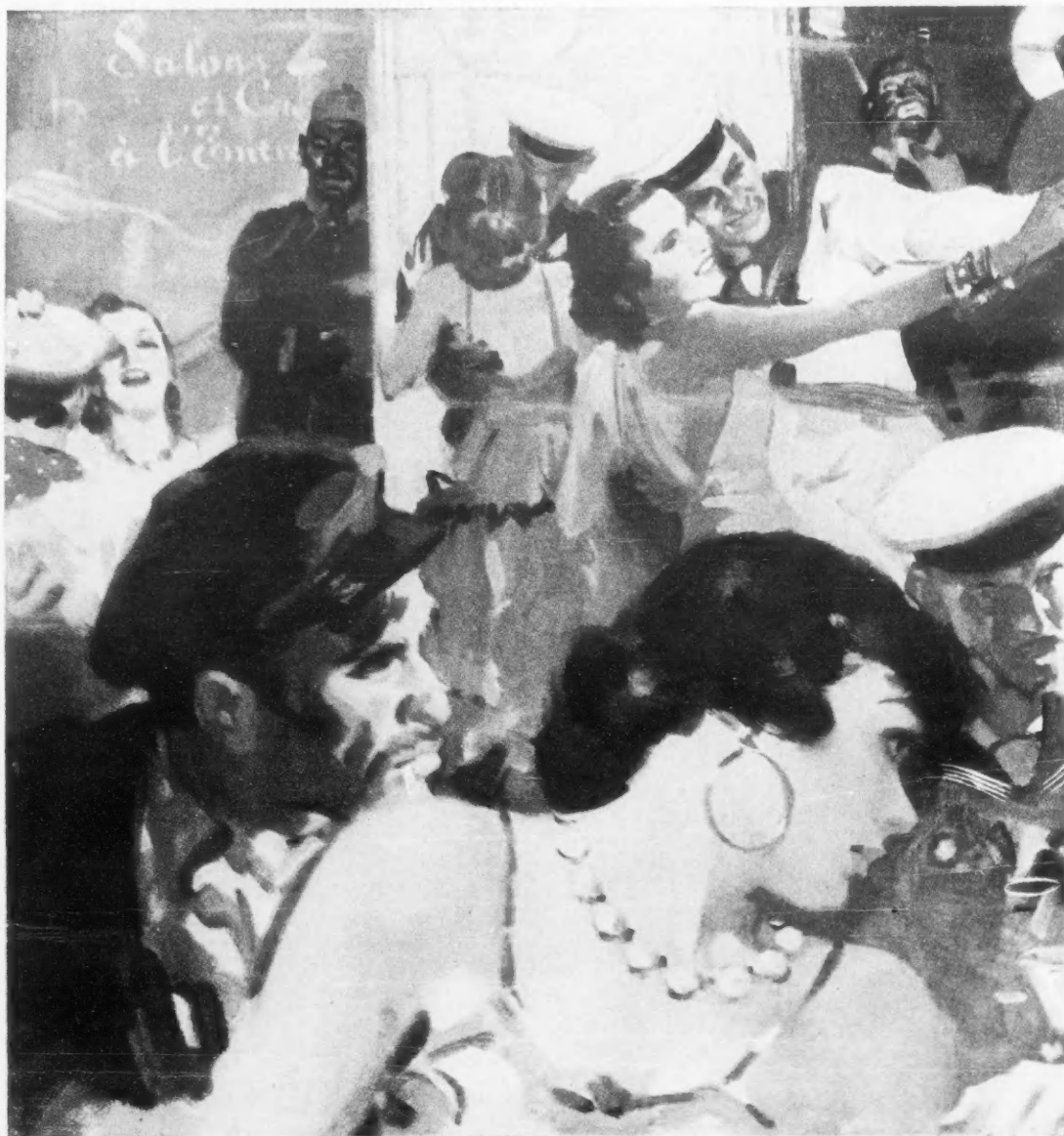
There was a noisy crowd at London's Victoria Station to see Jane Janeway off on her trip to China. "Biff-Janey," former Lancashire mill-girl and now darling of the London music halls, has taken time off from her theatrical engagements to go to the East in search of her brother, who has disappeared in the interior.

Lord John and Lady Flavia Gretores are at the station to bid farewell to their son, David, bound for China on a business trip for the General Anglo-Sino Development Company, of which his father is chairman. David kisses his fiancée, Elinor Reeves, good-by, to the accompaniment of Biff-Janey singing a music hall song to her doting admirers.

When they board the S.S. Siren at Southampton, Biff-Janey continues to seek the limelight, much to the distaste of the rather sober-minded David. He recalls with embarrassment the night he went to the theatre and Biff-Janey brought forth gales of laughter from the audience by singing a sentimental song directly to him seated in the stalls. However, he does not think so badly of her when she offers to share her cabin with a Chinese woman, Madame Li, whose wartime duties make it imperative for her to catch the earliest possible boat to China.

A fellow passenger is a wealthy businessman named Findlater, and David finds himself becoming unaccountably jealous when Findlater showers attentions upon the music hall star.

On the first evening out the ship runs into a storm, and while they are walking round the deck David and Biff-Janey are thrown off their feet by a huge wave which cascades over the side of the ship. The girl's arm is injured and in the shelter of a disused locker room, David makes an improvised splint from a signal flag and two pieces of wood.



# Nothing Begins Today

*Continuing the story of the darling of the London music halls who goes to war-torn China on a strange mission*

by I. A. R. WYLIE

Illustrated by Timmins

SO IT was in each other's arms that Sam Findlater found them, two hours later and in the nick of time.

The rest of the search party had given up hope. It was so obvious what had happened. Several people had seen them go up on deck before the wave struck. But Sam Findlater had refused to give up. He'd been like a rather demented hound on a scent of his own.

When Biff-Janey opened her eyes he was bending over her. The dark shadow of untamable beard made the rest of his face look putty colored.

"Why, it's the old sinner again!" She groaned feebly. "And, by gosh, if it isn't thee that sends me orchids!"

The ship's florist sent her a spray of roses with David Gretores's card and a correct little note of sympathy and good wishes. The fact that, basically, there was nothing in the world between them but an accident—they had been literally thrown together—made it essential to be more than normally punctilious. And that night she appeared at the first dance of the voyage wearing the red dress, her arm in the particolored sling that he had made for her, and orchids.

The orchestra began "The Blue Danube," and she came across the still empty floor with a suppressed little dance in her step—like a child involuntarily keeping time to some gay street music. She went straight to where David stood, and put her free hand on his shoulder and kissed him.

"Thanks!" she said.

The presence of half the ship's first-class passengers made no difference to her. If Elinor had been there she would have kissed him. What Elinor could never be made to understand—so it was of no use to try—was that the kiss was not what she would naturally suppose. Somehow it had been made into a frank, warm-hearted gesture of gratitude. And the smiles of the onlookers were kindly and even a little moved, as though they realized that death had touched these two young people. And then passed on. And they were glad and grateful too.

"For what?" David asked. He was exasperated with

her, but not, as far as he could make out, because she'd kissed him.

"For the flowers."

"You're not even wearing them."

"Roses don't wear well."

"But orchids do, I suppose."

"Well, I'm wearing my life. I owe that to you, too."

"You don't. I mean—anyone would have caught hold of you."

"Anyone wasn't there. It was fine of you."

"Pure instinct," he said.

"It was a nice instinct. I'm glad you had it. I like my life." She looked into his eyes, smiling. "I like to dance, too," she said.

"You can't dance with a broken arm."

"I shan't try. I never dance with my arms anyway."

"Don't be silly. You know what I mean. You might fall and hurt yourself."

"And I don't usually fall either. Happen—" she said, dropping into her native idiom, "thee can't dance, lad."

That was insufferable. He put his arm tightly round her.

"All right. It's not my business what you do."

"No, it isn't. Your business is to sell guns to people."

He nearly dropped her.

"Who told you that?"

"Madame Li. She and Brother Blast have been buying war stuff from your firm. She says if the guns are any good they'll lick the stuffing out of the Japs. And if they aren't, someone will lick the stuffing out of you. She seems very pleased that you're going to China—I mean they'll have you on the spot, so to speak."

David danced in silence. She danced—even though he guessed by her pallor that she was in pain—beautifully and joyfully. But she was not, for the moment, what concerned him. There had been no mention of guns in the Anglo-Sino Company's prospectus. The company merely acted as middleman for the distribution of whatever goods the Chinese wanted, or could be made to think they wanted. Well, now it seemed they



Anastasia and the yellow-haired boy Tony were locked in each other's arms. They fell away from each other quickly, discomfited and excited.

you're looking marvellous. You give this rabble quite a tone. You simply must meet Richard. He isn't in the least impressed by my friends so far. I don't think he really approves of my generation!"

Stella endured the sting with a smile. It was just the careless pinprick of a child; an exquisite child. One could not be hurt by anything so lovely as Anastasia was on this night.

She turned for the first time to look at the girl's companion, and her surprise at finding him quite a boy was voiced before any introduction had been given. She said, with her faint, sweet smile, "But Richard hardly seems far enough removed from your generation to estimate it."

Anastasia stared for a moment, then laughed; laughter a little shrill and unnecessarily prolonged.

"Good heavens, this isn't Richard. This is Tony Bellew. You know Tony, surely?"

"Forgive me. I know so few of your friends." She nodded graciously to the boy, who bowed in return and appeared to find nothing amusing in this episode. His mouth was set, indeed, rather grimly, and he said nothing at all. After a quick glance at him Anastasia's face too lost all mirth and she said, almost rudely:

"You don't get about much these days, do you,

Stella? Well, there's a lot to be said for peaceful retirement. I don't think I'll be sorry when my time comes for it." But belying her words, she moved, swift and light in her gauzy gown, the boy trailing behind her, and soon her laugh was raised again, and her slim body swaying under the force of her emphatic talk.

IN THE end it was Letty who introduced her to the prospective fiancé, coming upon her without warning where she sat talking to old friends. Letty's thin voice . . . Mr. and Mrs. Monteith, Miss Morath . . . Richard . . . Mr. Halkett. He was tall, and thickset. The brow of a dreamer and a strong jaw. He had a disciplined, stern face, and though his manner was easy, he had no light and polished utterances to waste on the slight, formal situation. He had not, Stella felt, the least desire to do anything about these people with whom he had just been confronted, and it was Letty who said, "Stella, I want you to dance with Richard. You're the only one of the family he hasn't met."

That was so, the man said as he took her in his arms, without any particular enthusiasm. "How was it they had not met before?" He was so tall that his eyes could easily range the room above her head, and a swift glance showed her he was doing just that, seeking, no doubt,

the diaphanous figure of the young girl he loved. She had passed, a few moments before, in the arms of her partner, and the two indulging some antic unknown to Stella's dancing feet.

"I have been away for a month," Stella said. "And you've appeared rather suddenly."

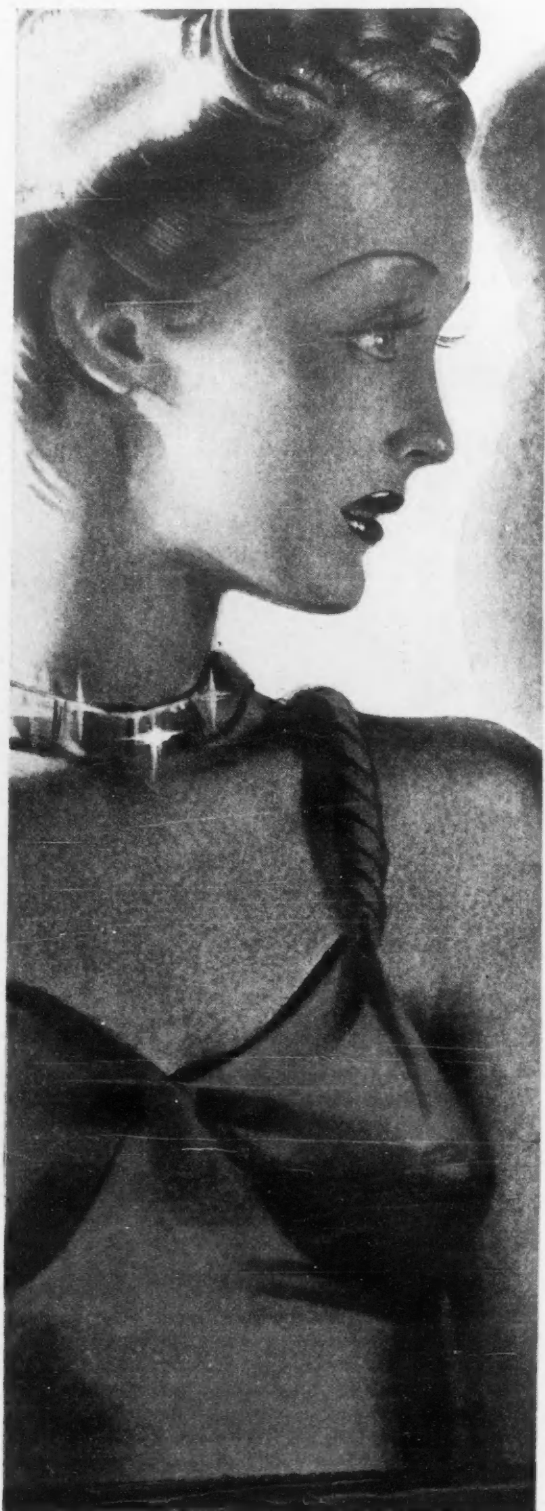
"A whirlwind courtship," Richard said, but she saw the humorous, cynical twist to his mouth, and the cliché was robbed of its fatuousness. He added dryly, "Anastasia makes her effect suddenly."

Stella could agree with that. She was wondering just exactly what in Anastasia had captivated such a man, so much older, belonging to a more serious world. He could have little interest in the pursuits which occupied the young girl. Here perhaps was the clue. She said, "She is very lovely."

"About as lovely a thing as I have ever seen," Richard Halkett said. He added, with an effect of spontaneity: "Not that my experience of beauty has been wide. I've devoted my years to sterner things."

"Which suddenly ceased to be so important," Stella said. After all, at her age, and with her experience of people, it was easy enough to divine. But it was more than wisdom; a curious, instant sympathy with this stranger had flowered in . . . Continued on page 43





Stella was utterly unprepared for what she saw.

STELLA, lying on her bed, with pads of cotton wool soaked in lotion over her eyes, made a bargain with herself. She said: If the phone rings before seven, I'll go. No matter who it is . . . even if it is a wrong number. But if it doesn't ring then I'll cut the party out.

This pernicious little habit of letting chance direct her activities was growing on her. It came from having so few real desires left. Her mother would not have approved. "Life is what you make it," her mother used to say. And she had plotted and contrived and directed. What an energetic woman! And perversely, the young, beautiful girl Stella had been, would not lift an ambitious finger. A romantic, dream-swept creature, tightly defiant of all her mother's planning, and left—fairly enough—unrewarded by a heaven which helps those who help themselves. Now, here she was living alone in this quiet flat. How quiet it was . . .

But she stuck to her guns. She would leave this night's doings in fate's capricious hands. Because why, after all, bother to go to Anastasia's engagement party? Would anything—or anyone—more promising happen on this, than on any of the hundreds of nights she had dressed, made herself beautiful, and gone to join her friends for purposes of pleasure? At first, as a young

girl, she had gone with such regal certainty of finding delight and even adventure.

That was what had driven her mother frantic. If Stella had been plain, unattractive . . . well, then, it would have been a cross, and she could have borne it. But to watch her, so desirable, turning her back on chance after chance, obstinately seeking the reality of a vision made of moonshine and cloud drift—that was hard for a mother to bear. In the last years the thing had developed into a silent struggle between the two, though they seldom quarrelled, and perhaps, if it had not been for this, stiffening her, Stella would have surrendered to fate and taken second-best. After years, the dreams in her eyes had grown a little weary. Her mother had noticed everything. She once said, not long before her death, "There comes a time in the lives of lonely women when dreams turn to nightmares, Stella. They don't come beautifully, with hope. They invade, with the bitterness of defeat."

And again; "After the first few years it doesn't matter so much, whom you've married . . . if he is a good man and a good provider. You have children, home, a man to care for, and the means to care for them."

It was bad luck that Stella should remember both of these remarks while she lay on her bed fighting depression and a sense of loneliness. A month staying with friends had been happy while it lasted, but had left her more lonely and dissatisfied than before. The two friends were delightfully married and had a brood of children, and that tight, close-knit, family life had appeared to her as infinitely desirable. Their continuity, opposed to her own broken aimlessness, hurt her. She was not without courage, not stupid enough to go about railing at the "way life had treated her." Indeed she had so far from a blind eye for other people's tragedies that she considered herself lucky in many ways. She had good looks, health and a small but adequate income, and though not talented enough to progress far in any work which interested her, she was a member of numerous committees and did an amount of humdrum work which made her useful here and there.

Well, she made a habit of counting her blessings instead of her woes, but there were times when all the things with which she tried to fill her life dwindled away; all protection was gone, and she would crouch in something like panic before the invading army of the years. In a flurry her mind would search her armory for weapons to repel fears, but it seemed to her that only a career, some absorbing work, or a husband whom one loved, and children—or even the memory of those things once possessed—were weapons powerful enough to repel the fear of age and dissolution.

Lying on her bed became intolerable at last, and she jumped from it swiftly to escape her thoughts. In any case, if she were not going out tonight, all this care of her skin, and effort to rest her eyes, was unnecessary. She opened her bedroom window and, leaning out, she could see the moving line of traffic in the street below and hear its dull, not unfriendly roar, and this broke the black spell of solitariness laid upon her, and eased the

tumult in her breast. Getting in a state, she said to herself. Anyone would think I were a hundred, without a friend in the world.

But she hoped the telephone would ring, because now the thought of a long evening spent alone, and the longer night to follow, frightened her. She slept badly and often passed half the night away reading, and drinking innumerable cups of tea, the equipment for which was always placed beside her bed.

It was rather ironical that when the telephone did ring, the call should be from Major Cromer, who was to have taken her to Anastasia's party. And now—he said it with real regret and cursed his luck—he had an attack of influenza coming on and felt foul. Could she forgive him? And dine and dance quite soon to make up to him for what he was missing?

She was faintly smiling at herself when she put down the receiver, and if the smile had bitterness and some fright in the edges, there was none to see it. Tonight might have decided things, and she might have come away from the party engaged to Alan Cromer. For a year she had occupied herself with the thought of marrying him—the only man who wanted her now. She was fond of him, and he had loved her so long. Odd, she reflected, that the twenty years difference in their ages had seemed such an insuperable barrier to him when she was a young girl, and now neither he nor anybody else thought anything of it. He would, indeed, be quite a good match for "poor old Stella," she reflected wryly. But after waiting so long . . .

She went into the bathroom and turned on taps with an almost savage defiance; telling herself she was glad that the chance of one of Cromer's proposals coinciding with one of her black moods had been circumvented.

IN THE damp-smelling taxi which trundled her along to Anastasia's place, she thought of Alan again and regretted his absence. He would at least be someone.

But his ghost apparently accompanied her. Anastasia's mother, Letty Harper, greeted her on arrival and said archly, "Too sad about Alan's influenza, darling. I thought you'd be rushing down to nurse him and that we shouldn't have you either!"

So—her fate was sealed by all her friends! Why did she seek to escape it? She answered Letty coldly, but the older woman was already turned with hands outstretched to greet more interesting arrivals, and Stella marched off, with dignity, but desolate, feeling out of it because this was a gathering of Anastasia's friends, most of them in their teens or early twenties. There was a sprinkling of old family friends and relatives—she was herself a cousin of Anastasia's father—but she could have guessed the girl had resisted even the inclusion of these. She had heard her say once: "A line of old trouts . . . making the walls look benevolent, but watching us like cats all the same. It spoils any party."

But at the moment when she was remembering these words, Anastasia came past and turned to welcome her with an exaggerated effect of warmth.

"Stella, darling! How nice of you to come. And

# Caprice

by  
VELIA ERCOLE

Illustrated by Michael

days of hospital work in Belgium during the Great War. When I entered their enclosed sun porch where they played and sang after breakfast, they would greet me with shouts of pleasure and follow me into their schoolroom to begin their morning lessons. Each desk and chair in this room is miniature, just the proper size for these five-year-olds, but not exactly the most comfortable thing in the world for an adult to sit upon. I spent my time in North Bay with my chin on my knees! Then, as they recited and studied from nine to ten, I would work on the head of the one whom I had selected as my model for the day. At ten o'clock, hats and coats were put on as they went outside to play in the observation yard, where even in winter hundreds of tourists, by bus and motor from all over the States and Canada, watched them. This observation yard is entirely surrounded by windows, in which the glass has the peculiar property of permitting the observers to see the children, but which does not permit them to see their audience. Strict silence must be maintained by the visitors, so that the children are not disturbed and made conscious of the fact that they are being watched.

At eleven they returned to the classroom, and once again for an hour, I had one of them for my model. At quarter of twelve they laid aside their work, retired to their bedroom and relaxed on their beds for fifteen minutes before lunch, while the phonograph played the tunes which they like best. During my visit the favorite was "Heigh Ho," which had just been received in a French recording.

This routine never varied during the four mornings in which I completed my work, except for the day when Cecile invited me for lunch. This invitation, I may say, flattered me very much, for it was not the doctor nor the nurses, but Cecile, who thought of it, and the others were thrilled with the idea, clapping their hands and urging me to stay. So I am one of the few, if not the first person, to receive a luncheon invitation from one of the quintuplets.

When I say that their routine never varies from day to day it sounds as though I meant that it was cut and dried and dull. It is anything but. While it runs like a train schedule, the periods are so short and the work is so mixed with the play, that their attention never lags. They never become bored with what they are doing; they are always interested, always alert. Great efforts are made to stimulate their intellectual curiosity. I should say that their routine had been worked out to perfection by some expert in preschool training, and by someone who was a specialist in child psychology. I wish that I had the space to explain to you the reason why each particular activity followed another and the time element involved, but I am afraid that that is a subject for a long article all by itself.

All I can tell you is that they weave paper mats of various colors, making intricate designs and doing it neatly, quickly and artistically. They color outlined drawings with crayons, creating some rather startling effects—animals whose protective coloration reminds one strongly of the camouflage of steamers in wartime, vegetation whose brilliance outshines the lilies of the field, human beings arrayed like Solomon in all his glory. But their singing it was that most delighted me. Not only do they carry their tunes well, but

they enjoy their singing, putting feeling and expression into all their songs. Even the nurses had to laugh to hear them and watch them march around like the seven Dwarfs, singing "Heigh Ho" in French!

THIS LUNCHEON was a real experience. Their dining room furniture, like the schoolroom, and in fact like every room in the house, is half size, scientifically measured and adjusted to their needs. Never have I seen better behaved children; their table manners would do credit to any adult. As each finished her main course she would excuse herself, take her plate, knife and fork to the low serving table and return with her dessert. They pour their own milk and water from small pitchers, meticulously and politely filling their glasses only half full. Their conversation is gay, happy and remarkably intelligent for their age.

I can best illustrate this by two incidents which happened while I was there. At lunch on this day I mention, we had hot bouillon as a first course, and as always happens with children, when each finished drinking she had a nice little brown mustache. When I drew attention to these mustaches, they all laughed, and Emilie quickly remarked, "Comme Papa Noel." ("Just like Santa Claus.")

Then, on the first day that I arrived, Mlle. V., their teacher, asked Cecile what it was that made girls and boys nice little girls and boys, what it was that made them different from the animals. Promptly came the response, "L'âme." ("The soul.") Now I thought at once that this was an act put on for my special benefit, but in a little while I learned better. While I had been at work,



The Dionnes in Bronze.

Marie had begun modelling with a piece of plasticine which they had got out of their closet to imitate me at work. Cecile wanted it, she tried to snatch it from Marie. Marie clung to it, Cecile lost her temper, which she does easily, and a furious fight ensued. Mlle. V. could scarcely quiet them. "Cecile," said I, "your soul seems to have gone away." At once she hung her head, gave me a sidelong glance, smiled, and at once the fight was all over and forgotten. They seem to understand very well for five-year-olds.

While the girls are being educated in French, they have developed a language all their own; they abbreviate their words, slide them together, leave out whole syllables—a sort of verbal shorthand. It's difficult to follow at first, but one can

pick it up quite easily. For instance I was "Mam-zantis," instead of "Madame Suzanne Silver-cruys," which seems hopeless of pronunciation even by grownups in America. This was the designation which Mlle. V. had worked out for me instead of *l'artiste*. My invitation for luncheon was phrased, "Oui, din ve ti mel," in place of, "Oui, dinez avec les petites jumelles." ("Yes, have dinner with the little twins.")

They are full of mischief. They love to confuse people into mistaking one for the other, and they can do it very successfully to most people. Naturally any artist would be quicker to identify each one than the average person, so when you go to North Bay I'll give you a tip which will help you.

Have you ever tried to catch a chicken in the barnyard? Have you ever shot into a flock of wild ducks? Each one looks just exactly like every other one. Your only hope of success is to keep your eye on the one that you are after and never take it off. That is what you must do if you would be able to identify the quintuplets—never take your eye off the one you look at first, until you have her firmly fixed in your mind.

The quintuplets were greatly excited about their coming trip by private car to Toronto to see their British Majesties. As I had been brought up in Court circles and have for the past two years been acting as official hostess for my brother, the Belgian Minister to Canada, I became their Minister of Protocol. How should they dress? How should they curtsy? Each day upon my arrival we played at their presentation. I acted as the Queen and directed their tiny persons in the way in which they should approach and pay their respects, and how they should retire.

IT HAS always been my contention that a person's temperament affected not only his expression, but went even deeper than that—it even changed his features. This would seem to be particularly so in the case of the Dionnes. As I have said, at first they look almost exactly alike. I am told that when younger the resemblance was even more striking, but as you study them you notice how really different they are—their dispositions have already affected their appearance.

For instance, Emilie, the tomboy, who is always building things, and taking things apart, who insisted on unscrewing my calipers—we see in her face, a very firm and determined mouth and a very direct gaze, always ready with a twinkle in the eyes, smiling with a very open smile. Her face and cranium measurements are absolutely identical with those of Marie, who might be considered as her twin, in fact, their measurements could be used one for the other. Yet after all it is in facial expressions and in mannerisms, in the smile, in the expression in the eyes, in the tilt of the head, that resemblances are most apt to be found.

These are habits which are acquired; haven't you noticed how often persons who have been married and have lived together for a long time have them in common? So it is with the quintuplets. In spite of identical measurements, their faces are totally different when in action, so to speak, and when their inner selves are reflected. To come back to Marie, who has been since her birth the delicate one, her face is apt to be pensive and thoughtful, her mouth is often a little opened with drooping corners, while her eyes always have a decided droop, but ☆ Continued on page 33





# THE

# Quintets

# AS I SAW THEM

by SUZANNE SILVERCRUYS

A HUGE policeman opened the gate to my dreams. Taking my suitcase, he and his great Dane escorted me up the path between walls of snow and ice to the low trim hospital where I was to do my work. The doctor and the nurse greeted me. I donned my uniform, my mask was adjusted. I was ushered into the adjoining room, and the next instant I was being introduced to the Dionne quintuplets.

From the warmth of Florida to the below-zero temperature of North Bay in two days; a telegram from Dr. Dafoe had summoned me to execute the portrait busts of these remarkable children, for which work I had been hoping and planning and dreaming of now for over a year. To be the first and only artist to work from life with these five children, whom all the world adores, for models. This was the dream which I had had. The dream was lovely—but now to get to work, to get to work on the hardest job I've ever undertaken in my whole life.

When I entered that schoolroom and saw those children for the first time, it seemed to me that there was no difference whatever in their appear-

ance. Just make one head, I said to myself, and cast it five separate times. But then when I had started to work on Yvonne and had followed the others out of the corner of my eye, I soon found that each was a definite personality, differing widely in appearance and character, from the others. It helps one to understand why this is so when one realizes that they are in reality not five identical quintuplets, but three sets of identical twins, one of whom, the twin of Annette, never matured beyond the embryonic stage.

So as I started to work, the children's day began—a day carefully regulated and timed, a strict schedule maintained, a routine designed for physical health and mental training, an active, stimulating life. Luckily a sculptor doesn't have to have the model sit still, luckily my years of experience on the lecture platform, where I speak and model at the same time the head of someone in my audience, stood me in good stead. In that first morning, from nine to ten I was able to block out the head of Yvonne. Then in another hour before lunch I did the same for Cecile, the twin of Yvonne. "Blocking out" consists of placing the

proper amount of plastaline on the armature, to measure the high points of the various features and to secure the first rough resemblance. In this case it was necessary for me to be particularly accurate, for these portraits are to be a scientific record of the actual facial and cranium characteristics and bone structure measurements of these children at the age of five. It is amazing, when you think it over, that although these five children were all born at the same time and varied greatly then, that today there is only one quarter of an inch difference in the height between the smallest and the largest, and only two pounds difference in weight. Little Marie has always been the smallest but she has lately been gaining weight.

LET ME tell you the routine of their morning, and you will understand why I had to work quickly and under somewhat difficult circumstances. I would arrive each morning sharp at eight-thirty, and would hear them singing as I put on my gauze mask and the nurse's uniform which I had saved for sentiment's sake from my childhood

*Are we really the mas-  
ters of our fate as the  
poets preach? I don't know  
but Fate certainly stuck  
Gillian under my nose.  
After that it was her  
fault . . . Maybe*

*By*

CLAIRE WALLIS

Illustrated by  
Charles Bryson

up his mind. He would be stubbled and bleary-eyed, and full of excuses and stories. I knew him.

The door opened. It was not Charley Peters. It was a girl, and she held a lamp so that it shone in her eyes and blinded her, but I could see her all right. She was frightened, but she was trying not to show it.

"Here," I said, and took the lamp out of her hands. "You can't see anything that way." I held it high and to one side. "Now, take a good look and don't be afraid. I'm harmless. I live in the stone house down the road."

She laughed, suddenly and softly. The echo from the hill took it up and sent it back. Both the original and the duplicate fitted right in with the other sounds of the night, the peepers and the trickle of Charley's spring back of the house.

"I wasn't expecting callers so soon," she said, sort of cute. "I'm afraid you'll have to do a little mountain climbing to get in."

I could see the hall was full of crates and boxes. I could see, too, that she was very small, all of a size, perfect like a miniature, with chiselled features that would make an artist's fingers itch. The lamplight caught the fluff of her hair and made it look like my wildflower honey with the sun in it. She wore tweeds, and they looked good. And as she moved I caught a whiff of that perfume that was smelling up my pocket that very minute.

"You looked as if you might have been expecting the Buzzard boys," I told her as I set the lamp on the mantelpiece.

"More neighbors?"

"Hardly. The last Buzzard was hanged ten years ago, but they used to hide out in the caves up this hill, and they say their ghosts walk now." I couldn't keep my eyes off her hair. And her hands, so tiny but useful looking.

"Exciting neighborhood! Won't you sit down? You might try the bathtub," she pointed to a crate, "or perhaps the sink will be softer."



"What on earth are you doing?" she asked. "I'm trapping your bees," I replied, shooing her away.

But I chose the red leather seat cushion she had dragged in from a sports roadster, and the two of us stretched our feet nice and cosylike toward the fire on Charley Peters' hearth. It was big enough to roast an ox in, that fireplace. I had forgotten that it faced the hall, for this used to be Charley's storeroom and full of potato bags and live chickens.

"Lovely, isn't it?" the girl's eyes followed mine.

"It is," I agreed, looking at the soft round column of her neck above the blue wool of her sweater. "But the fireplace wags the hall," I added, just for something to say.

"Oh, we're going to change all that," she told me airily.

"We?" I fished. I hadn't been able yet to figure what she was doing here alone.

"Mr. Hardcastle and I. Have a cigarette? Or a sandwich? Help yourself. There's the buffet." She pointed to a carton where I could see the remainder of a lunch, some buns and cold meat—and a jar of Dancy honey.

"How did you like it?" I pointed to the honey.

I saw her eyes widen again as they had when I met her at the door.

"Oh, I didn't come to collect," I assured her. "I came looking for Charley Peters who owns this place. You wouldn't happen to know about him?"

She shook her head so the firelight almost danced on her hair. "I'm a stranger here myself," she said.

"But you're not staying here alone?"

"Why not?"

"Well, it's safe enough, I suppose." Nobody locks doors in Cockersville. But if she were my sister—I said, "I'm going to take you down to Bentons', where they have rooms for tourists."

She threw back her head and laughed. "I don't like that dictator note in your voice—Mr. Dancy."

That made me a little sore. Funny, she was so small and soft looking you wanted to take care of her, but you couldn't boss her. Well, I could talk that way too.

"I sign my honey, but you didn't sign your note. What shall I call you?"

"The name is Kirby—Gillian Kirby. Crazy name—but it's the best I have."

"And you can always change it," I cracked. "They call you Gilly?"

She nodded.

"It fits," I said, cocking my head critically. "Even without the flower on the end."

"You have a sweet tongue, Mr. Dancy. I suppose that comes from associating with bees."

"You don't associate with bees. The relationship is not that close."

"Tell me about it. I've often wondered what makes a bee busy." She tucked her feet under her and swung around to face me, like a little girl begging for a story. So I told her. I told her a lot of other things too. I think I pretty well covered the topic of Dancy. And before I left I banked her fire, set up the folding cot she had brought, and tied a rope to the old farm bell so she could ring it if anything annoyed her. All that, and it never occurred to me until I was halfway home that I knew no more about Gillian Kirby than I did when she opened the door of the old Peters house looking like a lonely angel mislaid from some heavenly choir.

Katta caught me looking for my sickle in the woodshed next morning.

"You going to hack out that old path over to Peters?" She gave me a sharp look over her glasses. I always have said she sees more without them than most people. "I heard the bank sold the place on Charley, and the new people are going to make a reg'lar showplace of it, bathroom and all." That explained a few things, I thought.

I made quick work of the path. I couldn't wait to see if Gilly ☆ Continued on page 43



# A Queen for Fifty Cents



She held a lamp so that it shone in her eyes—she was frightened, but she was trying not to show it.

**F**UNNY how things work out. Sometimes I wonder if we really are the masters of our fate, as the poets preach. I don't know. But I do know that if I had gone down to the city that week Jake Endicott wrote me about the opening with the Harkness people, I would never have met Gilly Kirby. Gilly's crowd didn't go in for beginning accountants. They were the kind that asks you first crack, "What do you do?" and if it isn't play a fiddle, or run a column, or raise Chesapeake retrievers, you sit in the corner alone. But out here in Cockersville, the last place on the road map where you'd look for a girl like Gillian Kirby, fate—or something—stuck her right in my way.

It was like this. It was spring, and the air was so soft it made you restless and sort of pleasantly unhappy. There was a wet, fresh smell in the woods, and the peepers were getting stronger every night down in Little Bend Creek. It was just after supper, and I had fixed dad up in his wheel chair to smoke his cigar beside the west window in his office. I wanted to do something, but I didn't know what. Katta was finishing her dishes when I ducked through the narrow door between the old log house and the stone front that had made our place the Dancy mansion two hundred years back.

"How often do you think I've ducked that door?" I asked Katta as I hunted for her matches.

She flipped the soapsuds from her knotty old fingers. "Talk sense, Wayne Dancy," she said. "You don't have to go on doing it if you don't want to."

I knew what she meant. I knew just as well as if she had said the words. It was that letter from Jake Endicott lying open on my bureau. Of course she had read it, and of course she thought I ought to take the job after waiting two years for it. But how could I? Dad had been stricken just before I had finished college, and I had come home to watch him making himself as useful as ever, always in good humor, seeing every patient who could drag himself to his office—and I'm telling you some pretty nearly had to be carried there on stretchers—and keeping up with his books and his medical journals. Well, you couldn't say to a man like that, "Good-by, dad, I'm off!" and go out and slam

the door. I couldn't. And Katta knew it. She knew, too, that the bees had been pretty much of a bluff on my part.

"You can't tell me that a bright young man of twenty-four likes to fool with bees in that crazy bee veil," she said, taking the words right out of my thoughts. "Or spend his time picking out pieces on apiculture, as you call it, on the typewriter, or play cribbage with a half-dead old man every night."

"He can still take away my nickels," I told Katta. "Oh, the doctor's pretty lively, the upper half of him. He can still tell a good story, too. But it's you, Wayne Dancy, who should be telling the stories—in some nice girl's pretty little ear on a night like this."

"You might think life was a grand march the way you try to pair us all up, Katta," I said, and went out the back door.

But she was right in a way. The trouble was I didn't trust the ears of the local girls. Too much went in one and came out the other, even Sadie Benton, Roy Benton's kid sister, down the road. The best of the lot, but just a nice kind, that was all. But maybe I might drop down to Bentons', I thought.

The sickle moon was clipping the foliage off Cherry Hill as I went down the lawn to lock up the honey stand at the road. It was thatched with straw like an old-fashioned hive—*skep* is the word, if you're interested—and I was still mighty proud of that stand. It had been an experiment at first, a plaything when I came out of college with nothing better to do. Now, it and the bees had begun to look like a real business.

"Dancy, the honeyman," I shaped the words and didn't like them. That was all I'd ever be unless I wrote to Jake Endicott right away. Well—I stuck the idea away and looked over my stock. In the pinkish light I could see gaps among the jars and pyramids of combs. The wildflower honey was going good. There should be plenty of cash in the till.

Take the honey

And leave the money

was what I told them, and everyone did. Only twice had someone emptied the till, and both times Charley Peters had just got out of jail.

But now when I tipped the box it was empty except for a piece of paper. I struck a match to see what it was. It was just a piece of wrapping paper with a big "IOU 50 cts." in red letters. At first I thought it was a kid's crayon. Then I knew. I lifted it to my nose and took a good sniff. Lipstick. Something French and expensive. I pulled myself to the top of the white rail fence to think it over and sniff the paper again before I put it in my pocket. It brought back a lot of things to me, the soft dark hair of a girl under my chin the night of the Senior Prom, and another night on shipboard one Easter vacation, when I had tipped another's girl's face to see the starlight in her eyes. I sighed. Only two years and I had forgotten both their names.

But the note accounted for only fifty cents. There should have been several dollars at least. I looked over toward Cherry Hill, and sure enough there was a thread of smoke against the red sky, just like an artist might draw with a soft pencil. It was coming out of Charley Peters' chimney. The old villain was probably feasting on my honey money right now. I'd have to stop it. I wasn't in the honey business for Charley.

I STRODE up the road toward the overgrown lane a quarter of a mile away. The old Peters house stood square and dark halfway up the hill. I hadn't been near the old place in years, not since I had outgrown Charley's tall stories. There used to be a short cut across the stream between our two places then. It had been worn, they used to tell me, when Even Peters was courting dad's sister, Aunt Milly, who went down to the city and married somebody else after all.

The house was shuttered tight. I could smell the smoke though, and there was a pencilling of light around the door. I knocked and rattled the knob. The light disappeared.

I called, "Come on, open up. You don't want me to break in, do you?"

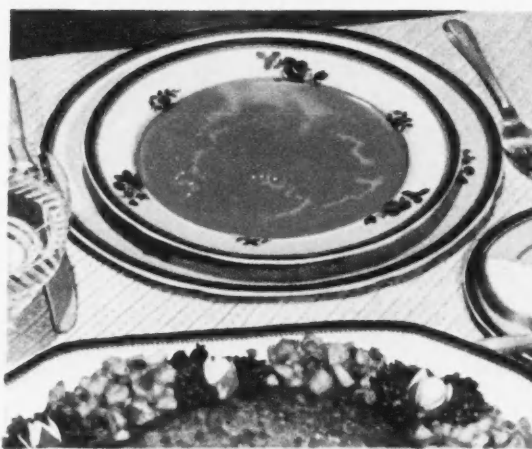
I heard a noise then, and I waited for Charley to make



## The Happy Choice for All Occasions



**YOUNG FOLKS' LUNCH.** When young appetites clamor for something good, something hot, here's the sort of meal: A bowl of piping hot tomato soup with crackers, macaroni and cheese, lettuce salad, and a glass of milk.



**HOT SUPPER FOR A COLD DAY.** A crisp windy day comes to a perfect ending with a heart-warming plate of tomato soup, grilled chopped steak, hashed brown potatoes, beets, peach halves, butterscotch cookies and tea.



**WHEN COMPANY COMES—** get down your soup tureen, and make a luxurious cream of tomato (by adding milk to Campbell's Tomato Soup) and there's the central attraction for a buffet supper or "sit-down" snack!

For party gay  
Or family lunch,  
You'll find this soup  
A happy hunch!



"Campbell's Tomato Soup, please." Time and again that's how wise mothers take care of the soup question. Perhaps no other soup has the same happy way of fitting so many menus, so many occasions, so many tastes. Here is one soup with nourishment for young folk, a lively tang for adult appetites, a "coaxy" flavor for the finicky. Here is an "extra" to bolster a light meal, a bright start for dinner, a satisfying snack for any time. And surely here is a *delicious* soup, with a flavor all its own that people like, and like again. Have *you* had it lately?

### Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

LOOK FOR THE  
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO



Illustrated by  
Alice Bradshaw



Most wives can only dream of the day they will have breakfast in bed.

# How to be a Good Husband

*Prepared in ten easy lessons by an  
average Canadian wife*

by RUTH BAYLEY

one of the secret urges of the world's wives is to have remembered a few of the other days in the year?

There is one woman who falls in love again each year because her husband always remembers the anniversary of their engagement day.

In another home each child's birthday means a little gift from father to mother in memory of the joy there was on the first day of that child's life.

It only costs five cents to send a St. Valentine's card. Do you ever send one? Some people think valentines are silly. But why be afraid of being silly? Do you have to stand on your dignity with your wife?

Wedding anniversaries . . . her first meeting you . . . Easter day . . . there are many days you may remember, and a good husband will keep in his notebook a card on which key dates are marked.

## Lesson III—Home Sweet Home

According to the available evidence, the majority of husbands believe their job is done when they have earned the pay cheque that keeps the home fires burning, and have handed a good share of it over to the little woman. According to the letter of the law, probably they are right. But a husband should remember that he has a full share of the responsibility for seeing that it is a home he lives in and not a house run by a housekeeper for whom he pays the bills. So come back to school, my friend, and pay heed to these suggestions.

1. Say to yourself, night and morning, "What should I have done today for my home?" Remembering will come hard at first, but concentrate . . . the leaking tap . . . Johnnie's report card he is so proud of . . . the letter in your pocket.

If your boss asked you to remember some little thing for him, would you do it? Certainly you would. Well, why not do the things your wife asks you to do when she asks you to do them? It will not take long.

2. When you get a raise, is it worth a dinner out? Yes, you say; and right you are. But when your wife redecorates the dining room, or brings Margaret through the measles, or successfully entertains your boss, or your relatives, or hers for that matter, is it not worth a little celebration too?

You would be surprised how many wives thrill at the thought of a special treat in memory of little home successes that have crowned a lot of hard work.

3. Houses do not stay clean. That is the most distressing aspect of the homekeeper's life. The same thing must be done over and over again. The good husband knows that though it is the same house he comes home to each night, it has received a brand-new cleaning job during the day.

Your wife would like to hear your comments on the average day when you find the house clean, as well as the exceptional day when you find the house untidy on your return from work.

4. A final tip: never make nightly raids on the icebox for tidbits if you intend to haggle over the grocery bill.

## Lesson IV—Breakfast in Bed

I like breakfast in bed . . . so do most wives . . . so do most husbands. The only difference is that the husbands get fed in bed more often than the wives.

Not in your home, you say? Then, believe it or not, yours is the exception. In the average home the wife can only dream of the day her husband will be inspired to serve her early morning meal while she reclines among the pillows.

A good husband once in a while gives his wife her breakfast in bed.

## Lesson V—An Occasional Spree

Many a man thinks it undignified of his wife to have a good time. He cannot see why a married woman should want to be "giddy."

But if your husbands knew how much your wives yearned to throw overboard responsibility once in a while and taste a bit of gaiety, you would do your best to co-operate. Just because she craves a little moonlight is no sign she has been seeing too many movies. It is the old story about a man working from sun to sun and a woman's work never done.

Mr. Husband casts dull care aside each day at five. Madam Wife may have her day's work all lined up, but the weight of the household is still on her shoulders . . . Supper is ready . . . Bedtime, children . . . Peter, how did you tear your pyjamas? . . . Johnnie is breathing hard tonight . . .

I am sorry the paper is wet, dear. I will bring it in tomorrow . . . Yes, I phoned the plumber . . . Is that Mary coughing? . . . and so on. There is no end to it, day and night, Sundays included.

How long is it since you both dressed up and went on a spree—a genuine bang-up party with your wife as the belle of the ball? How long did you say? Just last week? Splendid. And you went to the movies? But who chose the picture? You did? ☆ *Continued on page 51*



Many a man thinks it undignified for his wife to have a good time.

**N**O DOUBT you are faithful to your wife, and kind to your children, and support them all. But you are not necessarily a good husband. You may be just a husband.

Almost any sort of man pays the household bills, and is decent enough morally. Wives take that much for granted. But there are little adornments that turn a husband into a good husband, and you should know more about them.

Now do not worry, gentlemen. This is not going to be an attack upon your character. You may read ahead without fear. Your character is your own business and no stranger has any business meddling with it.

Just as you strive to improve your business technique, so you should improve your home technique, and these ten easy lessons may be your guide. They represent the collective opinion of a good number of assorted wives who answered the questions: "What is the best thing about your husband?" and, "What is the nicest thing your husband has done for you during the past year?"

After gathering up the answers it became apparent that there were certain widely held views on what makes a good husband—good, that is, to a degree beyond the moral and financial standard we take for granted.

Here you are, sirs; and may you all pass with honors.

## Lesson I—Be Personal

How long is it since you gave your wife a personal gift; not a can opener or a refrigerator, but something for herself, something intimate—a rose, perhaps, or a pair of silk stockings?

The chances are one hundred to one that your wife wants you to behave just a little differently toward her than you do toward anyone else, just a touch of added respect and solicitude, the sort of thing that came naturally before you were married but later faded away.

Put it down to a craving for romance, if you like, but don't deny her satisfaction. Be her knight in shining armor once in a while, and maybe you will enjoy it too. In word and deed, a good husband remembers to be personal.

## Lesson II—What Day is This?

It is taken for granted that a husband remembers birthdays and Christmas Day. But did you know that

# for Velvet's most exciting year!

► Noted style authorities again select velvet as the 'wanted' fabric of a brilliant fashion season. It's Velvet for day, Velvet for night. And again Martinized 'crush-resistant' takes its appointed place as the greatest name in velvet! ► Crush a full width of it hard in your hand. Release it . . . astounded. No sign of crushed pile appears. A new close-guarded secret gives resiliency to Martinized Velvet . . . virtually eliminates ordinary crushing. And dry cleaning does not impair its 'crush-resistant' qualities, nor mar its lustrous beauty. ► An occasional warm iron over the back of the material while the garment hangs, will restore all the petal freshness of this very lovely fabric.

TYPICAL of the season's exquisite ready-to-wear creations in Martinized Velvet are the three dresses illustrated below. Left—a Molyneux model, the skirt falling in lustrous folds to a train. It's shirred onto the strapless bodice over which you drape a scarf as you will. Centre—Light-as-a-feather velvet is shirred again. This time for a brief little jacket. Right—Heart-shaped neckline, basque bodice and rippling skirt are notable features of this youthful dinner dress.



Look for the label reproduced at left when next you buy. It indicates a smartly styled garment wearable for every occasion . . . Guarantees you the exclusive Martinized features that only 'Martinized' velvets possess.



"Martinized" crush-resistant Velvet



*The year's most exciting Velvet*





Maggie's instinct told her that little Linda Green was making a play for Bill's sympathy.

MAGGIE RANDOLPH was a clever girl. Sometimes it seemed as if Maggie had everything. Brains. Beauty. Luck. Even that rare thing, luck in love. Maggie had an unerring ability for taking the right turn, whether it be on a corner of destiny or a corner of advertising. She had a straight sharp instinct for knowing when to take a profit or a loss. Knowing whether chartreuse and violet would hold again for spring colors. Knowing just when to advise a buyer to stock fuchsia hats, or stop buying striped silk.

At Clifford's, Maggie was still Maggie Winston, in spite of the fact that she had been married to Bill Randolph for six years. But she had been Maggie Winston when she came to Clifford's. That was almost ten years ago. Maggie had come from a department store in the West. Mark Clifford himself heard about the things she was doing, and brought her to New York, and gave her a blue and silver office and two secretaries at Clifford's on Fifth Avenue. Just what Maggie did at Clifford's, no one really knew—except that she had a finger in the pie of all Clifford smartness. In the window dressing that kept crowds of women spellbound daily. In the clever advertising that made women reach avidly for the morning papers and turn hurriedly to the Clifford page. In smart Clifford service. In the whole march which kept Clifford's one step ahead of its competitors.

A great many people not employed by Clifford's knew Maggie by sight. Shoppers would nudge each other as Maggie, with the newest boutonniere, the trickiest of the season's hats, the smartest new bag from Paris, would swing down the aisle.

"There, with the reddish hair—that's Maggie Winston!"

The little brown wren of a woman fingering shell jewellery, would look up and say, "Honestly? But isn't she lovely! I'd have imagined her to be older. Business

# Nobody Has Everything

by  
MARION VALENSI

Illustrated by Jack Keay

women usually have such hard faces; but she looks so fresh and young. She's married, isn't she?"

"Yes, and her husband is terribly handsome too. I saw them once at a First Night."

"Gracious—she must make a perfectly fabulous salary!"

Well, Maggie did make a good salary. But not fabulous. After all, there aren't so many fabulous salaries. And it might have surprised a great many people to know how little was left of Maggie's salary every month when all the bills were paid. The butcher. The baker. The candlestick maker. The cook. The

houseman. The gardener. Of course, Bill did his share. But Bill hadn't been riding in much luck. Not that Maggie complained. Heavens—that was part of the bargain, and part of her private life. As she always said lightly, "I adore my work, and I love doing things for people." And Maggie wasn't a prig with a Pollyanna complex. She was telling the truth. She really did love doing things for people. Giving things to people. Presents to her secretaries. Lovely extravagant gifts to her brothers and sisters. Unexpected cheques. Baskets of flowers. Fruit. Never saying a word about it. But Maggie had a way of keeping things to herself. Things that counted.

For instance, Maggie never suddenly confided to anyone that she loved Bill with a love that was frightening in its intensity, in its all-consuming fire. With a tenderness that brought sudden tears. With a humility that sent her occasionally from the sunny brightness of the Avenue, and dropped her to her knees in the dim quietness of a church. She never told anybody that the one chink in her whole glittering armor of smartness and success was her love for Bill—the fear that she might not make him happy. She never quite told Bill himself. She had reasons for that too. Good business reasons. She knew that the surest way to lose anything was often holding

it too tight. Love, like a flower, might be destroyed by a tight hand. Besides, there was her original agreement with Bill.

She had said, brave in her security, "Any time either of us wants to be free—he is free!" That was six years ago.

MAGGIE MET Bill at a party one afternoon, and they were married a month later. It was like that—a sort of blue white lightning. They had left Beth's together and walked for a block or two along the street, when Bill said, "Look here, I'm going to coax you to have dinner



# Broiled ham in just 5 minutes!

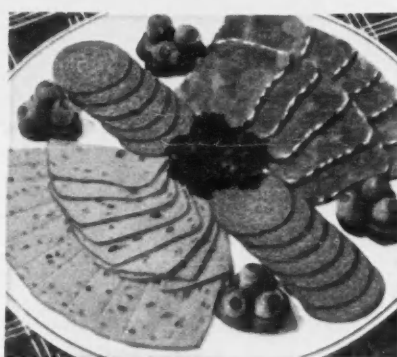
YOU ASK FOR SWIFT'S PREMIUM, **QUICK SERVE STYLE**



**What a time-saver**—and what a treat! Swift's Premium Ham that you just heat through or slice cold. It's called Swift's Premium Quick Serve Style and it comes deliciously prepared by Swift chefs, all ready to eat. Like the regular-style, this table-ready version is cured the mild Premium way and specially smoked, in ovens. It has the true Swift's Premium flavour, so marvelously mild and tempting. And it's as tender as a plump spring chicken. **Hot-weather tempter.** Place a 3 1/4-inch slice of Swift's Premium Ham Quick Serve Style 3 inches from flame. Broil at 450° F. for 2 1/2 minutes, each side. (To heat a whole or half ham Quick Serve Style, allow 8 to 10 minutes per lb. in a 325° oven.) Cut tomatoes in petal points with sharp knife; remove seeds and pulp, and cut off stem end. Season, fill with scrambled eggs and sprinkle with chopped chives.

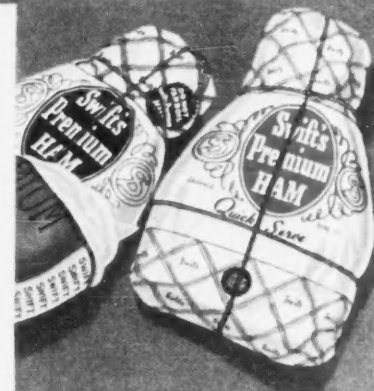
Have you tried recently the convenient centre slices of Swift's Premium Ham? From either Swift's Premium Quick Serve, or the regular Premium with the new Spring Chicken tenderness, your Dealer will cut these succulent slices ready for broiling. Each slice makes a liberal serving for two people. For larger parties you will find that either the shank or butt end makes an unusually delicious and economical cut!

Visit the Swift Building at the New York World's Fair. Watch the smoking and packing of Swift's Premium Hams and Sliced Bacon. See the care used in making Swift's Premium Frankfurts, the official World's Fair frankfurt.



Swift's Summer Suppers now being featured by dealers everywhere, are time-and-trouble savers you ought to investigate. They're built around Swift's Premium Table-Ready Meats, delicacies made at Canada's Meat Headquarters which really do you proud. There are over a dozen varieties of these extra good meats, including the Pot Roast of Beef, Cervelat and Meat Loaf shown here. Suggested garnish: Olives and green pepper rings.

Canada's choice in bacon as in ham is the famous Swift's Premium brand. The reason? Mild, delicious flavour! Swift's Premium Bacon is made from choicest cuts, cured and smoked a special way to get that "sweet smoke taste." Try this Quick Lunch: Allow 3 slices of brown bread to each serving. Cover with baked beans, then add thin rings of onion, and top with 3 slices of Swift's Premium Bacon. Broil for 5 minutes at 450°, 5 inches from flame.



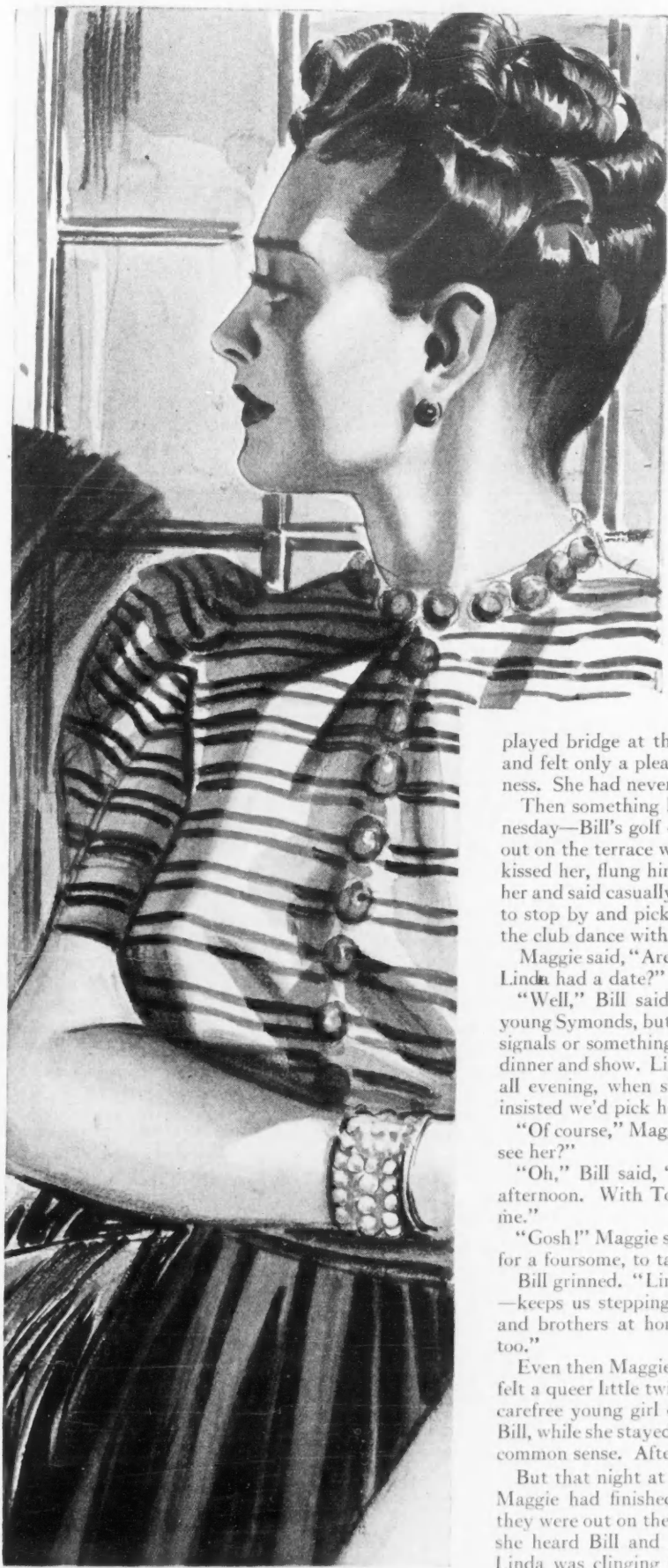
**Now—2 kinds of Swift's Premium Ham!** The new Swift's Premium Quick Serve Style that's all ready to eat comes in the red and white wrapper. Regular-style Swift's Premium, which of course you cook before eating, comes in the wrapper with the blue oval and plaid design.

**REMEMBER,  
THE MEAT MAKES THE MEAL**

Say **SWIFT'S PREMIUM**...for the finest meats!

Produce of Canada

Swift Canadian Co., Limited



Pam would say, touching off the ashes of her cigarette. "An intelligent man is sensible. It's the poor little weakling whose morale is cracked because he hasn't the outward symbols of power."

Yes, at lunch with the girls Maggie felt very safe.

THE TIMES when Maggie felt the most fear were, oddly, when she should have felt the greatest security. Times when she was with Bill. Sometimes at home. Sometimes when the Lassiters or the Greens came in for bridge. At a dance or a Sunday night supper at the club. There was something a little bit frightening, a little bit disconcerting, about those pretty, cared-for women with their easy laughter, their appealing little ways. Maggie could buy her own silver foxes, her own smart

frocks, ride recklessly in taxis while they walked and saved fare toward bridge prizes and luncheon napkins and cunning little breakfast sets. But sometimes, even in her smartest frock, when Maggie looked up and saw Bill dancing with quiet little Evie Martin, she had a queer sinking sensation in the pit of her stomach. Fear had always done that to her. Even now when she didn't quite know what the fear was.

And then Linda came into their midst. Linda was Joe Green's kid sister from somewhere out West, and she was spending the summer with Joe and Helen. Linda was just two years out of college, and very pretty and sort of appealing in her blond fairness. She had large dark blue eyes and a rather dangerous wistfulness. At first Maggie would have laughed at the very idea of Bill ever noticing Linda except to smile at her with a sort of amused pleasure. Even when on several occasions Maggie had to stay in town for an evening, she had come home to hear from Bill that he had

played bridge at the Greens', Linda making a fourth, and felt only a pleasant gratitude at the Greens' kindness. She had never once thought of Linda.

Then something happened. It happened on a Wednesday—Bill's golf day. Maggie was already at home, out on the terrace with a book, when Bill drove in. He kissed her, flung himself down in a wicker chair beside her and said casually, "By the way, Maggie, we're going to stop by and pick up Linda Green—take her out to the club dance with us tonight."

Maggie said, "Aren't Helen and Joe going? I thought Linda had a date?"

"Well," Bill said, "it appears she was going with young Symonds, but they had a quarrel, or crossed their signals or something. Joe and Helen are in town for a dinner and show. Linda was going to stay at home alone all evening, when she just happened to let it slip. I insisted we'd pick her up, take her with us."

"Of course," Maggie said evenly. "But when did you see her?"

"Oh," Bill said, "she played a round with us this afternoon. With Tom Murphy and Ken Howard and me."

"Gosh!" Maggie said. "You must have been hard up for a foursome, to take on a gal?"

Bill grinned. "Linda's good. She plays a swell game—keeps us stepping. She plays a lot with her father and brothers at home. Kind of a sweet little thing, too."

Even then Maggie didn't think much about it. If she felt a queer little twinge of jealousy at the thought of a carefree young girl out on the sunny golf course with Bill, while she stayed downtown, she thrust it aside with common sense. After all, Bill wasn't a fool.

But that night at the club something else happened. Maggie had finished dancing with Ken Howard and they were out on the verandah for a breath of air, when she heard Bill and Linda. They were laughing, and Linda was clinging to Bill's arm and hopping on one foot. In his hand Bill held a small turquoise satin slipper with the heel torn off.

Linda shouted, "I've lost my heel!"

Ken came back, "Oh, you must be mistaken, lady—he's still beside you!"

"Oh, you!" Linda giggled.

Maggie said, "It's lucky you didn't turn your ankle."

Linda laughed. "Oh, but I was dancing with your husband, Mrs. Randolph; and it's so much like flying anyhow, that I scarcely missed one two-inch heel! Now he has kindly offered to run me over to the house for a new pair. You don't mind, do you, Mrs. Randolph?"

Maggie said quickly, "Of course not." But she added prudently, and as she thought afterward, like an old granny, "But do be careful. Don't drive fast!" Then she watched them go across the lawn to the parked cars. Linda was clinging to Bill's arm, making great

sport of hopping on one foot. The shining cap of her ash-blond hair bobbed in the moonlight, and her laughter drifted back. It was then that Maggie felt a strange sort of breathless stillness inside herself. Bill's laughter drifted back too; and it was suddenly very young and gay—younger and gayer and happier than Maggie remembered hearing it for a long time.

But Maggie wouldn't let herself indulge in silly notions. A half hour later she saw Linda dancing with Tom Murphy, her feet twinkling in gold under her pale green dress, and Maggie thought, "Great heavens, if I'm not careful, I'll be developing into a jealous old cat."

When they took Linda home, Joe and Helen came out on the porch and thanked Maggie for taking care of the child.

Linda said demurely, "Yes, thank you so much, Mrs. Randolph, for letting me tag along." But she looked up at Bill and said softly, "And thank you too, Bill—it was perfect!"

Maggie noticed now with a start that Linda called him Bill.

THE NEXT day it was odd the way Maggie kept thinking about Linda. Her thoughts kept whirling back to Linda; Linda saying, "And thank you too, Bill—it was perfect!" And for the rest of the week, when Linda was one of their party, Maggie found herself watching the girl. She began unwillingly to see how often Linda's eyes met Bill's. How often they danced together. How often Linda looked up at him slowly, holding in her small heart-shaped face a kind of dewy wonder.

And then on Sunday night a crowd of them were sitting in the dusk on the club verandah, when Linda came across the lawn toward them. She was wearing a little white sports dress with a scarlet kerchief knotted around her throat, and she seemed very small and frail and white against the green and the deepening dusk.

Someone called, "Well, for heaven's sake, Linda, where have you been?"

And Linda said, with a sort of catch in her voice—a little lonely sort of catch, as if she might have been crying, "Me? Oh, just walking. Sunday nights are kind of homesick nights."

When she reached the porch she sat down on the top step, leaning her head with a sort of theatrical weariness against the great white pillar—and somehow just a few inches from where Bill lay sprawled in a big wicker chair. She looked up at him and smiled, her eyes thoughtful and a little misty.

Maggie's heart contracted. With that rare instinct which she possessed for knowing things suddenly, she knew this too. She knew that little Linda Green was making a play for Bill's sympathy at least. The girl might even think she was in love with him. And Maggie knew that there were times when even the most sensible, most devoted, husbands were not too wise. Maggie tried to face the problem with logic and reason and honesty. She had to be honest. She remembered their agreement. "If either of us ever wants freedom—" But now the words which she had been able to speak lightly struck like a knife into her heart. For she knew that daily, sane, sensible people did clutch at this lightly chanted word freedom. And she knew how in clutching at freedom, which was so often a mirage, love was irretrievably lost.

On the way home Maggie said lightly, "I felt kind of sorry for Linda tonight."

And Bill answered much too casually, "Oh, I don't know. She's a kind of emotional little thing." Then he began to talk about something else.

Maggie felt sick all over. Just as she knew when a buyer wanted something so much that he pretended no interest, she knew now that Bill was afraid to talk about Linda.

It is odd how when an abstract anxiety lays hold of your heart, a thousand tangible worries clamor at the door of your mind. Maggie's blue and silver office became a seething caldron of mistakes and worry and trouble. And through it all for some reason her mind refused to function. Her head ached. Her heart beats quickened. She told herself that it was something physical—a cold, an infected tooth. She even planned to see her doctor. But inside she knew the truth. She was sick with fright.

ON TUESDAY at dinner Bill looked up and grinned and said, "Guess what happened today?"

Maggie said brightly, *Continued on page 40*



*Whenever you hear it said of a woman,  
"She has everything!"--watch out. It's  
probably ordinary good sense she lacks.*

with me. I've a queer feeling of not wanting to say good-by."

As soon as that—almost as soon as Maggie was really seated opposite him at that little corner table at Rinaldi's, she knew that something was happening to her reason and her common sense and her heart. If she watched his large flexible hand lighting her cigarette, or lifted her eyes to meet his, or just sat very still, almost breathless in her endeavor not to see him at all, not to hear his voice, not even to let his thoughts touch her—it was the same. It frightened her and made her just a little bit angry. Because in all her life no man had ever done this thing to her. She had guarded against it. She hated her weakness and the thumping of her heart and the tenderness and humility which shook her. Most of all she trembled with a strange mounting fear that it might not be the same with him.

They seemed to have a million things to say to each other. They talked about books and plays and music and dreams. And yet about all their conversation there was somehow a quality of unreality, as if it were hysterically light and hurried and eager, swaying like a kind of precarious rope bridge above a frightening valley into which neither dared look.

Finally, over coffee, Bill said, "I don't think I'm quite getting the sense of what you're saying. I think it's the sound of your voice, the way you smile, the way you lift your eyes. I'm not concentrating very well on anything but you."

Well, there it was. And a week later, Bill, walking back and forth before the fireplace in Maggie's apartment, stopped in front of her and said with the same surprising abruptness, "Maggie, this thing can't go on! Now I can't concentrate on what anybody is saying. Not even at the office. Now I see you and your eyes and hear your voice from morning to night. I'm beginning to carry on imaginary conversations."

Maggie said breathlessly, "I know—I know, Bill." "But you don't know!" he almost shouted. "I don't want to get married! We can't get married. I have no money. I don't earn as much in a month as you do in a week. And I can't seem to live without you," he finished miserably.

Afterward, when they sat together on the little love seat, Maggie's head against his shoulder, she tried to make him see reason.

"You're too big—you're too sensible, Bill, to let money come between us. What difference does it make who earns the big salary? Now I may do it. Later you may do it. Only a small man, Bill, a weak man, has to be buoyed up by the knowledge that he is the provider—the lord and master—the god. Besides, darling," she tried to say facetiously, but it was almost tearfully, "in this day and age, marriage is such an impermanent thing. Perhaps it won't last long!"

He stopped her words with his lips. "Darling, please," he begged, "never say a thing like that again! Never on this earth—"

But Maggie freed herself and said with an odd seriousness, "But it has to be like that, Bill. We've got to go into this thing knowing we'll never hold each other unwillingly, knowing that we'll both be free if ever the time comes when one of us may want that freedom."

AND THAT was six years ago. In six years there had been changes. In six years Maggie's position with Clifford's had grown stronger and more important, her income larger. In six years a business failure had stolen one of Bill's jobs. A political situation another. Now he was in a small company with dim prospects—pinning his hopes on a kind of star. The star was the prospect of a connection with the Barton Company. Now Bill seemed sometimes not so young, not so gay, and sometimes not even quite so close. As if there might be a kind of invisible wall being built up between them. Built up by an unseen force. Maggie told herself that

she knew what it was. It was discouragement. She must bolster his courage. She planned silly week-ends, bought a new car, helped to build back his crumbling hope of finally connecting with the Barton Company. But some days she would know an ugly sickish fear. Because, you see, the one thing which hadn't changed was her love for Bill. But she never really thought of losing him—only of making him happy.

Maggie felt safest when she was in her office. When she could say, "Make a memorandum of this, Miss Smith. Send Miss Henderson to me. Get Mr. Clifford on the wire." And when Mark Clifford himself came rushing in, to shut the door and say, "Don't let us be disturbed, Miss Smith." When he turned to Maggie and said, "Well, now, Maggie, suppose we iron this thing out. Good lord, what would I do without you?"

Times like these Maggie felt strong and sure and quietly powerful. She felt invincible enough and wise enough to manage her life and happiness, and Bill's too.

There were other times when Maggie felt no fear. Times when she went to lunch with the girls. The girls; there were six of them, and they gathered from various high towers and big offices and smart businesses of Manhattan. The girls all had jobs something like Maggie's. Big jobs. Successful jobs. They lunched in the smartest places, wore the smartest clothes, and were connoisseurs of the smartest things on the Island. They understood good business, and they believed they understood the business of a good life. They respected one another's confidences and took one another's advice. They had cool steady hands and calm analytical minds. They looked around at the silly, pretty little wives lunching before matinees and bridge parties and shopping orgies, and smiled with quiet superiority.

Maggie might say, trying not to admit that she was bolstering her own faith, "Why do you suppose men marry women like that?"

"Oh, darling," Kay would smile knowingly. "You've no idea how charming that little blonde could be in an ashes of rose lace and chiffon negligee—like the one Maggie has in her window this week!"

Grinning, Pam Carter might break in, "But even such aesthetic and pictorial pleasure might be had less expensively."

"My dear!" Kay would cry in a shocked voice. "You're forgetting the sanctity of the home—the joy of little children's voices!"



They were laughing, and Linda was clinging to Bill's arm and hopping on one foot.

"Children—well, yes," Pam would admit. "But so often there aren't any."

Yes, times like these, Maggie felt the sure strength of her own armor. The superiority of girls like Pam and Kay, who were not only carrying their share of the economic burden, but were mothers too. They had children whose sniffles and temperatures were dealt with efficiently by good nurses. And, of course, husbands.

Men over a lunch table seldom discuss wives; but finally all women discuss husbands. Pam's husband taught at the university. Kay's was in a brokerage house. In both cases the girls made the big incomes. Sometimes they discussed these things seriously, with sympathy and understanding. The economic burden of the times.



*Professional advice as to which are the best bulbs to grow indoors, how to keep them in cold storage, how to plant and look after them*

by FRANCES C. STEINHOFF

As the roots begin to run among the pebbles, the bulb is held firmly in position. If the bulbs are immersed too deeply in the water they are liable to decay. Water should be added periodically as evaporation takes place.

Bulbs that succeed in this type of treatment include the crocuses, the Duc von Thol tulips (single and double early) and the paper-white narcissi, as well as the yellow Soleil d'Or narcissus. Many people find the pebble-and-water method the simplest, but only certain bulbs respond to this treatment.

*Method No. 2: Plant Fibre.*

The particular merits of this method are the lack of fussing involved, the cleanliness and avoidance of spots on

furniture, and the opportunity for using plant containers without openings for drainage.

Before using, the fibre should be soaked thoroughly in water and squeezed fairly dry. Then it is firmed into the container to a depth of several inches. The tops of the majority of the fibre, with the exception of daffodils and hyacinths, which are placed with the nose protruding. Ramming and jamming of the fibre and bulbs are to be avoided; firmness is all that is required. It is important that the fibre be kept moderately moist at all times.

Many of the most attractive bulbs can be raised in this way, including the jolly fat Dutch hyacinths, the perfectly charming Roman hyacinths, the adorable purple-blue grape hyacinths, the trumpet narcissi or daffodils, as well as the aforementioned paper-white narcissi, Chinese sacred lilies and Duc von Thol tulips. Lilies of the valley may also be grown in this way.

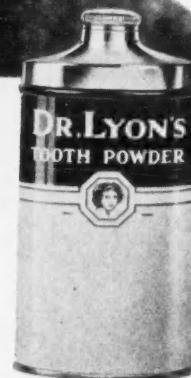
*Method No. 3: Soil in Pots.*

Slow-growing bulbs that require a long period for establishing their roots are usually grown in pots filled with rich loam and sand. Drainage is assured by inserting pieces of broken pots in the bottom, and sometimes a little moss and charcoal are added. The pot is then filled with soil to within one third of the top. The bulbs are then inserted and the pot filled to within one-half inch of the ☆ *Continued on page 85*

## For Sparkling Clean Teeth



## DO AS YOUR DENTIST DOES —USE POWDER



**N**OTHING else cleans and polishes teeth so quickly, and leaves them so gleaming white — as POWDER.

That is why your dentist, as you know, always uses POWDER when cleaning your teeth.

### 100% Cleansing Properties

As it is only the powder part of any dentifrice that really cleans, a dentifrice that is ALL POWDER just naturally cleans best. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL POWDER — 100% cleansing properties, more than twice the cleansing properties of tooth pastes.

### For Cleaner, Gleaming Teeth

For over 70 years, dentists have prescribed Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder — because teeth simply cannot remain dull, dingy and film-coated when it is used. Dr. Lyon's cleans off stains, polishes the teeth in a harmless and practical way — leaves them sparkling, feeling cleaner — your breath sweetened and mouth refreshed.

### No Acid, No Grit or Pumice

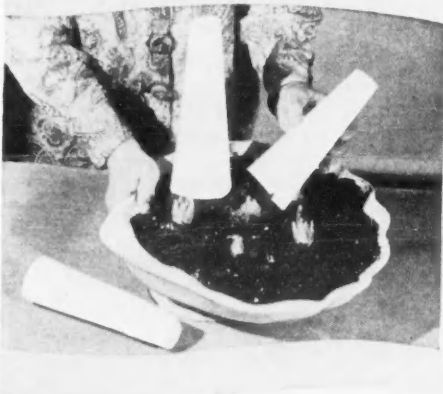
Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is a special dental powder developed for HOME USE by a distinguished practising dentist. Free from all acids, grit and pumice, it cannot possibly injure or scratch the softest tooth enamel.

### Outlasts Tooth Paste 2 to 1

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder regularly, consult your dentist periodically, eat as you should — and you will be doing ALL that you can possibly do to protect your teeth. Dr. Lyon's keeps teeth REALLY CLEAN, and clean teeth mean — firm, healthy gums and the least possible tooth decay. Even as a neutralizer in acid mouth conditions, Dr. Lyon's is just as effective as Milk of Magnesia.

Dr. Lyon's is not only doubly efficient, but it costs only half as much to use. Even a small package lasts for months — twice as long as a tube of tooth paste.

# DR. LYON'S TOOTH POWDER



There are three general ways of growing bulbs indoors — in pebbles and water, in plant fibre and in soil in pots. The photograph at left shows how to plant bulbs in the last-mentioned method. (Above) Paper cones for laggard growths.





## Keep him "IN QUARANTINE"

IF your child develops sniffles, a cough, a sore throat, or suddenly becomes restless and fretful, it is wise to establish your own home quarantine—keeping him alone in his room for a day or two.

At intervals take his temperature. If he develops a fever or if other complications appear, send for your doctor. His symptoms may be a warning that he is coming down with one of the diseases of childhood.

In any case, it is safe to regard an illness of a child as contagious until known to be otherwise. To put off isolating the child until the doctor has pronounced it measles, or scarlet fever, or whooping cough may endanger other children. Most contagious diseases are more easily transmitted in their earliest stages.

If your child proves to have a contagious disease, releasing him too soon may cause a relapse. He should remain in bed until the doctor gives him permission to get up. Keep other children as far away from the sick room as possible. Dishes and silver used by the sick child should be separated from other family dishes and boiled; his table napkins, towels and bed linen also kept apart and sterilized.

Two or three months after your child has recovered from a contagious illness, it is advisable to take him to the doctor to see if there are any after effects. For lack of this precaution many youngsters grow up with permanently weakened hearts which sometimes follow in the wake of rheumatic fever, diphtheria, scarlet fever, whooping cough or measles. Kidney trouble and impairments of hearing and eyesight are other possible complications of some of these diseases.

During any local epidemic, parents should keep children away from parties, movies and crowds generally. If your child or one of his playmates is ill, do not let them play together until you are sure that the danger is past. If you know your child has been exposed to measles, whooping cough or scarlet fever, it is particularly important to keep him where you can watch him closely.

The Metropolitan will gladly send you any, or all, of these booklets: "Measles," "Scarlet Fever," "Whooping Cough," "Diphtheria," "Tonsils and Adenoids," "What is Rheumatism?" "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia." Address a post card to Booklet Department 10-L-39, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

## Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

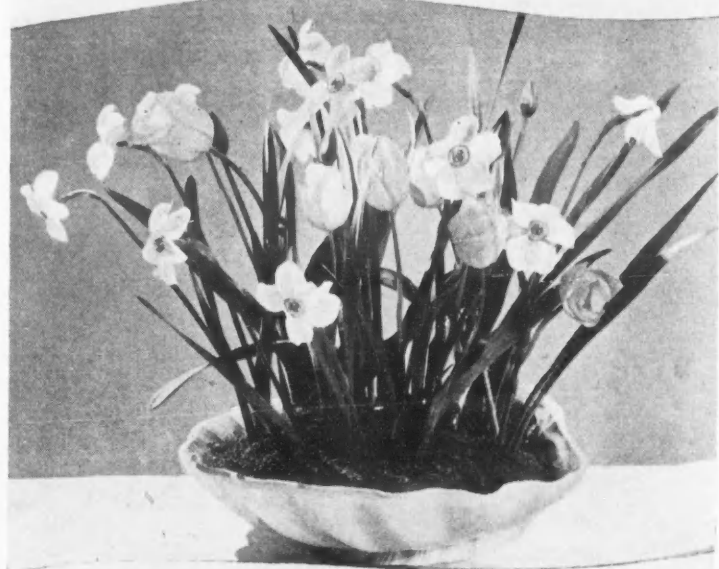
NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER  
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LEROY A. LINCOLN  
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA



## BULBS For Winter Beauty

NEVER A winter passes that the sight of healthy spring bulbs cheerily blooming in someone's house fails to provoke someone else's exclamation: "Now, next winter, come what may, I'm going to raise my own bulbs for the house!"

So this is just by way of a reminder that October is the time to plan and plant, if those indoor dream gardens are to materialize. And a word of encouragement to beginners. Follow the rules, be quite sure you know the requirements for the various bulbs, and you will be on the highroad to success.

First of all, a word about the forcing of bulbs in general.

### Cool Storage

Probably the greatest difficulty encountered by apartment-dwellers is to find a place cool enough properly to develop the rooting system. The cool room in a cellar is a good location, or an unheated sunroom where the temperature does not drop to freezing. Failing these, some gardeners dig a trench two feet deep, cover the bottom with a layer of coal ashes, then sink the pots of bulbs and sift ashes or sand between the pots and on top. A top covering of hay or manure prevents the freezing of the soil. The pots of bulbs should be well soaked before storing. They are then allowed to remain from four to fifteen weeks, depending on the bulb variety until a healthy root system is established. Then they are brought into the house, and gradually the heat is increased as the flower

stalks develop and the plant is exposed to the light.

### Planting

There are three general ways of growing bulbs that are to be forced for winter bloom.

1. In shallow containers filled with pebbles and water.
2. In containers filled with plant fibre obtainable at seed stores. Drainage is not required with this material, although some prefer to introduce a foundation layer, half an inch in depth, of broken pots or stones and charcoal to handle excess moisture.
3. In pots filled with rich garden loam plus one part sand or soil procured from a seedsman or florist.

### Method No. 1: Pebbles and Water.

Pebbles or small stones are arranged in the container so that the bulbs will be raised from the bottom. Bulbs should then be placed firmly on top of the pebbles, and sufficient water added to reach the base of the bulbs.





A DEPARTMENT OF  
STYLE, HEALTH  
AND PERSONALITY



(Top, far left) The pointed snood in Bird of Paradise feathers distinguishes this sequin-studded wool dinner hat.

(Far left, lower) That straight-on look is evident in a black velvet over-size sailor.

(Left) Fur trimmed for chic this 1940 model hugs the head. The cuff is mink.

(Below) Sky-high turbans in such colors as Indian red mark a vivid season. This one is in draped jersey.

All four hats courtesy of Lily Daché

(Bottom) Two-toned garnet velvet is used in a luxurious model made for the woman of tomorrow. Photograph courtesy of Bonwit-Teller.

## HATS ARE BEHAVING

by  
CAROLYN DAMON

**W**OMEN get the darndest ideas about showing their independence. There was that business of the silly hats, for instance. The designers created some gay little wisps of this and that to spell off flowers and bows in evening headdresses. Somehow women got a little mixed and began insisting on having the cream-puff concoctions for street wear. And with tweeds and daytime outfits generally they looked like . . . well, ask your husband or any observant male. And apparently the more fun men made of them, the more determined women were to wear them.

All of which is history. And if you don't believe it, you're going to find yourself looking pretty outlandish in your last season's headgear.

"Sensible" being the dull-sounding word that it is, we won't call the new season hats that. But they are pretty and becoming again, and even show some very definite signs of fitting the head snugly.

Don't think, however, your new bonnet will be ordinary and run-of-the-mill. There's a variety of silhouette and fabric and trimming that will make up for any

pangs you may have over those stranger-than-fiction businesses you've been wearing.

When you hear the man in your life exclaim spontaneously, "How lovely you look in that hat!" you'll know you've hit the high spot of the 1940 styles.

Gesture to the girl of yesterday as she is recreated this season is the low-backed model. A great many of the new hats—particularly of the turban and beret type—swoop down so low on the nape of the neck as to take in every tiny tendril of your heretofore sweeping locks. Nets, extra low snoods, back veils and ribbons do it.

Crowns, on the whole, are high. There are quantities of lovely swirling turbans beautifully draped, new oversized berets cleverly manipulated, visors with high lines. All of them reach up in the front, down in the back. Just as there are special headdresses being created by the beauty salons for the bustle frocks, so special hats are being made with trimming bunched high on the top, front, and low-sweeping line in the back to balance that chest-and-hip emphasis the bustle gives you.

Where there is a brim (tall girls take note), it's often ☆ Continued on next page

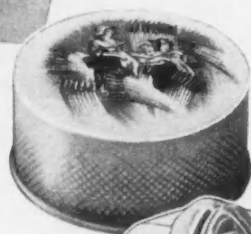




# LAVENDER AND LOVELINESS



BY APPOINTMENT



Yardley English Lavender—  
55c to \$12.00

Yardley English Lavender Soap—  
The Luxury Soap of the World—  
35c a large cake, 3 for \$1.00

Yardley English Lavender  
Face Powder—\$1.10

Yardley English  
Complexion Cream—\$1.10



**W**HEREVER Fashionable Society resorts you will find the most attractive women are devotees of the Yardley Toiletries.

They find the Yardley Lavender with its lovely fresh fragrance the one indispensable Perfume for Daytime Daintiness—and charming, too, for the less formal evening engagements. It invests them with an air of elegance and refinement at one with the English Complexion—that perfect clarity of skin which the Yardley Beauty Preparations create and preserve for countless fair clients everywhere.

Send to us for a free copy of the little book "Beauty Secrets from Bond Street"; it will tell you how the makers of Yardley English Lavender have perfected formulae to awaken this natural radiance.

Luxurious Face Creams and Lotions to refine and beautify the skin, exquisitely fine Face Powder, Lipsticks, Rouges and Eye Shadows, intriguing Perfumes, and of course, the Yardley Lavender, are among these Yardley treasures. Ask, too, for the Yardley Lavender Soap—"The Luxury Soap of the World"—and other bath luxuries, all with the perfect Yardley quality, at your nearest fine store.

## YARDLEY LAVENDER



What are the three functions of hair-brushing?

## YOUR BEAUTY CARE

by ANNABELLE LEE

THE MOST popular new hair-dos are "up in front and down in the back." The smart women are wearing high brushed curls over the forehead, with an adaptation of the page-boy roll at the back. The wearing of the snood—that becoming net from the fairy-tale pictures of fabulous princesses—is an adaptation of this mode. Many of the new hats, too, have crowns which cover the back of the head entirely. You can see that the make-up specialists, coiffure artists, and designing houses are working closer in harmony than ever before.

☆☆  
FOR A sleek shining head of hair, use your favorite tonic regularly, and brush perpetually. Brushing has three functions. It stimulates the scalp and brings the circulation vigorously to the roots of the hair. More important still, it carries the oil from the roots down the length of the hairs and keeps the head lustrous and healthy. Finally your hair is a natural dust catcher. Brush it to keep it clean. Simple—eh? Effective—very!

☆☆  
FOR THE rich new tones of greens and browns which are sweeping the smart world, come matching shades in make-up. New nail polishes reflect the right tone to wear with them. Remember that the cyclamen shades which have been so popular and which are growing steadily in vogue, since

they are so becoming, are worn with the muted, soft shades. Brilliant yellow reds are worn with the new blues, clear blacks and orange browns. New shades in the rust tones are very effective.

☆☆

THE SOFT muted shades have proved particularly good for the woman with grey hair. For as the color goes out of your hair, it fades from your complexion too. Nature works in harmonies—and if we have sense, we can follow her lead with the becomingly softer shades. Nail polish, eye make-up, powder, eye-shadow—all blend in these delicate shadings which will bring so much charm to the older woman. Clear vibrant colors belong to youth. The mature woman should study the color effect she has naturally, before she starts to accent its most becoming tones.

☆☆

DID YOU know that the skin about your eyes has the least circulation of any part of your body? That is why it wrinkles so easily and becomes "crepe-y." And you can't solve it easily with massage, for the skin is so delicate that you can soon make matters worse. It's right to use a mild astringent—and to pat it gently around the eyes. But, if you are inclined to dry skin be sure to use an oil, or

☆ Continued on page 32



Apply powder generously—except on the eyelids. Then use a soft complexion brush, or a fluffy piece of absorbent cotton to remove the surplus.



Left, Right . . . Left, Right  
We know how to keep teeth white  
We use Colgate's morn and night  
That's what keeps our smiles so bright.

### Why Dr. Dafoe Chose Colgate's Dental Cream for the Dionne Quins

Dr. Dafoe chose Colgate's Dental Cream for the little Dionnes because it cleans so thoroughly, yet so gently—with-out the slightest harm to delicate enamel . . . or irritation to tender gums.

And how the Quins enjoy brushing their teeth with Colgate's! Like all children, they love its delightful peppermint flavour—an important help in teaching correct habits of oral hygiene.

### WHY YOU'LL LIKE COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM, TOO . . .

Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel to shining smoothness . . . its special penetrating foam gets into those tiny hidden crevices between teeth . . . cleans every surface of every tooth . . . keeps your breath sweet and beyond reproach! Get a tube today!



GIANT DOUBLE SIZE 35c

LARGE SIZE 20c

Medium Size 10c

THE QUINS USED COLGATE'S TODAY—DID YOU?



# Thanks a Million!



*I'm So Grateful* for the extra safety and comfort that Kotex Sanitary Napkins give because they're made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture throughout the pad and so check damp, chafing edges!



*I'll Never Forget*

the wonderful relief from that unbearable bulky feeling when I changed to Kotex Sanitary Napkins with patented pressed ends that fit flatly. No more discomfort or embarrassment...those special pressed ends put Kotex in a class by itself!



*I can't thank  
You Enough*

for 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins—Regular, Junior and Super. Never again need I cut and adjust my napkins because 3 sizes of Kotex make it a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from day to day.



*Better say Kotex  
— Better for You!*

All 3 Types at the Same Low Price — KOTEX® SANITARY NAPKINS  
(\*Trade Mark Reg.)

quite even and flat, and worn straight on the head all around. Last year a number of designers went to town on fur hats to wear with fur or fur-trimmed coats. This year those luscious furs in their gorgeous newly dyed shades will be accompanied by fur-trimmed, rather than all-fur, hats. Flowers (never as good for winter, of course) are pretty much out . . . except for unusual ones, such as jewelled or metallic or the porcelain blossoms Lily Daché is using so much. Combs are sometimes attached right to the hat, instead of ribbons or snoods or elastics.

YOU'LL FIND there's a pretty definite division between street and dress wear in hats this year . . . because the clothes have it so strongly marked. You can't very well golf or tramp the countryside in a bustle. And for casual wear the classic sport hat of felt, with stitched trimming and a softly manipulated crown, just can't be beaten. It's good for any age or build . . . Up all around if you're young, down in the front for the middlers, and down all around if it suits you and you're really quite matronly.

If you're stoutish, be sure it isn't too plain, or it leaves too much attention to your not-too-good figure.

For street wear generally there are all sorts of grand silhouettes, visors, boat-shaped, postilion, all high with smartly manipulated crowns.

If you're old enough to have daughters at college, I wouldn't bother about too fancy crowns and folderols. This year's feather trims were made for you. Glycerine mounts, whole breasts of birds, swirls of ostrich, are arranged in the loveliest of design. For the youngsters, get exaggerated crowns to give you flare, rather than setting your hat at a cockeyed angle or poisoning it gingerly on that topmost curl. Get massed trimming . . . jewelled ornaments, metal flowers, and so on, right in the front, and wear your hat so low at the back that it tucks into your collar.

YOU CAN stop worrying about color combinations, too, because this year's hats have suddenly gone monotone. That doesn't mean monotonous, since the colors are grand and exciting. Rich deep reds, luxurious blues, deep forestry greens, and browns from rust tones through the burnt sugars to the richest beaver shades. If your hat doesn't match your costume, it can team up neatly with your gloves and bag. That's the latest threesome. Or, of all things, your boots. Next to the popular-on-all-fronts black, browns are high style. Then the greens, rust tones and blues. Give the wine shades a rest unless you're one of those silvery grey haired women with a fresh complexion. They're made for you, and keep right on with them whatever comes or goes. You'll find less of the purples this year, too. By the way, grey hats are very smart.

If you want to be exotic, you might go in for a highly twisted visor, like the one I saw at Lily Daché's being made for Marlene Dietrich the other day. It was in pigeon blue mat velvet—all one color, even for the dramatic Marlene. And at New York's Stork

☆ Continued on page 32



## DEAR ELIZABETH ARDEN...



Q. My "teen" daughters and I spent too much time in the sun, last summer, without taking the proper precautions. And now we're paying the penalty. Our faces are like parchment—and we don't like that a bit. What can we do about it?

A. A little care every morning and every night will help to improve this condition. My simple routine is Cleanse, Tone, Soothe . . . using Ardena Cleansing Cream for a thorough cleansing . . . Skin Lotion for freshening and slight stimulation . . . Orange Skin Cream or Velva Cream for softening. And you can't start your daughters too early on this regimen of skin care!



THE ELIZABETH ARDEN  
ESSENTIAL PREPARATIONS  
YOU NEED ARE:

Cleansing Cream . . . \$1.10 to \$6.00  
Skin Lotion (Tonic) . . . \$1.10 to \$15.00  
Velva Cream . . . \$1.10 to \$6.00  
Orange Skin Cream . . . \$1.10 to \$8.00

Sold at Smartest Shops  
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*Elizabeth Arden*

Salons: SIMPSON'S — Toronto and Montreal  
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checks, with plain-colored skirts. Again corduroy, in a campus great-coat, lined with plaid and sporting two huge side pockets. Suede accessories excellent. Now they are making them already grouped—hat, bag, gloves and shoes in matching colors. Three new and thrilling shades are wintergreen, Pacific blue and holly red. Some of the smartest are matching the color of their hats with their gloves, and the shoes to the bag.

Pearls, the beloved necklace for fall. We may thank Queen Elizabeth for this, as she seldom appeared in this country without her favorite pearls. And heavy necklaces of five and six strands of colored beads, simulating precious stones. This exotic bit of jewellery is called the "Sultan's Bib." "Burnt Sugar"—the luscious new name of a lovely new autumn color. Good as an accessory shade. The "bustle-back" hat is a quaint and wearable piece of millinery. Generally the hat is turban shaped,

with a neat little "bustle" tucked down over your back hair.

Velvet again one of the leading fabrics for afternoon and evening dresses. Especially glamorous in those frocks that have the Edwardian flavor so essential these days. Black velvet always in the lead—next comes a lovely, luscious grape tone—and Paris cables frantically to look out for red velvet, as leading French dressmakers are booming it for later fall.

Saw a glorious velvet evening dress, strapless, with matching cord around the throat and fastened to the straight-across bodice top. The hipline flaunted a tiny little peplum. And when buying velvet, remember that the modern velvets do not shine or wrinkle and are pretty well "proof" against spots, stains and such.

Fall gloves are both long and short. The shorties are generally trimmed within an inch of their lives. Embroidery, appliqué and gold encrustations are favorite embellishments.

## FOR HOMING HOURS



Washable velvet makes this enchanting negligee as practical as it is glamorous. It's of cameo pink with rows and rows of fine little tucks and ruffled collar and sleeves—and just enough train to give it an air without being difficult.

HOUSEWIFE or business girl, stay-at-home or gadabout, every woman loves to slip into something soft and comfortable for evenings at home. It's many a moon since the old-fashioned wrapper was discarded, and an array of lovely negligees, lounging robes and pyjamas, and attractive dressing gowns took its place. And this year fashion suggests more feminine lounging garb than ever. Negligees, such as the one pictured, are lovely to look at and practical for regular wear. Because, for all their richness and delicacy of line and color, they can be washed effectively and simply.

Tucks, pleats, lovely flowing lines follow the general trend of daytime fashions. Colors are more delicate than

gay, and restful harmonies favored rather than the vivacious contrasts.

There is a definite move to key your fireside costumes to your home decorative scheme . . . not too obviously, of course. But a gentle accent, perhaps, of the color in your drapes or walls or favorite painting.

### About Fall Lingerie

Nightgowns take on more and more feminine lines, with dainty tucks, frills and pleatings greatly in evidence. And for the girl who likes pyjamas, the new short-legged fashion is a promising idea.

Slips. Are as varied as the silhouettes they're made to complement. With those gay taffeta petticoats you wear to show just below a swirling feminine skirt, there are detachable zippered brassiere tops. You'll want slips with long, almost corset-cover tops, very dainty as to embroidery or lace, for wear with the many sheer blouses that are being featured.

Color, of course, is found everywhere in slips and petticoats, particularly the latter. In the rustling taffetas you'll see fuchsia, chartreuse, royal blue, Kelly green, violet, wine, etc. For the softer slips, often straight cut in the top with bias skirts for wear under sheers, there are such lovely shades as dusty rose, and soft blue, as well as white. Silk and rayon satin slips for straighter, more streamlined silhouettes, are made with camisole tops and lace straps to match inserts, molded bias-cut top and straight skirt line. For wool and tailored things, a rayon taffeta slip is a good idea—and it's a new thought to make it with rows of hemstitched ruffles which can be snipped off to suit your own length. Two straight and two bias panels are used in a new slip for under suit wear, because it has a definite non-twist effect. Delicately patterned damask slips are lovely under soft and flowing dinner gowns. ☆



SWEET ASSURANCE  
FROM YOUR MAN—

"These Soft HANDS  
are made for LOVE!"

Neglected Hands often Look Older  
—Feel too Coarse for Love. Take  
Steps that Help Prevent This!

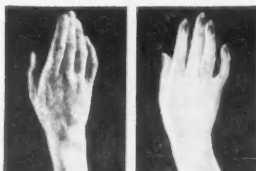
"THAT romance won't last," people said. Anne's pretty hands were getting unattractively harsher and coarser. Sun, weather and water tend unmercifully to dry nature's softening moisture out of your hand skin, you know.

But—wise girl, Anne! She began to care for her hands with Jergens Lotion.

Jergens brings refreshing new moisture to supplement the natural moisture. Quickly helps give back delicious softness, even to neglected hands.

Many doctors help roughened skin to lovely smoothness by using two ingredients Jergens Lotion gives you. Jergens actually helps prevent unromantic roughness when used faithfully. No stickiness.

It's wonderful to have "hands made for love". No wonder thousands of grateful women swear by Jergens! Start today to use Jergens Lotion. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ —\$1.00, at beauty counters.



HE LOVES ME NOT! HE LOVES ME!

Beauty-giving moisture is quickly furnished for dry, rough hand skin by Jergens Lotion.

New Beauty Aid! Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against drab dry skin.



JERGENS LOTION  
FOR ADORABLE SOFT HANDS

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—entirely free—how Jergens furnishes beautifying moisture for the skin, helps give your hands lovely softness. Mail this coupon today to:  
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867 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario

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MADE IN CANADA



# CATCH YOUR BEAUTY AT NIGHT!



Win new Glamour  
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At night, leave on a film of  
this cream to help skin stay  
active, overcome dryness.

WHILE you sleep, your skin  
should be awake, busily over-  
coming the unlovely fatigue and  
dryness the day has caused.

Besides luscious softening and  
cleansing oils, Woodbury Cold  
Cream contains an important Vita-  
min which helps arouse the skin's  
activity. Leave on a thin film when  
you retire. It will aid your skin to  
renew its vitality, to grow soft and  
invitingly fresh.

Thousands of women testify to  
the many ways in which Woodbury  
helps the skin—invigorating,  
cleansing, refreshing, softening. Its  
germ-free purity provides an added  
safeguard for your beauty.

Try Woodbury tonight! Only  
50¢, 25¢, 15¢, at all beauty counters.



## WOODBURY

### MAIL FOR NEW 4-PIECE MAKE-UP KIT

John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 768, Perth, Ont.  
Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-  
up Kit, containing generous tube of Woodbury  
Cold Cream; smart attractive metal compacts of  
exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and  
Lipstick. I enclose 10¢ to cover packing and  
postage.

#### CHECK MAKE-UP DESIRED

CHAMPAGNE ☐ WINDSOR ROSE ☐  
(For golden skin) (For pink skin)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

(MADE IN CANADA)

## FASHION



### Style Flashes From New York

- Waists like champagne glasses. Oh, so slim, with illusion of slenderness increased by bustled backs, panniered hips and sweeping hemlines.
- Tall, small hats, but wise enough to stay on our heads. The "doll" hat turning up here and there, but we're growing mighty tired of the silly little doodad.
- Grey wool dresses something to gloat over for first fall days. Very smart to accent them with bright "Red-coat" touches.
- Plaids and checks, mated up with plain colors—the dream dress for early fall wear, especially if you're college bound, or starting on your youthful career in the First Job.
- Knits join hands with wool for some stunning street styles. Wool dresses with knitted bodices or sleeves—or vestees.
- Fabrics are rich and exotic for evening—smooth and pliable for day-time.
- Because Paris decrees that we shall be "wasp-waisted, round-hipped and high-bosomed" for fall, the corset is staging a grand come-back.
- So look out for your corset this fall. Sorry, "little" girdles will not do for many of the evening styles, if you are a trifle, shall we say, heavy? A good strong corset that will hold you in shape is advocated by the great Paris dressmakers, with Mainbocher coming forth with comfortable and competent styles for both day and evening wear which are suitable.

- Hip drapery is very important for "dressier" dresses.

by KAY MURPHY

- Some newest themes go back to yе olde "pegtop" skirts, for this hip emphasis.
- Jacket dresses favor the slightly-below-the-hipline jackets and are strongly given to waistline fitting.
- Blouses, with fall suits, are very feminine, with bibs and whatnots to encourage us to bosomly beauty. Fabrics are rich in these blouses—brocades, silks, velvets—you'll see them all this fall.
- Don't misunderstand me. While we will have that "high-bosomed" look this fall, the tops of our dresses are invariably simple, unless, as I said above, they fall for a bib or such.

- Touches of Persian lamb and beaver are excellent on early fall dresses, to wear without coats. Small borders on the below-elbow sleeves—or on the peplum of a jacket—or outlining a high neck or swirling skirt.
- Round, old-fashioned muffs are quite the rage for early fall. You wear 'em with a suit or dress, suspended from your neck with a jewelled chain or rich silk cord.
- But don't burden yourself down with both muff and handbag, especially early in the season. Have a little pocket in your muff for your nickels, dimes, compact and hanky.

- Rough cross-country tweeds doing excellently in suits and coats for college wear and coolish days. Gentian blue and dusty pink are two luscious new shades that have invaded the tweed kingdom.

- Many skirts for fall have a hemline banding of a contrasting color and quite often of a different fabric, too.
- The black wool dress, with a brightly colored jacket—the choice of many of the Style Smarties for this-minute wearing.

- From Paris come some very swanky sports hats, with felt brims and hand-knitted crowns. Cost p-l-l-enty. I looked 'em over and said to myself—a gal could use an old felt brim and knit herself a crown, join the two together—and look like Paris!
- Tailored dresses of wool and crepe, buttoned down the front like coats—very slim waisted, wide shouldered and with tailored revers—a striking new style for tailored-minded lassies.

- Instead of bustles on coats and dresses, one French

designer is putting pockets out there on the back. A wee bit daring—but awfully good-looking, we'll aver.

- Am seeing many jacketed dresses that fit like paper on the wall, with tiny silver or gold buttons closing up to the militialike standup collar.
- Double-breasted velveteen dresses for the young-hearted.
- Narrow wale corduroy slacks and hip-length jacket, for lounging abroad or at home.
- Pleated jersey skirt with fitted jacket—best in contrasting colors.
- Separate blouses and skirts very good, especially for sports wear. Many tops are of bright plaids or

## The Quints as I Saw Them

Continued from page 13

when she smiles she does so with such a candor and such a quality of giving of herself that one cannot help but feel that she most of all craves affection and yearns to be cuddled in one's arms.

In Cecile, the quickest to answer questions, the most accurate in drawing, the most alert, we find an entirely different construction of eyes. They are larger, as is her mouth, rounder and more open. Marie's and Emilie's eyes are almost Indian, having the skin coming down near the bridge of the nose. Cecile carries her chin high and her head tilted up, which denotes that pert assertive nature which, however, also makes her the one with the most violent temper.

Yvonne, her twin—the measurements again coinciding in every detail—is prettier. Her cheeks are well formed and round, her eyebrows are much more pronounced and seem to have the right line to convey poise and assurance. Her mouth is lovely, and she has a beautiful smile. Her nose is better formed and thinner and gives more the impression of being tilted upward. She holds herself very erect, but it is Cecile who has the loveliest figure. Then comes Annette, the only one who has no twin as I have already pointed out. She looks the most like her mother, who, by the way, is a very good-looking woman still, even though she has had thirteen children.

Annette is calm and placid, the contour of her face is rounder and her chin is squarer, her eyes study everything calmly and she is very fond of looking at picture books. She is inclined to lower her chin and watch silently. She is really the little mother of the group—in everything she shows her good nature. She was without doubt my best model; she only moved every few minutes instead of every second. Emilie on the other hand was running around like lightning, first up on chairs, then down on the floor, while little Marie always wanted to come close to me and lean over my shoulder.

I wonder if ever before in the history of the world five little children up to the age of five have affected the lives of so many people, brought such prosperity, wrought such changes in a whole countryside? For instance, the road from North Bay to Callander used to be a narrow dirt one; now it is a four-lane cement highway. This whole area used to be backwoods, now it is alive with tourists camps. The Hotel Empire in North Bay is an establishment comparable to the hotels to be found in cities ten times its size. Along the edge of the lake from North Bay to Callander are many very nice cottages and camps—large enough for entire families. There are dancing pavilions and places to eat, places to swim and to go boating.

To me one of the most amusing sights was the houses of those who were in any way related to, or had ever had any connection with, the Dionnes. Each one of these had on it a large sign: "Uncle of the Quintuplets." "Cousin of Papa Dionne." "Midwife to the Quins." Each of these has a tale to tell and souvenirs to sell. Certainly enough

pieces of wicker of the original baskets in which they were placed at birth have already been sold to make cradles for a hundred babies. During the spring and summer and fall the inhabitants for miles around are busy catering to the wants and amusements of visitors from all over the world—millions come each year. Truly the quintuplets are one of Ontario's major attractions.

THE STAFF of the hospital, other than the cooks, etc., consists of Head-nurse Miss O'Shaughnessey, who is also the dietitian, who plans their clothes, their menu and all their activities. She has been here for three years now, and when she speaks of the "children" her eyes glow with pride and a sense of possession. Then Mlle. Corriveau, her assistant, who speaks both French and English. Mlle. Vesinot is not only a nurse, but is also the teacher and speaks French only. Dr. Dafoe, who is at the hospital every morning at eight, and watches over the children like a hawk, is one of the most remarkable men I have ever met. How he finds time or has the opportunity, out here so far from the large medical centres, to keep up with all the developments of modern medicine, I can't understand, but he does. One has only to study his large cranium with its great brain capacity, his exceedingly high forehead, his sensitive mouth and bright eyes to realize that here is a remarkable man, one who would have been outstanding in any profession. Modelling his head gave me the opportunity and the pleasure of studying him in detail, and while his intellect delighted and awed me somewhat, his geniality and gentleness altogether charmed me.

It is a commentary on the times in which we live that even though, or because, they are out here in the wilds of Canada, the children are carefully guarded night and day. Three policemen have each an eight-hour shift outside the hospital, accompanied by an enormous great Dane. While inside a nurse rests fully clothed all night in their bedroom. A high mesh wire fence topped with barbed wire surrounds the whole establishment.

Directly across from the hospital is the home of Papa and Mama Dionne, unchanged from the days before they became front-page news, except that over the plain wooden framework of the house have been nailed sheets of some sort of material painted to imitate brick.

On the first day of my arrival it seemed to me the courteous thing to do to call and present my compliments to the parents, but I was assured that Mama would prefer advance notice of my visit so that she could prepare herself. Accordingly, on the second day, accompanied by one of the nurses I entered their living room. Here stiff, formal and silent they received me. Four of their other children were in the room—one of whom, the little boy, rode his tricycle round and round the white-covered centre table during the whole of my visit. The only person who did any talking was myself, and I,

☆ Continued on page 53

# 3 CHEERS FOR IRIUM in Pepsodent Tooth Paste



## IRIUM Puts a PLUS in PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE to Keep Teeth Well-Groomed

Only Pepsodent Tooth Paste contains IRIUM

• Never before has there been such an effective cleansing agent as IRIUM in any tooth paste...that's why Pepsodent with IRIUM is your password to well-groomed teeth—new assurance, new poise!

Discover for yourself, as millions have, how speedily Pepsodent Tooth Paste plus IRIUM brushes away dingy surface-stains! That means a sparkling smile that makes others look the second time! Notice, too, how Pepsodent acts instantly to help overcome bad breath.

### Proved Safe for Tooth Enamel

Remember, Pepsodent Tooth Paste with IRIUM is velvety soft—it's S-A-F-E!... It contains No Grit—No Bleach—No Drugs—No Pumice! Get a tube of Pepsodent today!

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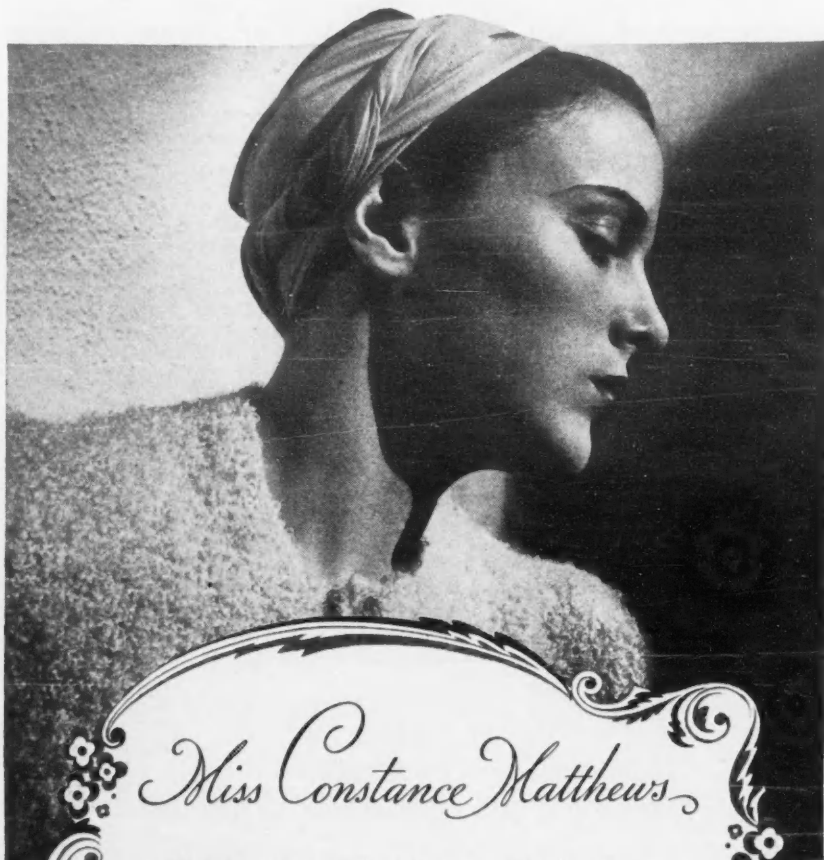
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ALWAYS CONTAINS  
**IRIUM**  
New discovery that  
safely steps-up  
luster on teeth

*Insist on*

**GET THE PLUS  
VALUE OF IRIUM**



## Voted "Most Glamorous"... Debs who take a Woodbury Facial Cocktail



*Miss Constance Matthews*

This lovely debutante plays a fast game of tennis, rides horse-back like one born to the saddle. Fair of skin, she awards all honors to Woodbury for her clear, flawless complexion.

Says CHOLLY KNICKERBOCKER, Noted Society Commentator

*"At coming-out parties and other gala society events, certain debutantes I know always steal the show. Their beauteous complexions, kept lovely with a 5 o'clock Woodbury Facial Cocktail, make them magnets for admiring eyes."*

### Tonight Attract Men's Admiring Glances... Take this Exhilarating Beauty Treatment with Woodbury

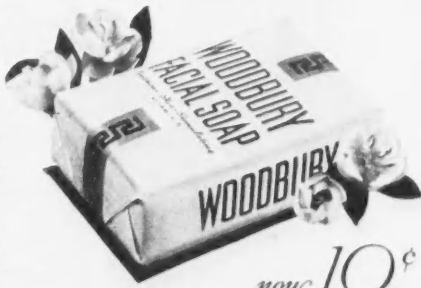
WHICH girl in your set will be first to win her heart's desire? It can be you, if you'll take the advice of glamorous debutantes. Give yourself a Woodbury Facial Cocktail whenever your skin looks haggard with fatigue. Face to face with a man, your complexion *must* be lovely!

Not all society girls are fabulously beautiful. But many of the fairest debs take a beauty cocktail before every date... whisk Woodbury's rich lather over face and neck. This simple skin-cleansing with Woodbury Facial Soap helps revive and enliven your tired, end-of-the-day complexion, makes skin softly enchanting.

Long before this year's crop of lovely debs was born, Woodbury Facial Soap was used by the belles of the '90s. Its famous formula has helped millions of women to "A Skin You Love to Touch". Now Wood-

bury has this added distinction. A skin-invigorating Vitamin in its creamy lather aids the skin's vitality.

Before dinner tonight, give your complexion a refreshing Facial Cocktail with fragrant Woodbury Facial Soap. You'll fascinate men's eyes! And take your regular Woodbury "facial" at bedtime, too. It's Beauty's grandest nightcap!



now 10¢

CONTAINS SKIN-INVIGORATING VITAMIN\*

\*Produced by ultra-violet irradiation—Pat. No. 1676579

(MADE IN CANADA)

### Hats are Behaving

Continued from page 28

Club the debs were doing themselves up in black picture hats, swooping up and out, or turbans climbing right up toward the colored balloons. A black frock and a crimson turban and bag are something to think about... if you're the type.

YOU'LL WANT to watch your make-up with those new browns and rust shades. Keep away from purple or blue-toned lipsticks with these shades. And remember, with rich deep shades of hats you'll want a glow to your cheeks and lips... a true red, or something with an undertone of orange.

Don't let your face go blurry just because you've been wearing pastels and white and haven't needed much make-up for summer. What with hats and costumes so much in one color, your face has a chance to stand out and make itself felt. Get your make-up lines clear and distinctive so that you can "register."

Fabrics are generally soft and dull... except for the odd shiny satin in dinner or evening hats, you'll find beautiful soft felts, velvets, angoras and furs are sheenless and flattering.

You can decide about your hair... there's no doubt about the youthful effect of upsweeping lines from your temples. You might wear soft curls just to your neckline if you're quite young. Be on your guard for remodelled rats (they'll have a fancy name for them now) and puffs to give your hair body in the back, and you can be banged and rolled at the top, front, for hustle effects. Otherwise, your hair is done to suit your personality. The smartest woman of all will take it off her face and up in front, catch it under a long, almost pointed hatline in the back, and wear long earrings. But be careful... that's for those who know their chin-line isn't too obvious, their necks are long enough and their features good enough for such severity! ☆

### Your Beauty Care

Continued from page 29

nourishing cream every other night at least. Keep a little cream on during the day, to make sure that the skin there is kept moist and well nourished. Never, never, rub it. Press the knuckles of your bent forefinger into the skin gently and firmly every night. This, with the steady use of nourishing cream or oil will keep your lids firm and attractive.

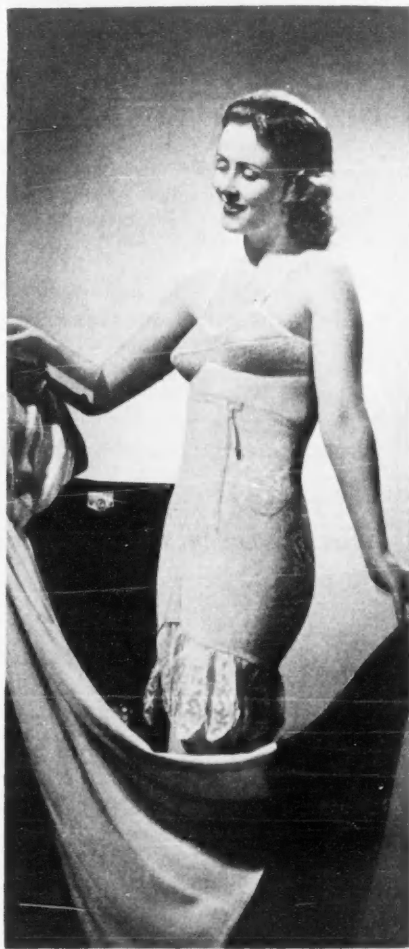
☆☆

ONE OF the newest tricks is to wear a posy ring—a band with a perky flower on it to match the color of your nail-polish. Devastating for the gay youngsters!

☆☆

ONE OF the most popular makers of fine soaps and perfumes has re-introduced its famous bath soaps into the Canadian market. The new soap is curved to fit the hand and comes in four refreshing and lingering odors—verbena leaf, fern, red roses and Eau de Cologne.

(Drop me a card if you would like the names of products mentioned above.) ☆



## "BUZUM-HI"

The Way to a New You!

Gossard's "Buzum-Hi" Girdle will—easily and comfortably—fashion a complete new figure for you... its high, skilfully cut design will make you slim in the middle, with feminine curves above and below. The Lightning Fastener achieves a smooth closure.

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

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# Checking Over the Younger Generation

Simplicity 3175

Simplicity 3177

Simplicity 3176

Simplicity 3168



Simplicity 3169

Simplicity 3174

Simplicity 3168

DECK THEM out in checks and plaids, and they'll look as gay as the autumn foliage.

Suits tailored like mother's vie with pleated jumpers for first place in the front row of school fashions, so why not include both No. 3176 and No. 3168 in your daughter's wardrobe? Plaids are popular in spun rayon for jumper dresses like No. 3176, and in bright woollens for the jacket of No. 3168.

Checks are smart in rayon weaves or cotton for No.

3174, while striped broadcloth or challis rates high with the kindergarten tot who wears No. 3177.

Princess Margaret Rose has set the fashion for coats like No. 3169. To make it sturdy and warm, choose diagonal tweed in slate blue or russet brown.

For those hilarious hours in the gym, navy serge bloomers and a cotton blouse made with pattern No. 3175 is the perfect costume.

Pattern descriptions on page 40.



# EVEN TAILORING GOES QUAIN



Simplicity 3170

Simplicity 3171

Simplicity 3162

Simplicity 3172

THAT THROWBACK to the 'nineties is felt in even the strictly tailored things, such as these. And why not? New fullness makes stern lines good for more mature figures, as well as the very slender.

A proud and commanding reefer, No. 3170, has a front panel shaped to accent a slim waistline and emphasize broad shoulders. Try it in the new cyprus green tweed trimmed with rows of stitching.

You will certainly need a dress and jacket outfit for these cooler fall days. Unpressed pleats for a front flare in the skirt, plus a short jacket reefed snugly at the waist, are the smart new lines Paris has given No. 3171.

Perfect for dress-weight woollens in the reddish-brown tones that Schiaparelli likes so well.

Notice the smoothly rounded shoulders and nipped-in waist of No. 3162. The simple silhouette of this frock is especially good for velveteen in such lush colors as "duck blue" or wine.

The panel front of No. 3172 tapers inches off the appearance of mature figures. An excellent dress for canton crepe (back in style this year) or smooth-surfaced woollens.

Pattern descriptions on page 40.

**TWO RUGS MAY  
LOOK THE SAME  
IN THE STORE —**



**BUT THERE'S A WORLD  
OF WEAR-DIFFERENCE  
ON YOUR FLOOR**



Actual colour photograph — Bedford — Gold Seal Rug No. 490.

**...low in price — you  
can't afford to pay less.**

It's *easy* to plan a bright, cheery bedroom like this when you start — as interior decorators do — with the *floor*. Here, the cool green walls contrast with the warm brown background of the rug while the curtains and other fabrics reflect the bright splashes of colour in the gay, floral design.

You'll be proud to own *any* of the new Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs — and you'll be proud of how they *keep* their beauty!

That tough paint and baked enamel surface is actually equal to an 8 coat thickness — *gives you years longer wear!* This smooth, labour-saving surface stays easy to clean, too. And your rug lies flat — no curled edges to trip over.

See the gorgeous new Gold Seal Rugs at your dealer's today. And be sure to look for the Gold Seal on the face of the pattern. It says and means "Satisfaction Guaranteed."

**FREE!** For a free illustrated booklet entitled "Smart New Colour Schemes for Every Home" clip and mail the attached coupon . . . now!

**CONGOLEUM GOLD SEAL RUGS**  
AND CONGOLEUM BY-THE-YARD

**GOLD  
SEAL  
Rug**

*8 Coat  
Thickness\**

\* Gold Seal Rugs have a surface equal in thickness to 8 coats of best floor paint, applied by hand.



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Name .....

Address .....





... is it essential that disinfectants should be so unpleasant to be reliable? Isn't there something really efficient yet safe and pleasant to use not only for myself, but on the children's cuts and scratches?"

Nothing better was ever discovered for women than 'DETTOL' ... the new, all-purpose British antiseptic, now available at drug stores everywhere. This powerful killer of germs is non-poisonous, and safe — so clean and clear it will not even stain your finest linen — is pleasant to smell and an excellent deodorant.

'DETTOL' is so highly effective it is now used for your protection in the maternity wards of our great hospitals. Yet it expressly meets women's everyday needs for fastidious personal care. For in spite of its high germicidal strength (several times that of pure carbolic acid), 'DETTOL' is non-poisonous and gentle to delicate tissues. As part of your health-and-daintiness routine, 'DETTOL' will keep you immaculate and assured. Ask your doctor.

Adopt 'DETTOL' Antiseptic for personal uses; also as a safeguard against infection on cuts, bites, abrasions, as a gargle for sore throats, as a cleansing deodorant in the bath and for other home uses.

#### 'DETTOL' Offers You ALL These Qualities:

Non-Poisonous! Non-Staining!  
Several Times as Strong as Pure Carbolic Acid!  
Does not Hurt! Pleasant Odour! Gentle to Human Tissue!

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS

# 'DETTOL'

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

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Pharmaceutical Dept.,  
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Mail Coupon  
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FREE SAMPLE

Reckitts (Over Sea) Limited,  
Pharmaceutical Department,  
1000, Amherst Street, Montreal, P.Q.  
Please send me FREE trial bottle of 'DETTOL'  
with instruction booklet.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

C-10

## Shoes will be Shoes

SHOES HAVE gone natural again . . . and that means snug, well fitting, wider-toed, higher-shouldered — and definitely closed as to toe and heel. There's a new modesty . . . and slickness . . . about them that combines the old and new in fashion.



**For sport.** Try a nice bulldog-toed pump, after this wise, in cinnamon brown saddle-stitched calf. To wear with a brown sport frock and light grey jacket, brown hat with grey streamer and a bag in new sierra green. Or try a low-heeled oxford.



**For street wear** a suede pump of dark *tet de nègre* brown with insets of a rosier brown, with a dark brown wide ribbon tie at the high front lip, and cuban heels. Wear it with a street frock of pale green soft wool, and a hat to match with touch of brown.



**For afternoon.** Winning all ribbons is the black suede pump, wider-toed than of old, high-heeled and slickly streamlined. It's cleverly gored with elastic in front to prevent cutting.

Wear it with one of the new sapphire-black taffeta two-piece frocks with a frilly blouse.



**For wear with furs.** There is a new short boot type shoe with side lacing, tipped and heeled with fur to match your coat. For the short clipped furs, of course.

When you find an occasional open-toe (in case you are an addict) it will be a very chaste little toe opening . . . or in a sandal type evening shoe.

# Look for the Label

Now your fabrics are spot-proof,  
water-repellent, crease-resistant  
—if you know what to look for

by H. IRIS ROBINSON



Don't worry about the spilled tea. Her dress is made of water-repellent fabric.

MOST OF us think of science as something outside our own immediate interests. How many women, for instance, realize just what it has meant to them in the fabrics they wear? When you set out to make your own smart wardrobe with the fascinating new fabrics of the season, or buy your clothes from your favorite store, do



Little girls' organdies are now permanent-finished. They iron as if they're starched.

you understand just what science, working endlessly, has achieved for you? It is a remarkable story, and the achievements in fabrics alone mark one of the notable advances of the century.

For one thing, the textile chemists have made us process-conscious.

Everything we wear is as thoroughly labelled as a globe-trotter's luggage. From the skin out, we shed water like a duck. Lingerie, shoes, hosiery, gloves, hats, coats and dresses are immune from liquids. Runproof labels safeguard silk knits. Crease-resistance covers a multitude of materials. Controlled shrinkage protects wool and cotton as well as cotton fabrics. Tub-fast tags are on cottons, linens, rayons and silks. Elasticized fabrics extend to shoes, stocking tops, jackets, suits and dresses. Permanent finish keeps organdie crisp without benefit of starch. All of which cuts down the cost of upkeep in time, labor and money.

One of the most interesting developments lies in the fabrics which have been made water-repellent. A chemical deposit has been developed that can be applied to the filaments of any textile

and thus makes the fabric water-repellent. Naturally its effectiveness depends on the mechanical construction of the material. Hence organdies and other sheers which absorb liquids quickly are less immune than heavier, closely woven fabrics. Since eighty per cent of spots come from water base solids, fabrics treated with this chemical, are, with the exception of grease marks, virtually spot-proof. A drop of tea, an over-turned glass of punch, a smudge from a leaky pen, perspiration stains, mud splashes, can be calmly removed with water or a damp cloth. Humidity can no longer be blamed for crushed, bedraggled dresses, for with this new process, treated fabrics absorb the moisture in the air and become crease-resistant. It's a finish that withstands constant dry cleaning and laundering.

Some water-repellents require occasional refinishing, and these are used mostly in outer garments, of the wind and weatherproof variety. Simply shake off the raindrops which gather on the surface and your garment is as dry as before the shower.

In the case of shoes, there is a moisture-repellent, elastic material which is glued to the back of the leather to resist perspiration stains and moisture. No disconcerting bulges, gaping gores or cramped toes mar the streamlined sculpturing of such shoes. From latex, the pure milk of the rubber plant, comes this round



Hang your new velvet dress in the air—and the creases disappear like magic.

filament, which, when covered and combined with silk, cotton, wool or rayon, produces elastic fabrics for all purposes. A new use is for stocking tops. Its two-way stretch eliminates garter runs and is a boon to heavy thighs. Not all of these fabrics are two-way stretch. Frequently the elasticity is horizontal as the panels in linings of golf jackets where plenty of shoulder swing is required, or vertical, as in shoulder straps for slips and foundation garments.

Cosmetic authorities acknowledge the softening properties of almond cream. Now it's a feature of silk lingerie, in which silk and rayon fibres are processed with almond cream. Perspiration odors are minimized and deterioration from perspiration checked thereby increasing the longevity and wearability of the garment. Faintly fragrant of almond blossoms, pyjamas



Fabrics are pre-shrunk to avoid laundering tragedies.

and lingerie are satin-smooth, with the added feature of being proof against runs.

There are no ladders, and no dropped stitches when silk and rayon lingerie is treated to resist runs. Thousands of ends of yarn are woven into a lock-stitched warp fabric which will not run in either direction.

Resiliency is the feature of "abraded" yarns recently introduced in certain materials. Formerly some of the fabrics shone like the proverbial nose; now they are dull and soft, amenable to 1880 bustles and subtle drapery. With its mat finish this weave looks like wool and is also crease-resistant.

There has also been introduced a crush-resisting process applied to erect pile velvets which also makes them water-repellent. Velvets thus treated do not require steaming. Wrinkles come out easily and quickly when a warm iron is passed over the wrong

☆ Continued on page 52



THREE MORE  
ACTIVE DAYS

This is how many women  
give more time to living,  
and less to needless pain

Life is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving-in to menstruation's functional pain!

Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—much of this pain is needless. So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to active comfort.

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as three additional days which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual... making and keeping appointments... enjoying life normally.

Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort as well.

Get Midol now, and start living the month around again! All drugstores. Midol's flat aluminum case tucks neatly into purse or pocket.

## MIDOL



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

TO TRY MIDOL FREE

• Just send your name and address to Helen Crosby, GENERAL DRUG CO., Dept. B-109, Windsor, Ont. Trial box will be mailed prepaid.

MADE IN CANADA





**Make It the Modern, Quick Way!**

\$7.14 was all this party frock cost—and it was amazingly simple to make. Start in and let your Singer Sewing Center show you some of the quick tricks and short cuts of modern dressmaking. Once you master the knack, you can have a closetful of smart clothes—at a third the price in the stores!

## 3 FREE LESSONS

At Your Singer Sewing Center

No Purchase—No Obligation

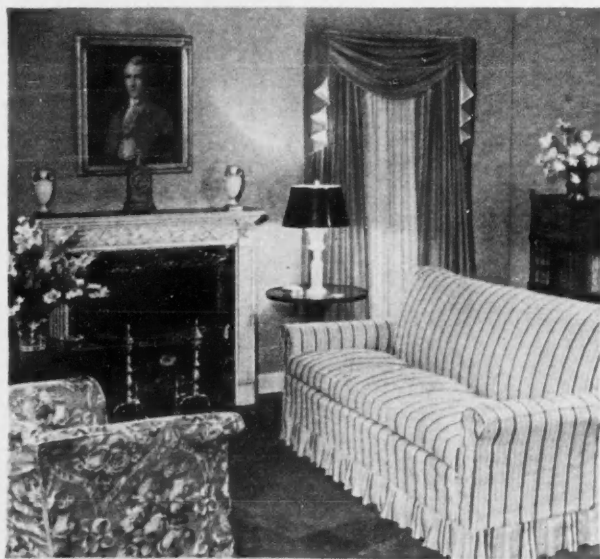
**H**AVE YOU HEARD your friends talking about it? Thousands of women all over the country are busy at their near-by Singer Sewing Centers—learning new simplified methods of making clothes and lovely things for their homes.

Everything is done under the eye of an expert Singer teacher, who steers you through every step from A. to Z. You're offered a choice of four sub-

jects: dressmaking, slip-covers and draperies, children's clothes, or craftwork. And you can actually make things while you learn!

There's no charge, no obligation. You get three lessons absolutely free. Simply telephone your nearest Singer Shop and ask them when you can start—today!

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY



A few yards of inexpensive material will do wonders for a dull living room. Singer can teach the average woman how to cut and fit a professional-looking slip-cover in two or three lessons. Draperies are even easier. If you have a room problem, come to your Singer Sewing Center. We'll give you plenty of expert pointers and personal sewing help—free!



THE SINGER SHOP

**Phone Singer today!** Look in your phone book for your nearest Singer Shop, and call up or drop in for an appointment—for classes morning, afternoon, or evening. Ask your club group to come, too.

But please don't delay! Enroll for your free lessons now. Last year, over 200,000 women took courses at Singer Sewing Centers.

*P. S.* 75¢ a week covers the "learn-to-sew" rental of a Singer electric practice machine, if you haven't one at home.

*Singer*

SEWING CENTERS EVERYWHERE



**Another Singer Miracle!** Machines as well as sewing methods have gone excitingly modern. Look at this new Queen Anne Console cabinet, handsomely concealing a full-sized electric sewing machine, with every new improvement. A beautiful addition for any room! And Singer's liberal trade-in offer and low monthly terms make it very easy to own.

ing the company the first of September. I want that month's rest. You know we've never really had a vacation together since we were married. I don't suppose I can hope even now, that you would take September too—that we could go off somewhere together?"

Maggie said slowly, "September is our busy season—you know that. Where would you like to go?" But in her mind she was planning—letting her heart quicken with vague hope.

He said, "Good lord—anywhere! Take the car and just wander. Nothing expensive. Just a sort of middle-class tour, I suppose."

Maggie said thoughtfully, "Well, you know, I might be able to manage something." She watched Bill's eyes and saw them light and felt humbly grateful. Then she saw the light in them die.

He said, half laughing, "No, I'm not going to count on it. You've deserted me too often for Clifford's."

Maggie smiled softly to herself in the dusk. When she really made plans they didn't fall through.

The next day she told Mark Clifford himself. "I'm taking September off," she said.

"September!" he fairly shouted. "But Maggie—our openings! It's not two weeks—"

She said, "Don't get excited, Mark. I've got it all worked out. I'm going abroad. I'll send you all kinds of material from Paris." But, oddly, she wasn't seeing the Place Vendôme or the Rue de la Paix. She was seeing a second honeymoon. She was seeing the vacation they had so often planned and postponed. But now the psychological time had come. She was hearing her-

self say this very evening to Bill. "Darling, we're not economizing on a middle-class tour, we're going abroad in luxury! It's my gift to you—my celebration of your success!"

MAGGIE LEFT the office early and caught what she hoped would be Bill's train, her pocketbook bulging with ships' plans and reservations. Now, suddenly, it seemed to her that everything was all right again. She didn't see Bill on the train; he was probably in another car and they would meet at the station. But when she got off the train and stood scanning the platform, Bill wasn't there either. Nor was Albert waiting with the car. Then it came to Maggie that she had been so excited she had forgotten the day was Wednesday—Bill's golf day. She got a taxi and occupied the time on the drive home planning how she would tell him.

When she reached the house, Maggie slid the travel envelope into a desk drawer and hurried to bathe and change into her yellow organdie before Bill got home. When she was dressed she went downstairs to talk to the cook.

Maggie said, "I wonder, Viola, whether we can't have a kind of extra special dinner tonight—a kind of party dinner? Is it too late to do something special with the salad and the dessert? And we might use the lace cloth and the yellow candles. I'll go out to the garden and try to find enough yellow roses. I'll fix them myself in the silver bowl."

Maggie took the garden shears and went out the door humming to herself. She had just finished cutting the roses when she looked at the garage and saw

☆ Continued on next page

## How Do You Know It's New?

*It's buttoned.* That goes for shoes and gloves. Four or six in the former, as high as ten to twenty in the latter.

*It's sized to fit.* Yessum. New skirts have elastic waistlines on bias-cut fabric, to make them settle down neatly on various sizes of figures.

And they're sorting handbags out in sizes to fit your build, like stockings. You'll be able to get the same bag in different "fits."

*It's red.* Bright as paint. A single touch with black. A whole sweater or jacket (if you're a collegian).

*It's trainless.* Meaning wedding gowns. Buttoned down the back or ribbon-frilled at the hem, some of the newest have no train.

*It's hooded.* That goes for a coat or jacket or evening wrap. From sport wear to supper dancing. In some cases, even bed jackets are done!

*It's interchangeable.* Pieces of a suit . . . afternoon and evening skirts with frilly blouses . . . even some of the new evening gowns and nightgowns. Honestly, a model wore her nightgown to a dance—and Nobody Knew!

*It's flannel.* That means your evening wrap.

*It's higher.* Your daytime skirtline (you can rouge your knees, or paint them to match your fingernails.) And your petticoats (twenty-six inches is the new length).

*It's pocketed.* Your new dress or coat . . . and the pocket may be zippered. The sleeve's the latest place for it.

*It's snooded.* Curtain style. Your hat and hairdress, like a backdrop.

*It's matched.* The whole costume, plus accessories—except for a single striking note, like gloves or hat or handbag. Or have your accessories a tone darker or lighter than your costume.

*It's elastic.* That new closed-toe pump of yours. Insets make it plenty comfortable.

*It's tweed.* The patterned jacket you get for sport wear with your plain skirt, or the plain one for a patterned skirt.

*It's slimming.* Your sleeve line, if you wear the new bishop ones. Your spun rayon and knitted wool and printed woollen dress. Your pleated skirt, if it's unpressed.

*It's grand for large women.* Back fullness, conservatively treated, and the modified bustle (if you dip the waistline in the back).

*It slenderizes busts.* If you wear seamed bodice frocks to break flat surfaces. Yokes, two-color fronts, braid embroidery to suggest a bolero line, or tucked panels that narrow toward the waistline. ☆

*Lady Esther says—*

## "My 4-Purpose Face Cream keeps your Accent on Youth!"



Women are in REVOLT against heavy, old-fashioned creams! My modern 4-Purpose Face Cream is rapidly replacing older and heavier types on the dressing tables of YOUTH.

THE YOUNGER women are the great partisans of my 4-Purpose Face Cream. I started that trend. But youthful-looking women everywhere quickly followed. And soon a powerful rebellion was "on" against all heavy, "waxy," or old-fashioned creams . . .

Young women in a blind test gave their vote to Lady Esther Face Cream 2 to 1.

But, I still ask myself, why didn't the older women vote even more overwhelmingly for Lady Esther Cream? Any woman approaching thirty or perhaps forty has even better reasons to stop using heavy creams.

For these are the ages when a woman sees in her mirror ominous little signs that foretell trouble—a drawn look, perhaps skin that is sagging and flabby. Why should such a woman cling to a cream that demands more pulling at her delicate facial muscles? Why, the very consistency of a heavy cream defeats its purpose! It leaves a woman's face looking shiny, feeling "waxy" . . . not softly glamorous as it should be.

But my cream is different. And whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why deny yourself a lovely, youthful-looking skin? Why shouldn't the older woman, too, have her share of compliments—of thrilling, delightful moments? For now, if ever, she, too, needs a cream with a lighter touch . . . my cream that puts the accent on her youth.

**Lady Esther Urges You** to make her "Cleansing Tissue Test": For the sake of your own appearance . . . to

keep yourself from looking older than you really are . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test!"

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and look at your tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed . . . yes, shocked then and there . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter other cold creams FAIL TO GET!

For, unlike many heavy "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a thorough cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, at my expense. Mail me the coupon below and I'll gladly send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (and with it, my 10 thrilling new powder shades). Begin now, to put accent on your YOUTH!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (2-31)

LADY ESTHER, Toronto 12, Ontario.

**FREE** Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Prov \_\_\_\_\_



# SAFEST WAY TO GET RID OF YOUR HEADACHE, NEURITIS OR RHEUMATIC PAIN

**Acts in a Few Minutes**



Don't let pains hang on—  
giving you hours of misery.  
Get quick relief this way.



Do this at once: Take 2 Aspirin  
Tablets with a glass of water.  
Fast relief will change  
your whole day.

**Take no chances with  
strong drugs. Aspirin starts  
"taking hold" almost  
instantly**

Here is a faster way to relieve headaches and other common pains... the fastest way you can use safely at home. Ask your own doctor about it. If he says "to get rid of pain promptly, use ASPIRIN," see that you get it.

ASPIRIN acts amazingly fast because it is made to disintegrate and begin to dissolve almost as soon as you take it—within 2 seconds after touching moisture. Hence is ready to go to work at once. Relief for even a bad neuritic or rheumatic pain often begins in a few minutes.

And it's safe relief... Even in frequent doses, it does not upset the system. And ASPIRIN does not harm the heart.

Don't take chances with your own or your family's welfare. When you ask for ASPIRIN, accept no substitute.



**WARNING! SEE THIS CROSS!**

If the word "Bayer" is not on every tablet, it is not ASPIRIN. Don't let anybody tell you it is. See it with your own eyes.



**ASPIRIN DOES NOT HARM THE HEART**

Let nobody except your doctor  
try to find and correct the  
cause of any persistent pain.

## Nobody Has Everything

Continued from page 23

"Darling, I'm no good at riddles; you'll have to tell me."

Bill said, "Linda Green dropped in the office. The crazy girl came into town and lost her purse. Joe is away, and she said my office was the nearest place to the station. She had to walk."

Maggie heard herself say, "Why, the foolish girl—did she lose much? I didn't know she knew where your office was located."

"Oh," Bill said easily, "I guess Joe must have told her. No, she didn't lose much—a few dollars. She had planned a lunch and a show. Well, I took her to lunch and staked her to a show and carfare home."

"Dear Sir Galahad!" Maggie tried to laugh.

Bill did laugh. "It was rather fun at that," he said. "She was so pleased and impressed at being taken to Rinaldi's."

"Rinaldi's!" Maggie's breath seemed to catch. She saw the little corner table on that night six years ago—"You took her there?"

Bill looked up. "Sure! Why not? The food is good. I've always liked it. You've always liked it."

"Yes," Maggie said quietly. "So I have. I have always liked Rinaldi's."

Bill seemed not to have heard her at all. He went on talking. He said, "When we left and were walking down the Avenue, she told me that it was her birthday and she would always remember the lunch as one of the nicest presents she had ever had. So I said we had better make it a more tangible memory, and I bought her some flowers. It was fun. She was so delighted. You might have thought I'd given her a diamond bracelet." Bill's eyes were dark blue and smiling. Maggie felt with a sort of chill that he wasn't really smiling at her at all; but that he was smiling at the remembrance of Linda Green, holding his flowers.

Maggie tried to smile. She could feel the muscles at the corners of her mouth bravely pulling upward. She said, "I'm glad you did. It was thoughtful of you." The things she wanted to say, she locked tight in her breast. They would have been bad business. After all, she was clever enough to know that. Clever enough not to cry out, "Bill, can't you see? Don't you know that the lost pocket-book was a trumped-up excuse? The girl is silly and cheap—trying to steal another woman's husband—resorting to tricks that aren't even honest! Bill, don't be a fool! You've laughed at other men." Then she caught her

thoughts back and told herself sternly, "Yes, and I have laughed at other women—trying to hold straying husbands—laughed at their lack of pride. But I don't suppose I looked in their eyes."

Bill said, "What's wrong? You look queer."

Maggie said, "I just thought of something—a mistake I made. It gave me a turn. But don't worry, I'll straighten it out."

"You ought to forget the office when you get home," Bill growled.

They finished their coffee and went out to the terrace. Maggie thought: I've got to be sensible. Nothing has really happened. Nothing is going to happen. She looked back at the lovely white house, she looked across at the wide stretch of velvety lawn. She thought weakly, Bill isn't a fool. They would have to live in a dumpy suburb with one cheap little maid.

Bill leaned forward to light her cigarette, and she saw all the dear lines of his beloved face—the tiny scar on his forehead, got when he was a little boy swinging on a gate; she saw his hands and felt the gentleness of them smoothing away a headache. She thought with a sort of inward hysteria, that she must be losing her mind. Bill was her own. Her lover. Her husband. Nothing could come between them. She saw him stretch out in the big wicker chair, lean and handsome, comfortable and content. Of course she was safe!

Then suddenly he was saying, "Maggie, I've got something to tell you. I was going to keep it until next week—make a kind of anniversary celebration. But I never was any good at keeping surprises. I'm going with Barton Company the first of October. It's all signed and settled. I won't be quite in your class, but it's darned good; and it will be better. I know it's my chance."

"Bill!" she cried, "I'm delighted. I'm so pleased I don't know what to say." But all her impulses toward enthusiasm, even her voice, seemed dead.

Now when he said, "I knew you would be," his voice sounded queer and lifeless too.

Maggie knew the truth. And she was afraid that Bill knew it too. She knew that in the bottom of her heart she wasn't altogether glad. Now with Bill's new salary, his new position, anything might happen!

Bill was saying, "Maggie, I'm leav-

## Descriptions of Patterns on pages 34 and 35.

No. 3170—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 5½ yards 35-inch; 3½ yards 54-inch fabric. Lining: 4¾ yards 35-inch; 4 yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3171—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, Dress with Short Sleeves: 4¼ yards 35-inch; 3¾ yards 39-inch; 2½ yards 54-inch fabric. Jacket: 2½ yards 35-inch; 2 yards 39-inch; 1½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3172—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires, 3½ yards 39-inch; 2½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3173—Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42. Size 34 requires, 3½ yards 39-inch; 2½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3174—Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 12 requires, Blouse: 1½ yards 35-inch; 1¾ yards 29-inch fabric. Bloomers: 1¾ yards 35-inch, 1 yard 54-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3177—Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8. Size 6 requires,

Blouse: 1½ yards 35-inch; ¾ yard 39- or 44-inch fabric. Bolero and Jumper: 2 yards 35-inch; 1¾ yards 39-inch; 1½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3176—Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 12 requires, Jumper: 2¼ yards 35-inch; 2¼ yards 39-inch; 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric. Blouse: 1½ yards 35-inch; 1¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3168—Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires, Blouse: 1¾ yards 35-inch or 39-inch fabric. Jacket: 2 yards 35-inch; 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric. Skirt: 1¾ yards 35-inch; 1¼ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3169—Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6. Size 4 requires, Coat and Hat: 2¾ yards 35-inch; 1½ yards 54-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

No. 3174—Sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16. Size 12 requires, 2½ yards 35-inch; 2¾ yards 39-inch fabric. Collar: ¼ yard 35-39-44-inch fabric. Price, 20 cents.

MAGGIE DIDN'T answer. Suddenly her own thoughts were so tumultuous that Bill's voice and Linda's voice seemed to fade into nothingness. It was the way things often came to her. Suddenly. Clearly. She kept looking at Linda. But now she wasn't afraid of Linda at all. It wasn't Linda. It was something bigger. It was the wall between Bill and herself—the wall she had tried with wise self-argument to wish away. But Linda had come and stood on the wall and looked smilingly over onto Bill's side. And now Maggie could see that it was real.

Yes, she thought strangely, I said an intelligent man didn't need the outward symbols of power. But I thought of a man's mind, not his heart. Linda, girls like Linda, think only of a man's heart. For six years I've warmed my own heart with the joy of giving. I've been the selfish giver. Even tonight I wanted the fun of giving him a trip to Europe. I wanted to be thrilled by seeing the pleasure in his eyes. And Bill has to go to a silly, scheming girl with wide eyes and outstretched hands, for the pleasure of giving away a silly little cigarette case—a lunch—a few flowers. Giving is part of love's overflow.

Impulsively, Maggie laid her hand over Linda's. She said honestly, "I'm sorry you can't come in."

Linda slid her fingers from under Maggie's, and her color deepened.

Maggie smiled. She thrust her arm in Bill's and they stood together while Linda backed her car out of the drive. Then they went up the steps. When they reached the porch Maggie said, "Let's sit down a minute, Bill. I want to talk."

Bill looked suddenly concerned. He said, "Good heavens, you sound serious! Has something gone wrong?"

"Well, not beyond mending," Maggie told him. "I mean if you don't approve we needn't go on with it. But

you know, Bill, when I've got something to say there's no use putting it off. Darling, do you suppose we could live on your salary now?"

"You mean," he said incredulously, "that you'd give up Clifford's?"

Maggie shrugged. "Well, if we could manage. I've been at it a long time. And now, suddenly, with your getting this connection with Barton—well, it may be now or never. You've got to do things at the psychological moment."

He said seriously, "Of course, we'd have to cut down some. But I think we could. I think this thing is going to go." He grinned suddenly, and the color mounted in his cheeks like a boy's. "You know," he said, "I think I like it. Kind of swelling out my chest."

"Of course," Maggie said cautiously, "we probably couldn't afford the vacation?"

"After six years the first real vacation we've had a chance to take!" he shouted. "My girl, it may be a bit middle class, but we're going."

It seemed to Maggie that they both stood up at once—and it was like the first time Bill had ever taken her in his arms. Then she put her head on his shoulder and started foolishly to cry.

Bill, kissing the top of her head, said, "Good lord, Maggie—you're acting like a bride or something!"

She said, "I'm just being silly." But she was telling herself. "I'm not silly. I'm clever. I'm clever enough to know when to take a loss that may save everything worth while. When you can't have everything, you tighten your hold on the important things. You share the profits. And nobody has everything. Nobody. And I've got Bill."

She smiled up at Bill and said, "It's funny—but you'll be giving me the first long vacation I've had in ten years!" ☆

## A Queen for Fifty Cents

Continued from page 15

were true. I hadn't dreamed her, though, for she was right there but not alone now. She was in a huddle with carpenters and masons; and, to my surprise, she had Charley Peters cutting briars with his own scythe. He gave me a sheepish grin, but I was too anxious to talk to Gilly to bother with him. I watched her for a while, perched on a stepladder in jeans and sweatshirt, a blue bandanna framing her face like a madonna while she barked out orders like a drill sergeant. She said, "Hello," and waved her hand, and that was all I got that day.

I HAD to wait three days before I could detach her from her squad and get her up the hill to see my beehives. It was sunny and warm and—well, just fine for people as well as bees. She got interested right off, in that nice way she had. I gave her my veil and gloves, just in case, and opened some hives to show her the supers and brood chambers and how they got in and out. One colony was getting ready to swarm, so I told her I might have to clip the wings of the queen to get them back, or maybe get some new queens. You could buy good ones for fifty cents apiece.

"Why, it's a regular business," she exclaimed, looking as cute as heck even in that awful bee veil. "Whatever made you think of it?" As if I were the first smart fellow who had ever got bees to work for him.

I told her how we always had a few hives in the orchard because dad and his father, who was also a country doctor, used them for rheumatism.

"And now you have enough to turn out honey by the ton. And you talk of going down to that dirty, noisy city where nobody cares two cents about you, or what happens to you"—I thought I heard her catch her breath, like a baby starting to cry, but she went right on—"when you have a thriving business in a swell place with thousands of workers and no labor troubles, no job insurance, no taxes. Gosh!"

She looked so darn cute scolding me that way, her hands flapping in the big gloves, that I couldn't help it. I raised her up by the shoulders and lifted her across the field to a stone wall and set her down.

"You wait here until I shut up the bees. I want to talk to you." And I certainly talked, about bees, and

☆ Continued on page 53

## "Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!"



Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child



**1. GRANNIE:** Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.  
**MILLIE:** But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.



**2. GRANNIE:** My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.



**3. GRANNIE:** He told her it's old-fashioned to make children take anything they don't like. A child should get a pleasant-tastin' laxative...  
**MILLIE:** That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes...



**4. GRANNIE:** Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be TOO strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only for children. So he recommended Castoria.



**5. GRANNIE:** He said Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE... How about getting a bottle for her now?



**6. MILLIE:** Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Castoria without a peep?

**GRANNIE:** You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

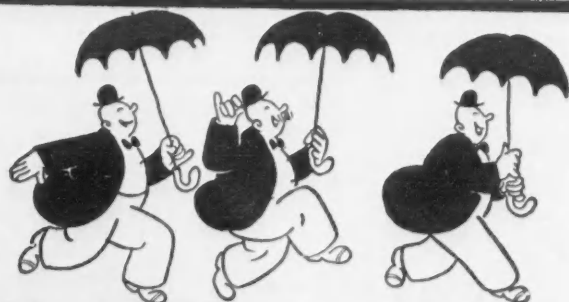
# CASTORIA

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children



## AFTER A DOZEN WASHINGS these pyjamas still fit PERFECTLY!

Sleep in comfort . . . winter and summer . . . the whole family . . . in pyjamas that bear the label "Sanforized-Shrunk." 195 world-wide patents protect this exclusive process that takes all the shrinkage out permanently within a tiny 1 per cent. You'll find them in all good stores . . . ask for them in every price range. All you have to do is look for the label that reads Sanforized-Shrunk...your shrinkage troubles are ended forever.



The Morning After Taking Carter's Little Liver Pills

both cars. Albert was polishing the roadster.

Maggie walked over and said, "Why, Albert, didn't Mr. Randolph go out to the club?"

Albert looked up. "Yes, Mrs. Randolph, he did. Early. Miss Linda Green stopped for him in her car."

Maggie tightened her hold on the roses and a thorn pricked her finger. She walked back to the breakfast room and dropped the flowers on the table. She said, suddenly tired, "Viola, you fix them. I've pricked my finger. I want to put some iodine on it." She went out to the hall and started up the stairs when she heard the crunch of car wheels on the gravel. She turned back slowly.

Linda's roadster was pulled up at the door. But neither Bill nor Linda was moving. Linda was looking up at him, her small tanned face glowing, her wistful eyes matched by the blue ribbon that held in check the soft curls of her fair hair.

Maggie's breath seemed to catch. The girl was lovely, she thought weakly.

But when Bill saw Maggie he shouted comfortably, "Hello! What happened? I was going to meet your regular train."

Maggie tried to laugh. "Nothing happened. I caught an early one. Why don't you come up, Linda, and have dinner with us?"

"I wish I could, Mrs. Randolph"—Linda smiled wistfully—"but Helen's expecting me early."

Maggie said, "That's too bad." And she walked down the three steps to stand with Bill at the side of the car. And she managed somehow to keep smiling. "Anyhow," she said, "it's awfully nice of you to be so good to my husband—chauffeur him around like this!"

A little wash of color mounted in Linda's cheeks. She said sweetly, "Oh, Mrs. Randolph, I'm not the person who is kind to Bill. Bill has been simply heavenly nice to me all summer. I—I can't tell you both—" Her eyes seemed to mist, and she said in a little rush, with a grateful smile thrown to Bill, "Even now—today. Look what Bill gave me!" And she held up a thin shining silvery cigarette case.

Maggie tried to speak lightly. She said, "Why it's lovely!"

Bill said quickly, "But it isn't anything, really. I mean it's not valuable. It's made of that new Silcon Metal. Silcon is a Barton account. I want to get a feminine reaction to the stuff, if I'm to write convincing copy." He smiled down at Linda.

Linda pressed the little case lovingly between her hands. "Oh, but it's darling," she said. "I adore it." She looked at Linda, her eyes not quite so wide. "I told him, Mrs. Randolph," she said, "that he ought to give it to you. But Bill said you had half a dozen terribly elegant cigarette cases. One that was even especially designed for you by a famous Dutch silversmith. And so poor little me, without one—"

Maggie laughed. And she didn't like the sound of her laughter. Bill laughed, and she didn't like the sound of Bill's laughter either.

Linda was saying, "But you do have so many lovely things," Mrs. Randolph—

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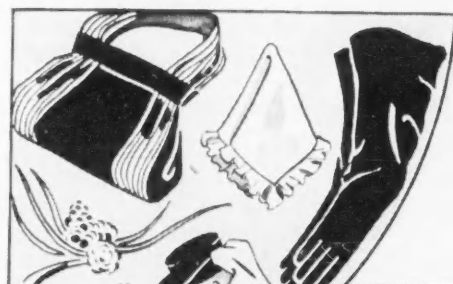
The daily Nugget shine pays real dividends in smart appearance.

Black, Blue and all shades of Brown.



# The Season's Silhouettes

Illustrated by Isabel Dawson



**Top, right.** This is definitely one of the novelty styles, and will need extra careful choice of accessories. The very full skirt and low-waisted look make it an unusual frock—so be careful you don't look just queer in it! Try it in brown crepe or woollen, and you'll find dozens of accessory touches for it. A brown suede oxford, beautifully fashioned with a tie and high heel, will give it zip. The squatty suede pouch matches. Gloves with a contrasting keyhole thumb could be in the brown—or in topaz or turquoise, for a really unusual note. You could wear quite a bright sparkling shade of hose—and the new bust-length necklace in cut stones such as topaz or amethyst would be something to remember you by. Would you try a small matching comb in your hair, too?

**Lower, right.** Suits have taken unto themselves old-fashioned lines that would have enchanted Great-aunt Martha. But her wardrobe never saw a suit like this one, in dark brown or black, rigged out with dashing green or burnt orange accessories. Because these are 1940 touches. If you take it all in black, try a gay red bag or a pair of vivid blue gloves. These are the new spat-type shoes in suede and patent combination. The bag is suede and grosgrain, and the gloves flare to catch the chic line of the suit coat, with its Persian trim. A lacy hanky, by all means, and some earrings, matching clip and a small metal boutonniere. Your stockings might be one of the torrid tropical terra cotta shades, just for a jolt.

Remember, you're dated by your accessories—or lack of them—this season! ☆

accessory variations. Or you might have it the new dark, dark green, or brown, or purple, and be excitingly in vogue. Black suede step-in pumps with touches of lizard for sparkle, a black calf bag with gold metal trim (or a lizard pouch to match your slippers), and four-button gloves, in black or the dress color, would be very striking. You might make a contrasting note with bronze-colored deerskin gloves. A Louis XV lace jabot will give you a lightning change of mood when you want it—as will an elaborate network necklace of old gold.

## GLITTER

WITH GARNISH OF GOLD



Gown and Jewels by Bergdorf Goodman

## but no Shine on your Nose

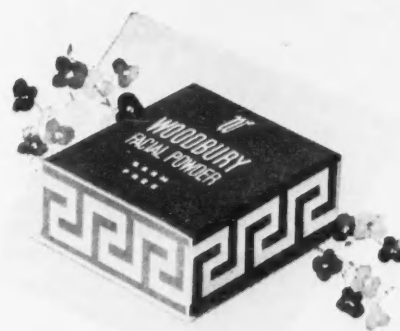
TO SPOIL YOUR GOLDEN CHANCE FOR ROMANCE

**G**LEAMING GOLD is Fashion's garnish for smart costumes this Fall. But to what avail is all this flattery, if your nose, too, gleams with a persistent shine?

Oh, for face powder that effectively subdues Shiny Nose! Is that your plea? Then you'll welcome Woodbury Facial Powder, so popular with women of exquisite grooming.

Soft as a zephyr against your skin, this fragrant powder clings caressingly for hours. Because bacteria can aggravate oiliness, the uncontaminated, germ-free purity of Woodbury Powder is its special forte in quelling ugly shine.

Eight glamorous shades softly echo the tints in your own skin. Wear *Champagne*, the new golden shade, sponsored by Mme. Suzy, French modiste. Or the new glamorous pastel, *Blush Rose*, which imparts a blushing glow to fair complexions. Get Woodbury today! Only \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 15¢. For smart accent to cheeks and lips, Woodbury Rouge and Lipstick to harmonize.



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John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Dept. 506, Perth, Ontario.

Please send me new Woodbury Beauty Make-up Kit containing smart, attractive metal compacts of exquisite Woodbury Facial Powder, Rouge and Lipstick; also generous tube of Woodbury Cold Cream. I enclose 10c to cover packing and postage.

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Don't let your good shoes suffer from premature old-age. Keep their complexions soft, supple and young-looking by an occasional treatment with Meltonian. This famous English shoe cream costs no more than ordinary polishes—comes in the economical "handitube" or "traveltube" and also in the wide-mouthed "dumpjar." In the conventional tin, too.

## MELTONIAN

in "handitube" — "dumpjar" or "tin"



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO KING GEORGE V



## Finishing Touches For

by CAROLYN DAMON



THERE ARE two ways of being undressed this season. One is to go with less than the law's allowance of clothes. The other is to forget about accessories.

The former transgression will land you in jail and the latter in the fashion discard. So better be pretty punctilious in both respects.

Accessories are so strong an item on the 1940 style account that you'll be as dated as a doll's hat unless you watch your p's and q's.

The silhouette is definitely 1880, as you know. But there's no dust on the smart little line-up of enchanting thins and thatses you pick out to wear with it. It's the network of gold for a necklace, the broken pattern of two-toned gloves, the touch of a jewelled posy that mark you as indisputably new season.

To come right down to cases, we asked our fashion artist to draw these four newer-than-tomorrow versions of the silhouette. At the top, left and right, are the newest suggestions for a coat and daytime frock with a new all-time record for skirt fullness. Below, left, is that inevitably important "good black dress" that takes you just anywhere for any reason, and a new suit. And beside each are the smartest possible accessories.

**Top, left.** A black coat with important front fullness and vestee of brown fur. Brown and black is one of the very newest combinations, you know. You can key your accessories to either the black or the brown. We'd suggest brown for ultra-smartness. So how about a nutria or beaver vestee, with matching muff? And a soft rosy beige shade in hose with alligator

slippers—the latter open at the high throat but closed of toe.

That funny angular piece is a brown suede underarm bag (handy with the muff.) And it would be fun if you could get short brown gloves of suede with the little finger in fur to match your muff. (They're being made that way now.)

An elaborate dangling fob (jewelled) and a big brooch would be nice jewelry touches.

**Lower, left.** Your good black dress ought to have back fullness. And be plain of line to make room for several



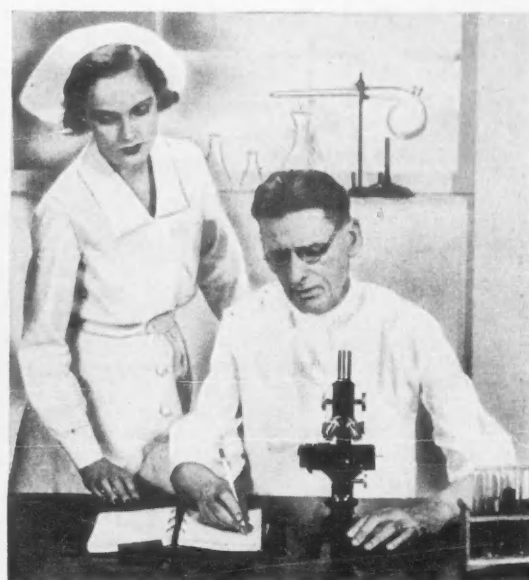
# MODESS ANNOUNCES NEW COMFORT FOR YOU . . . "MOISTURE ZONING!"



Women have always had a haunting fear of embarrassment when wearing a sanitary napkin. This fear has added to the tenseness and nervousness of "difficult days". Could a napkin be devised that would relieve that worry?



Women have endured discomfort from napkins that chafe and irritate. Dancing—walking, cause friction that is nerve-wracking! Could a napkin be devised whose edges would stay soft and chafe-free for a longer time?



Scientists set to work to defeat these two handicaps to women's freedom and comfort. Experiment followed experiment. Test followed test. At last, after years of research . . . a discovery and its perfection . . .!

## AGAIN MODESS IS FIRST!

### FIRST WITH "FLUFF-TYPE" FILLER

Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from "layer-type" napkins! The result? Greater comfort—because Modess not only starts softer—it also stays softer.



### FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING

Modess was first to put a "Stop-back" of moisture-resistant material on every pad, as a precaution against striking through.

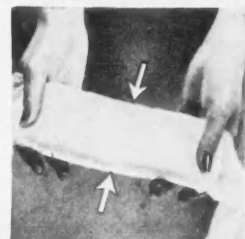


### NOTE THE BLUE LINE

Modess has a colored thread along back of pad to make sure that you wear it correctly—with back AWAY from the body.

### AND NOW FIRST WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

Modess again is first—with "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry and chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! Get the new Miracle Modess today. In the same blue box at the same low price.

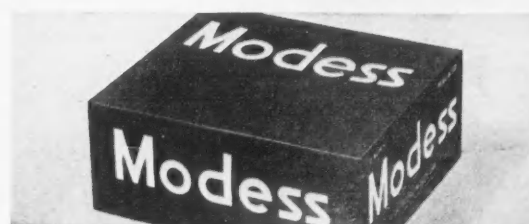


**Today—Miracle Modess!** At any dealer's, you can now buy the new Miracle Modess. Its unique new feature—"Moisture Zoning"—acts to zone moisture—hold it inside the pad. The edges of the napkin stay dry, soft, chafe-free, longer than ever before!

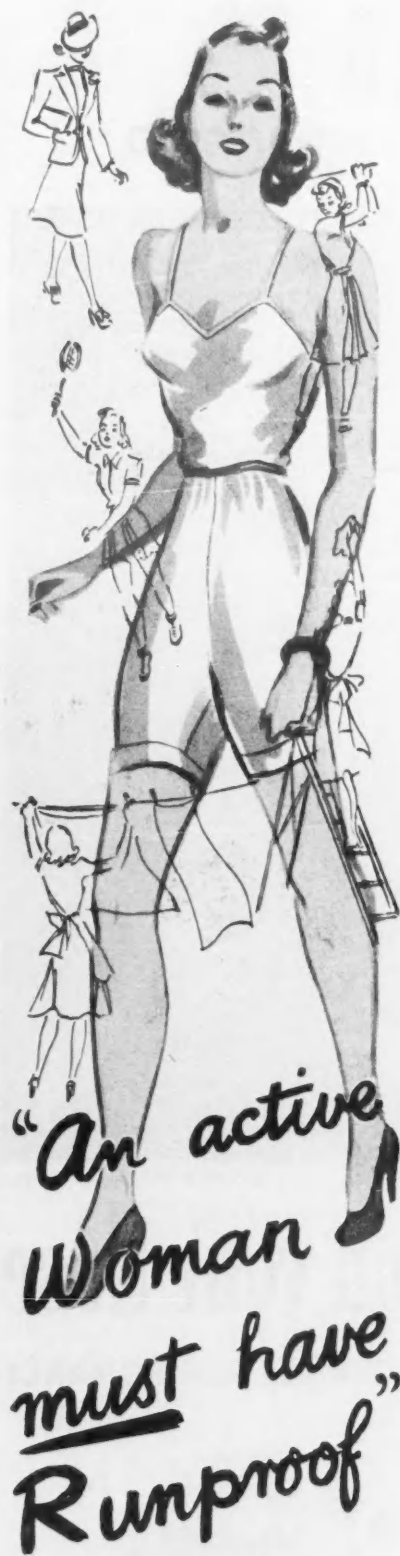
Yes, Miracle Modess is a miracle of comfort! Its downy "fluff-type" filler makes it SOFTER.

Its "Moisture Zoning" keeps edges dry longer! And in addition, Modess is SAFER. For "Moisture Zoning" gives you greater absorbency—and this, with Modess' moisture-resistant backing, helps you forget to worry.

Today, buy the Napkin of Tomorrow—Modess. In the same blue box. At the same low price.







**The Tennis Player** insists on Runproofs because they will not ladder though she stretches for a low one, jumps for a high smash and plays strenuous tennis the live-long day.

**The Golfer** insists on Runproofs because they are so comfortable, allow her to swing through with no fear of laddering.

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Runproof Underwear guaranteed Runproof in both directions. At all the leading retail stores.

**LOCKNIT RUNPROOF UNDERWEAR**

"Buy by the Label"

## Behind That Corseted Look



**Bustle.** At top are two versions of bustle corsets—one for the younger girl, one for the older woman. Unlike their stiff-steed ancestor, they are comfortable in spite of their molding qualities. The younger version is short, and laced, with a wired bra top.

In case you want to wear it with a sleeveless gown. For the heavier figure there's a garment that accents the back curve. It is in pink satin with elastic tricot, and especially made for a backless gown.

**Evening.** Here again is evidence of how the modern corsetiers have achieved olden-day outlines without sacrificing one whit of present-day comfort. A nice choice for the younger girl for evening would be a satin elastic garment with insets of elastic, and a good firm waistline. The brassiere is of Alençon lace. A beautiful model for the woman of fuller proportions has front and waistline reinforcements. The back is low and there is a well-defined bust uplift.



ALL YOU have to do is to go shopping for dresses to realize that corsets are a "must" this season. Without them, your frocks and your figure are apt to disagree about points of interest, and you may look pretty disjointed.

Everybody talks about the scissors silhouette, the hourglass figure, the wasp waist. All in all, the "corseted" look. So this year your foundation is as definitely a part of your costume as your shoes and stockings are. Only more so.

We wanted to show you one real bustle corset. The sort of thing Schiaparelli did in red satin, to such exciting effect. You probably won't be wearing the ultimate garment, but if you're going in heavily for the new figure in all its phases, you may choose one of these streamlined versions of the short and high tiny-waisted garments.



**Afternoon.** For the junior, we'd suggest this pantie girdle and separate brassiere. It won't bind or roll, and washes like a hankie. See how high it is in the waist, with an elastic waistband. It's all elastic and gives a very slick line indeed to the slender figure that simply needs guidance.

For the more mature woman there's a good two-piece outfit, too, grand for afternoon or street wear. The brassiere fastens to the girdle to give an unbroken line and there's light boning in front for waistline control. The fabric is light but firm.

**Sport.** The young thing wears a smart net garment with the new adjustable waist. It makes allowance for rounded hips and fragile waist, but a horizontal stretch at the top and back prevents any cutting-in or rolling. And makes it easy to slip into. The front panel is a helpful tummy control.

For the more mature woman, it's possible to combine the old silhouette with the new freedom in a batiste garment with a modified uplift bust. It's slightly boned in the back and uses elastic insets to give ease and comfort.



**WAISTLINES** in girdles have upped a bit and back lacing is found in many cases. But zippers are added for quick changing. Bustlines are higher—usually three to five inches above the waistline. Waists are, of course, much, much smaller—but the corsetiers advise the woman who definitely cannot achieve a wasp waist to mold her figure smartly to its own best proportions and never mind toying with the impossible.

There's a new firmness achieved through boning and use of new elastic and featherweight fabrics. Materials used tend more to the ornamental, such as embossed brocades, satins and laces, in keeping with the season's flair for the luxury of the nineties. ☆

The boy beside her spoke for the first time. "It's everything," he said, tight-lipped.

Stella looked at him. He was white and stiff as a blade. She said cuttingly, "It's far from nothing, Anastasia. If you're in love with Tony, you've no right to become engaged to Richard Halkett. If you're not—this becomes even worse. Cheap and horrible, and a disgusting humiliation to put on a fine man who loves you. What do you think he would feel to find you fooling around with other men an hour before you announce your engagement to him?"

Anastasia was quite unstrung, more out of control than the actual intrusion warranted. She said shrilly, "Thank you for the sermon. Though I don't see what business of yours it is. I can manage my own life."

"One would hardly think it, though, as you say, it is no business of mine. But you're being a frightful little fool. You have the god-given luck to have a man like Richard Halkett fall in love with you, and this is how much you appreciate it." Why did she bother to say it? Anastasia was no good. She had always known it. Now Anastasia would hate her. There would be family difficulties . . .

ANASTASIA struck like a whip. "You can hardly expect me to be as appreciative of having a man condescend to fall in love with me as you might be, Stella. Our points of view are bound to be a little different. Come on, Tony, I'm going."

The boy caught her arm as she made to swing past him. He said thickly, "No, you're not. She's right. If you love Halkett you couldn't kiss me . . . not like that, now. At this time. If you love me you're not going to marry Halkett."

Confronted by this new menace, Anastasia twisted from the confining grasp. She said hysterically, "Let me go, will you? You're hurting me. Tony, don't be a fool."

"I've been a fool long enough. I won't let you go through with it."

"Oh, no? And do you think I'll marry you? And what will we live on? What you make from selling vacuum cleaners?"

There was hatred in the boy's agony of love as he glared down at the twisting lovely child in his arms.

"If you become engaged to Halkett tonight, it's the end," he said. "You don't think it will be. I know the rotten idea in your head. You think you can marry him and keep me too. That's it. Isn't it? You've never dared to put it to me. But I know. Go on . . . tell the truth . . . for once in your rotten little life!"

He shook her savagely, and she cried out again, "You're hurting me!"

But suddenly she crumpled against his breast, crying convulsively. He let her lie, his grasp unaltered, and over the bent, golden head he stared unseeingly at nothing, his eyes drawn with his love and contempt, his young face stern under the impact of the forces with which life assailed him. Forgotten, trembling a little, Stella gathered her coat closer about her and crossed the room. Neither the boy nor girl noticed her go. The glass doors were ajar, and she stumbled her way down the steps. The night air struck cold to

her face. For a few moments she paused. It was very dark, coming like that out of the lighted room, and she peered about her, seeking her way. Upset as she was, she jumped when the voice spoke out of the darkness:

"Thank you for championing me. I'm sorry it had so little effect."

"Oh," Stella said. It was almost a moan of dismay. She stood quite still. The dark shape that was Richard Halkett became perceptible to her. In a small, chill voice she asked, "You heard?"

"Listen for yourself."

It was clear enough . . . Anastasia's broken, low sobbing. So there was nothing to be said then. No false interpretation of the scene could be offered for his salvation. She wondered if his face matched the change in his voice; if that deadness was in his face as it was in his voice.

"There's nothing I can say then." She had begun to tremble again.

"Hardly."

Yet Stella attempted the impossible. She said, in the darkness, pleading, "She's so young. She doesn't know her own mind."

"On the contrary. She seems to know it remarkably well."

Something in his tone made Stella cry out, "Oh, don't! Don't be as hurt about it as that."

"What do you expect me to do? Jump for joy?"

Silence and, her eyes accustomed to the night, bulky shapes emerging as from a photographic negative.

"I don't know what I expect you to do," she said helplessly. But she still urged, without knowing why: "If you want her you can still have her. Really have her, I mean. A man like you—Given time. She doesn't love this boy. She doesn't love anyone yet. You could still have her."

"I'm surprised at you," Richard Halkett said.

Yes, it was a stupidity. She should never have uttered it.

"But thank you for your estimation of me. At the moment my self-esteem needs bolstering up." Such icy bitterness. But she caught at that quickly.

"Wounds to one's self-esteem heal. One can do something about that. If that's . . ."

"Don't try to be too clever. You don't know, after all, do you? Just what this means to me?"

Suddenly she felt uplifted, potent. "I can guess. I think I can guess rightly."

Halkett made a brusque movement. "Well, forgive me if I don't stay here while you guess. I'm clearing out."

"You mean . . . without seeing anybody?"

"There's no point in my seeing anybody, is there? I don't feel I owe Anastasia any politeness. Or perhaps you feel I should jilt her more punctiliously?" He moved off through the night, and Stella stumbled after him.

He made an effort. He said, "Look here, I'm sorry you've been let in for all this unpleasantness. There is no need for you to say anything . . . to pretend anything. Just go back and forget you've seen me."

"I was leaving anyhow. And now . . . I couldn't go back."

She felt she was being a nuisance; that despite his having spoken to her, when he could have kept silence there



Used in Leading Hospitals

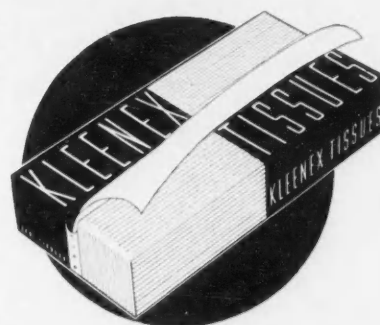
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## Caprice

Continued from page 11

her. "Yes," Richard Halkett said.

"And the first thing that confronted your eyes when you opened them was—Anastasia."

"Yes," Halkett said again. But now he was surprised enough to notice her. He glanced down, smiling at her face so close. "And since you are such a discerning young woman, you'll admit I'm a very good judge for an amateur."

"With years of practice in beauty competitions you couldn't have chosen better," Stella said.

Just then, with her interest, and something more aroused, and prepared to continue talking through the dance, the music altered. Though the tempo was uninterrupted, the melody changed, softened, grew more provocative. Minor notes throbbed and compelled, and in mutual subjection Stella and her companion ceased talking and achieved a union of movement which was wholly delightful. It was so beautiful, so unexpected that Stella—though candor was a grace put away with her wide-eyed girlhood—was surprised into saying, when the music stopped:

"That was lovely. I have not enjoyed a dance so much for longer than I care to remember."

That this had been for the man, too, more than a formal peregrination round a dance floor was apparent. He bent on Stella a clear, dark regard which saw her thoroughly.

"I didn't know I was so good at this sort of thing." He laid a comic air over his intent regard. "Of course you dance beautifully."

"Not always. Sometimes . . . when things are just right."

Richard Halkett did not turn aside the compliment. He thanked her, and seemed disposed to linger, but catching sight of Letty beckoning him, he bowed and courteously excused himself; saying that he hoped they might dance again later in the evening.

IT WAS only as he was walking away from her that Stella was really stirred. She watched him, tall, handsome, unhurried, thread his way toward his hostess, and a most ardent desire sprang in her. The mystery of his being, the secrets of his mind, all that he was and had done and hoped to be—there, moving relentlessly out of her orbit. She longed to call, "Come back. I want to know you. I want to seek and dig and explore. There is, for me, a mine of richness in you. To see you just passing by is unbearable. In these few minutes of moving in your arms I've experienced a bodily closeness to another human being which I have never experienced in all my chill life. I am warmed, and interested. So interested . . ."

But her sense of absurdity soon stilled these clear calls, and she had a cool, amused little smile on her lovely mouth when an old friend came to claim her for a dance. It turned out to be the usual mild performance which was common to her these days.

The night wore on. She sat out many of the dances. But this she had expected, and was resigned and comfortable enough, taking her place in a changing group of elderly family friends. She was betwixt and between

in this kind of gathering. But in somewhat rueful amusement she told herself she should be grateful that she was apparently not yet old enough to interest Anastasia's callow youths. Letty hustled up at intervals. The engagement announcement was to be made at midnight. Letty knew the ropes well enough not to appear triumphant. But with three younger girls coming on, Anastasia's "going-off" practically from the schoolroom was something to be pleased about. And to a man so rich, so brilliant and desirable in every way. Of course there was the difference in age. But anyone in their senses would approve of that.

Now and again Richard Halkett caught sight of her, and nodded a smiling recognition. Stella found herself watching for him almost exclusively, and when he disappeared she felt dull, uninterested. Anastasia had disappeared too, and a long time passed without the reappearance of the lovers. Stella followed them, in imagination, into the moon-washed garden. Not in envy, desiring the destruction of their happiness, but desolate a little and wistful. Lucky Anastasia, to have the biggest problem of a woman's life solved for her almost before life had begun. I wish, she thought, my heart's desire had found me and saved me from the empty years.

Well, this was all flat and unprofitable. It was getting late. Richard would hardly bother to claim his second dance now, and perhaps better if he didn't. Getting interested in Anastasia's fiancé was about as unprofitable an activity as she could indulge. But to drag on here for hours more . . .

She was in the habit of leaving parties early now and had evolved a tactful procedure—an unobtrusive withdrawal. Hostesses, if the affair were large enough, never noticed her go. She practiced this now; fetching her coat and belongings and avoiding a noisy group cluttered round the main front door, she went down a side corridor. A small study opening from it had doors leading to the garden she knew, and escape would be easy that way. There was no sound from the study, and, believing it empty, she was utterly unprepared for the sight of Anastasia and the yellow-headed boy, Tony, locked in each other's arms. They fell away from each other quickly. Discomfited, excited, Anastasia said, "Must you come bursting into rooms like this, Stella!"

Very much embarrassed, Stella apologized. She had thought the room was empty. She . . . But now the shock of surprise had worn off, the significance of the scene became apparent to her. She began stiffly, "In any case, this is hardly—"

But Anastasia did not wait for what she knew was coming. She leaped, angrily, to attack.

"I don't need any comment from you, please, Stella. If you come spying round you must be prepared for surprises. I hope you'll have sense enough to keep this to yourself. After all, it's nothing."

## How to be a Good Husband

Continued from page 16

Tut, tut! Did you shave before you went out? Or don't you think you should have to shave for your wife? And you say it came out of the house-keeping money . . .

Mr. Husband, the heart of our lesson is this: Take your wife on the best outing you can afford, in the best style you are able, often.

### Lesson VI—A Life of Her Own

Are you one of those husbands who believe that your wife may go out occasionally but should always be home to get your meals? In other words, when you are around does her life belong to you?

If that is the case you may not approve of the woman who said, "The nicest thing that my husband did for me all last year was to give the children their supper one night while I went over to a friend's for the meal." And you will certainly frown when you hear that most wives think a good husband should realize that he only shares part of his wife's world.

There are, unfortunately, far too many men who do not trust their wives to lead a life of their own. They read their wives' letters, check up on expenses to the last penny, and censor the family clothes. You who are good husbands may find this hard to believe, but it is true nevertheless.

Do you trust your wife to lead a life of her own? If not, why did you marry her?

A good husband trusts his wife.

### Lesson VII—Try Compliments

Every good husband knows about compliments.

Compliments have nothing to do with soft soap or with any of the cheaper forms of flattery. Compliments are different. They are marks of respect between two reasonable people, and signs of goodwill in the common struggles of a lifetime.

In this lesson we will deal with a few of the many ways in which a good husband compliments his wife.

1. Once in a while come right out and say you are proud of her. Do not be afraid of making her conceited. Most wives are never conceited. If sometimes they seem to be, it is probably because they are so ashamed of their failures, that in self-protection they hide their feelings behind a hard-boiled mask.

2. Respect your wife's opinions. This is a democratic country and even a woman has a right to her own opinion. So when she says that Clark Gable is a fine actor, never suggest that she be psychoanalyzed. Of course you never, never make fun of your wife in public. But go farther than that. Wherever you are, show that you respect what she says even if you do not agree.

3. Have you ever thought about the subtle compliment you pay your wife by sometimes going places with her, and appearing at your very best; to church, for instance, or even to a political meeting. She might understand quite a lot of what goes on.

4. The very nicest way in which a man can compliment his wife is to be a cheerful and gallant host when friends come to call.

### Lesson VIII—Apologies

There is a wistful old lady who remembers best of all the good things in

her married life, the day her husband apologized to her. "It was the only time he ever admitted to me he was wrong," she says; "I always like to think of that day."

This is a very short lesson but a very hard one.

A good husband is not afraid to say he is sorry when he is in the wrong.

### Lesson IX—Double Standards

Figure this one out, and then draw your own conclusions. Nine out of every ten wives complain that in one way or another they come off second best in their home life. And before you state emphatically that your home is the tenth, answer these questions . . . and you might count five before you answer them . . . just to save your honor . . .

Do you complain about your wife getting fat while your own waistline is expanding all over the place? Do you object to her not being neat and tidy about the house, but wander around unshaven and half-dressed yourself?

Do you plant the flower seeds in the spring, and pick the blooms in the fall, but expect her to do the weeding all summer because it is really her flower garden?

Do you turn her funny stories aside with a grunt and a shake of the newspaper, but lose patience entirely if she fails to appreciate one of yours?

Naturally you are a man and right about things, but do you take for granted that you know more than she does about the children, their education, their clothes, their manners and their souls? And if so, do you blame your wife when the decisions you make don't work?

Do you scold your wife for not doing the things you promised to do?

A good husband applies the same standards in judging his wife as he uses in judging himself. And that is letting you off easily. Some would say, be easier on your wife than you are on yourself.

### Lesson X—"I Love You"

Do you remember the day those three little words first stumbled awkwardly from your eager lips, the day you first said, "I love you," to the girl who was to make her life and your life into one life together? Perhaps you have forgotten, but is it a safe bet that she has not. And she will remember the first kiss too, and maybe the first time you called her your sweetheart.

It is an old wifely custom to remember things like that. But are you sure it is altogether a pleasant memory, or is it tinged with the slightest shadow of regret that those days are gone forever?

Two things can happen to destroy sentiment in marriage. It can be forgotten, or it can be worn thin. What is happening in your home? Have you given up all that ootsie-tootsie nonsense about love and so on? All right if you have, that is your business.

But don't give up the "I love you" part. That is not ootsie-tootsie. That is common-sense he-man affection whether you are young or old.

Do you say that your love is a deep thing that needs no words? Again it



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in the darkness, he wanted no more of her. But she persisted. He said heavily, "Can I find your car for you?"

"I have none. If you'd call a taxi . . . or if you go my way . . ."

She left the suggestion hovering, and though unwelcome he took it up. After all, he was a man well trained in social usage, with good manners toward women. Despite his stress, courtliness operated. He said, unwillingly, "I could give you a lift."

"Because, after all, the world hasn't come to an end," Stella said.

For a moment he came right out of the maze of his misery. He said, "You're a strange woman. Why are you bothering? What exactly do you hope to do?"

"I don't know myself," Stella said, and he answered, "I don't believe you do." But then, when they were in the car and were moving off, he forgot her again. He didn't even ask her where she lived until they had traversed many streets, and then he apologized.

"We've got out of my area long ago," she said. "I felt you didn't want to stop."

"No. Driving is something one can get one's teeth into. Where's the place?"

"Can't we go on driving? I've nothing to go home to. I live alone. I'm in as unhappy a mood as you . . . for other reasons."

"Are you lonely too?" he said. "Lonelier than you. I've never even had what you've lost."

The streets were quieting in the midnight. The car shot forward.

"There's a place I know," he said. "A long way from here. I often go there. I thought when I found Anastasia I'd not need to again. It's a place to go to when one has moods. The top of a hill."

"And you're thinking of driving there when you get rid of me?"

"I wouldn't have put it that way."

She went off at a tangent. "You exaggerate, you know. You can't fall so desperately in love with a person in a month."

His silence dismissed that. And rightly. In a month! In a month! It could happen in a night. A dull empty sky, suddenly rent by lightning. She felt her heart almost physically expand, strain, hurt with the amplitude of longing for him. Not, she told herself, that I'll get anything out of it. But it might be a memory. I won't go. Unless he throws me out of the car. I want more of him to remember.

"Take me with you. You're not the only one who has moods. Probably, if you knew, my hell is drearier than yours. You're a man. You've got things I haven't."

He recoiled. But just when she was giving in, opening her mouth to tell her address, he suddenly said, "Well, I won't answer for my behavior. But I like you. You're sympathetic to me. I don't need help; but it will be a new experience. I never remember going through anything in my life with a friend beside me."

STELLA lay on her bed and looked at the telephone. She said, "If it doesn't ring before seven, I'll go. If it rings I won't go." Her thoughts went back to their circle. Round and round as they had done so often, during this last week. How empty my life must

be, she reflected, that a single night, the memory of a single night, can enrich the hours of a whole week for me. And for months to come. Perhaps all the rest of my life. I'm beginning to turn miser, I suppose. I will turn and turn the little bits of gold . . . hoard them, worship them. And there was no glitter in this gold.

She remembered that silent rush through the night, out of the environs of the city, into country dark in sleep; Trees, hills, bridges over still rivers, black moonshine left behind like a dropped ribbon. At first they had hardly spoken at all, only brief significant utterances. But the truth in these mothered equal truth when they came to talk more fully. Not a lie between us, Stella thought, not a pretense, not a pose. A stark mating of minds.

She had gone over the words so often. They were become almost meaningless now from repetition. The scene she had dwelt on least was the one most vivid now. Dawn coming, a grey sad dawn; no glory of sunrise on their hilltop. She had been so cold. Wan, exhausted, she had looked into his face, as tired, as lined as her own. Looking about him, Richard Halkett had said, "The place has lost its spell."

"Places never can make up for people. Not really," she had said. "I've been to so many places. It doesn't do any good."

And the knowledge that out of this night had come nothing for her, that the end of what had not really been a beginning was upon her, had suddenly been too much to bear. A stinging in her eyes, and slow difficult tears squeezed their way out. Richard Halkett had looked at her with curiosity and kindness—an absorbed, queer look. Then he had put out a gentle finger and touched the tears in the lines round her eyes.

"How sad you are. And we are both very old this morning."

She didn't mind that. There had been so much truth between them. She was so sorry for him. She had said: "You thought the night would give you back youth and beauty to hold forever . . . and all you've got is a woman with lines round her eyes, looking her plainest."

"Yes. I thought the night would have given me something different."

WELL, THAT had been about the end of it. She had slept most of the way back, and since leaving her at her flat, with a weary salute, she had not seen him. If they ever met again she must pretend . . . how would she look at him? As if she had forgotten. Men didn't want such nights recalled. Lying on her bed, she turned the memory back to the beginning.

His voice started up in her ears, like a gramophone record. Her widely opened eyes saw the first picture, so intensely that she started when the telephone bell rang. She reached slowly for the receiver, making a wry face. Well this meant an empty evening . . .

Richard Halkett said, "Could I speak to Miss Morath, please?"

"Miss Morath speaking."

"Halkett here. If you . . . would you care—if you're doing nothing tonight, to go somewhere? With me?" ☆



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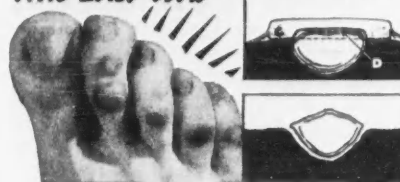


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## The Quints as I Saw Them

Continued from page 33

being nervous, talked even more than usual. I found out later that they were silent only because they have been so frequently misquoted and misunderstood that they are now afraid to speak at all to strangers.

The next day, however, when Papa Dionne called at the hospital to see me at work, had looked over the large book of photographs of my work, and seen that I was seriously trying to accomplish a difficult task, he became really human, told me of his life, of their struggles, of their history, of the neighborhood, changing completely my whole impression of him and his wife.

MY WORK completed, on the fourth morning I stayed again for luncheon, after which it came time to say good-bye. It was rather a sad parting, for we had become very fond of each other by now, the Dionnes and I. Little had been said about my leaving, so it was most unexpected when Emilie, excusing herself to place her finished dessert plate on the serving table, came around to my low chair and kissed me on the cheek as she said good-bye, then left the room to take her nap. I was much touched and said so—the others now

could hardly wait to finish their deserts and do the same, each leaving the room afterward. All except Yvonne, who seemed to be holding back, either because she was shy or because she didn't like me, I thought. But no, when she came to my chair, with an air of great determination she took my face firmly in her two little hands, kissed one cheek, turned my head and kissed the other, and then slowly and deliberately looked me in the eyes and kissed me on the forehead. This done with an air of finality and accomplishment, and without a single word, she turned and stalked slowly out of the room.

Down the path from the door of the hospital between the walls of snow and ice the policeman escorted me to the gate with my precious heads. On the train that night, speeding through the silent white wild country, surrounded with my six heads in boxes, I felt exhilarated, enthralled, enraptured, exhausted—my dream of work accomplished, my Dionne quintuplets' portraits completed, soon to be cast in bronze, a permanent unchanging record of one of the phenomena of our times for all the world to see. ☆

## A Queen for Fifty Cents

Continued from page 43

business, and dad, and living in the country. From where we sat we could see through the orchard to our house, fastened tight to the hill as it had been for two whole centuries. I was prouder of it than ever. I began to think: if there was another bathroom, and a terrace added on the side, it would be just about right. I asked Gilly questions too, and she answered them, most of them. She told me she was a decorator, which I knew anyhow from the workmen, and how she liked to fix up old houses as well as furnish them, and some of the jobs she had done.

"And this Harcastle man?" I asked her. "What about him?"

Phil Harcastle, it seemed, was just a man she used to know. She had met him again at a party and he had given her this job, and because he wanted it done in a hurry she was living on the job. That was all.

"Is he marrying you?" I had to ask it.

"It wasn't in the contract," she said shortly, and slid off the wall. I had to be contented with that.

I had to be contented with very little of Gilly's time too, for she wasn't loafing on that job. But I brought her home to dinner the next Sunday, and she and dad clicked as I thought they would. He likes anyone with a sense of humor and a good comeback. Gilly raved so over Katta's dried apple pie that Katta was hers for life. Everything was sweetness and light, except that I could not see enough of Gilly.

But she promised to hike with me the next Sunday up to the hills, looking for the Buzzard boys' caves. I hadn't done it since I was a kid. It would be fun doing it again with Gilly. We planned to cook our dinner up there, and I got out some of my old

camp stuff. I ordered a good steak to plank on my old charred board, and we talked about it all week.

But Sunday morning Charley Peters came over with a note from Gilly. She was awfully sorry, but something important had come up. Would I ask her again?

Charley was watching me closely. "What happened?" I asked him.

He shook his head. "I don't know, Wayne. Only that Harcastle fellow come up in his big car early this morning, and off they went."

I tried not to let Charley see how I felt. "Business, probably," I said, tearing up the note and throwing it to the wind.

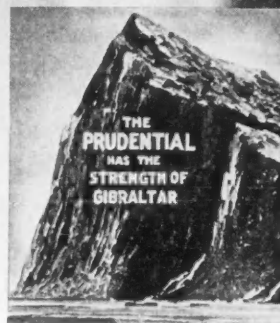
"Business, my eye!" snorted Charley. "It ain't business that brings him up here every couple days with baskets of fruit and big cakes and fancy groceries I ain't ever tasted before. Oh, yes, she always gives me some. She's right thoughtful. She lets me sleep in the feed room over in the barn. I could do worse."

I wasn't listening much to what Charley was saying. Something inside of me seemed to have gone dead. I couldn't believe that Gilly would doublecross me this way, and yet—

I MANAGED to keep away for several days. But finally I could not stand it any longer. I had to know where I stood with this Gillian Kirby. If she cared for me at all, she could make twenty kinds of a fool of me and I'd stand for it, but if she was just playing me against that Harcastle guy—well, the Dancys have always been pretty proud, too proud for their own good sometimes. I had promised her some of the first honey, so I filled a pail of it. It was blossom honey, clear and gold, like her hair that day

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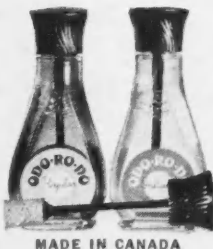
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is up to you; but remember this: your wife will get the thrill of her life if you do use words whenever you can.

In a lower class than those who have given up sentiment, are the men who have worn it threadbare. Kisses and pet names and affectionate pledges are not meant to be just careless greetings and conventional farewells. They are not taken for granted parts of marriage like darning socks and stoking the furnace.

If you want to be a good husband here is one final rule, and it is the greatest of all rules. If you love your wife, tell her so sometimes, tell her gently and seriously, in the words you both know. ☆

### Look for the Label

Continued from page 39

side a few inches from the fabric. Simpler still, hang them up where the air can pass through them and dispel all traces of a day's wear or a week's packing. Since they're ventilated, crush-resistant velvets do not retain body heat and air circulates freely through them. Cold-liquids shake off instantly and most common spots can be removed with a damp cloth. The process is not weakened by repeated dry cleaning. So velvet combines practicability with luxury and economy with elegance.

Until recently linens might wash like a handkerchief but they wrinkled like one too. Now they're finished crease-resistant to retard the wrinkles and give the iron a rest. Many wash fabrics are now "crease-resisting."

Controlled shrinkage—up to ninety-nine per cent—is a feature of better quality cottons, linens and spun rayons. No matter how often they're washed, they won't shrink more than one per cent. Attempts have been made to include woollens but to date such woollens are not available in Canada, although there is a wool and cotton flannel that's washable, and emphasizes shrinkage, control and color fastness.

Quality cottons, linens and rayons that bear this label will not fade in the tub but they may on the line, for they're not sun-fast and should never be hung in a blazing sun. No color is absolutely fast, particularly if the garment is dried in the sun. Prints require even more care in laundering. Neither hang them wet in the sun nor roll them in a towel for the colors to run. Some silks launder well, but even pure silks, if printed, are not so guaranteed. In general, it's the better part of wisdom to have them dry-cleaned. This applies to wools, some of which have been woven with an acetate rayon for a more permanent dye.

There is a label showing tested quality which applies to viscose rayon fabrics and garments and guarantees wearability, washability (and ironability), non-shrinkage and color-fastness. Where the fabric is washable it is so stated, otherwise it is marked to be dry-cleaned.

Finally, there's no need to starch organdies that are permanently finished. If they're not, they become limp after washing so must be sustained with starch. Lawns and dimities, if ironed when wet, retain most of their original crispness without resorting to starch. ☆



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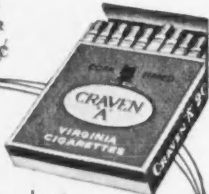
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"Come quick," it went, "she says your bees are in her attic."

Somehow this made me see red. "Tell her to keep them," I wired back. "The law says they are not mine unless I can identify them in flight."

Charley must have been sober and in funds, for he wired back: "Carpenters have stopped work. She got stung twice yesterday."

Well, I packed my bag and went. A bee-swarm in the eaves is no laughing matter for anybody, and besides I didn't like the idea of Gilly's face being stung out of shape. It would be like standing by and letting kids pop a beebee gun at a stained-glass window.

Dad and Katta were glad to see me. Katta went right out and killed a chicken. I got all my stuff together, ladders, smoker, a hive with bee brood and a young queen in it, for I didn't know what I would find. Of course I could gas them, but a good bee man doesn't like to kill off a colony that way.

I was up on the ladder looking for the holes in the eaves before Gilly appeared. She was dressed in some kind of thin blue stuff with a white pancake hat over one eye. It was the first time I had seen her with a hat, and it made her look different, sort of "How-dare-you-sir?" I thought she was rather washed-out for a girl who had been riding as high as she was.

"What on earth are you doing?" she asked, beginning to walk under my ladder. I shooed her away. No use tempting your luck.

"I'm trapping your bees—unless you want them," I said formally.

"What would I do with them?" She seemed surprised.

"I thought maybe Mr. Hardcastle might like honey on his hotcakes, of a morning."

She started to say something, changed her mind and walked away. Charley Peters came around the house at that, like an actor who has heard his cue.

"You ain't thinkin' to hive them bees, are you, Wayne?" he asked me.

"No," I said shortly, for I was getting madder by the minute. "I'm just doing a little acrobatic work. I'm thinking of joining a circus."

"Because I was thinking," Charley drawled, "you'd have a hard time. They's been bees in them eaves ever since I could remember. They're old residents."

I yelled at Charley. "You mean you didn't want me to come and get these out?"

He gave a quick look around before he answered. "I didn't say you *bad* to come, Wayne. I jes' give you the facts. They was swarming—a little. Maybe the carpenters stirred 'em up," he added innocently enough.

I was down the ladder, mad clear through by this time. "You're a meddling old fool," I told him, and went off to try and explain to Gillian that I could still read trespass signs. But I couldn't find her anywhere until I heard her car in the barn. She came backing out so fast she almost ripped a fender.

"I thought it was you wanted me to get those bees out," I told her, hopping on the running board because it didn't look as if she were going to stop.

She looked me up and down as if I were a curiosity before she said, cool as

SHE THOUGHT: "A

ANOTHER WOMAN"

SHE SHOULD HAVE BLAMED HER

ONE NEGLECT \*



She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept *that* always fragrantly clean.



... a Wonderful Cook. She never neglected to have her meals tempting, dainty—and she always served them piping hot.



... an Ideal Mother. Her youngster was always clean, sweet, immaculately cared for. No one could say he was unkempt.



Yet he became Indifferent. Yes, it seemed as if the only neglect was on *his* side. She sought vainly for the reason.



She thought: "Another Woman" . . . the first and natural thought of every "neglected" wife. But in this instance she was wrong.

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At the first sign of a crack between your toes—splash Absorbine Jr. freely! Apply it full strength every night and morning.

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on the hill. I used the short cut over the stream, and I was walking across the lawn, which Charley had got in good shape by this time, when I saw the man directing some men who were moving a tree. He was good looking enough, though his hair grew pretty far back and his face was a little too florid for my liking. He was dressed in what the ads call country clothes, with a loud Paisley kerchief under his chin instead of a collar. I hadn't changed from my working corduroys and mesh shirt. He looked at me for a minute as I stood, pail in hand, as if I were something he'd found under a wet board.

"Well?" he asked. I didn't like his voice much either. "What is it?"

"I was looking for Gil—Miss Kirby. I'm Wayne Dancy." I was watching his face, but that didn't register, I could see. "I've brought some honey I promised her."

"Oh, yes," he said, his hand sliding into his pocket, "the honeyman. How much is it?"

I think I would have dropped that honey pail and used both my hands to knock that arrogant look off his face if Gilly hadn't come out the door.

"Do you two know each other? Phil? Wayne?" she asked a little too brightly.

"Well enough," I muttered, turning away.

"Wayne, wait! Maybe you can tell Phil the best place to plant this dogwood we bought last Sunday." She hurried over and laid a hand on my arm.

I felt like saying, "I could, but I won't," but of course I didn't. I said I was sorry but trees weren't my line, and walked off the way I had come. I knew I had behaved like a peeved kid and that didn't make things any better. Gilly caught up with me just as I set foot on the first stepping stone across the stream.

"Aren't you going to leave the honey, Wayne?" she asked sweetly. "You must forgive Phil, he didn't understand. I hadn't—well, exactly told him about you and how nice and neighborly you had been."

"Is that what you've been calling it?" I asked bitterly.

A wave of color rose in her cheeks. "People in the city don't often do things without being paid for everything," she began.

But I interrupted. "So you've been paying Hardcastle, then, for all the fancy baskets of fruit and things he's been bringing up here?" I was so angry I could hardly see her standing there, so straight and defenseless.

"That is my business," she flared suddenly. "And if you can't behave like a gentleman you can keep yourself and your honey off this property."

I turned so quick I slipped and made a big splash, but I didn't look back. I didn't care what she thought. I didn't care about anything, and I threw the honey to the hogs as I went past. That's what I got for believing that a girl like Gillian Kirby could like the same things I liked, could really enjoy a drink of cold, sparkling spring water as well as a highly flavored drink, for instance, or find a winding brown road as exciting as an avenue of neon lights.

I wrote to Jake Endicott that night, to ask if the job was still open.

When I got his answer I told my father I would like to try it for a while.

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He said okay, as I knew he would, though I felt like a heel doing it. I said I would get Charley Peters to come over twice a day to help Katta lift him.

I had to go over to the Peters place to find Charley, for he was working there steadily now. I didn't like to do it, but I thought I might slip in the back way and out again without meeting Gilly. It was like a slap in the face when I came up against the barrier on the other side of the stream, an iron chain it was, with a "No admittance" sign hanging on it. I had to leave word for Charley at the corner store.

THE CITY was hot and dusty when I got in the next day. I saw Jake, and he fixed me up with a desk in a big office where I had to study a bit before they would send me out on a job. Jake took me home that first night. I think he wanted to show off his wife and baby. The baby was all right, but I didn't think much of the wife. She had a restless look as if, having given her hostage to posterity, she was ready to be up and off. I didn't go back there again.

I got a cell in a sort of monastic hotel and tried to get the habit of staying up nights. It was hard work. Nothing I stayed up for seemed worth the effort. I even got to thinking of going home, and of Sadie Benton who was graduating from high school this month. And then one of the fellows gave a party and I went to see if I'd feel any better. But I only felt worse. I was sorry I had come. But I met a girl there. She was some sort of a trouble-shooter in a big department store. I wouldn't have bothered with her only I thought she mentioned Gillian's name. She had. It seemed she was living in Gillian's apartment. "It's like living in a museum," she said, "all antiques and objets d'art. Honest, I'm afraid to sneeze in it. I know Gillian must have been hard up or she would never have rented it. They say she was down to her last cent, actually, when Phil Hardcastle handed her this job. Decorating is a luxury business, you know. What do you do?"

I started to say bees, before I remembered. I asked when Gillian was coming back. This Miss Rensselaer, I think her name was, poked me in the arm.

"I don't think she's coming," she whispered confidentially.

"Why?" I made myself ask.

"She's in love—with the country, she says," Miss Rensselaer giggled. "She wants to stay where the blue begins and the paving ends. Imagine it!"

I could, but I didn't say so. Instead I asked, "Would this Phil Hardcastle have anything to do with it?"

"You're clairvoyant!" she shrieked. I left her after that.

So Gilly had been broke, too broke even to pay for her honey, and she was going to marry this Hardcastle alibi because he had money. Well, girls did it every day, but somehow it was hard to match it up with Gilly.

I SETTLED down to work after that. I didn't want to go back. I might have been there yet, juggling assets and liabilities for half-dead utilities, if it hadn't been for Charley's telegram.



## To Balance the Bustle

Photograph, courtesy the Robert Simpson Company Ltd., Toronto.

JUST WHEN you thought they couldn't possibly do anything new with your hair . . . bingo . . . here's a simply gorgeous coiffure design for 1940. Guillaume of Paris is sweeping it high at the sides . . . but allowing for variations on the old-fashioned theme in front. A pompadour . . . bangs . . . curls . . . or what have you. At the back it drops into rolled curls that tumble neatly in a snood,

or will pile into a pleasant pompadour at the back for evening, to offset the lines of your bustle. It's especially smart if you're hair's betwixt and between the long and short stages.

This model wears an "inverted pompadour" in front, says Nadine of the Elizabeth Arden Salon. And she should know, because she did it. Curls cluster softly at the nape of the neck. ☆

## Old Fashioned Girl Makes Good

Continued from page 7

last year has subsided, and the more subtle idea of tones that melt into each other has been adopted. Hats are mostly monotone, with perhaps one touch of color. They usually match the outfit. So do shoes. Gloves and bags may strike a different note.

There is a group of faded colors, very good for evening, and rich true tones like old-fashioned reds and greens and blues are also smart.

### Watch Your Step!

If you're going to be old-fashioned, be sure you carry it right through. A boxy sport coat looks strange with a bustle. A tailored sweater isn't very good with a dressmaker skirt, full in the back. Real bustles are for the tall and shapely. And not for office work! You can get lots of full effects without them. Nipped-in waistlines are not for those of too-generous build. Cer-

tainly the new harem silhouette is only for the slender.

Unless you really don't like them, wear long sleeves in preference to short ones. Don't wear your hair in a long sweeping bob. Give up the doll and miniature-sized hat for one that fits your head. Chin straps and bows and the galaxy of veils we knew are no more. Flowers, except for metal ones, are on the downgrade. Straight tailored lines need softening with frilly touches. Color combinations with three and four shades are dated. Highly exaggerated sleeves have had their day. The bouffant gown, as you knew it last year, is only being worn by the very young. There's a lot less mixing of skirts and jackets and sweaters unless you're still at college.

Open-toed shoes are pretty well in the discard.

Bright-toned stockings are giving place to those of more subtle shades. ☆

## A Daisy Shower

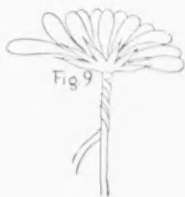
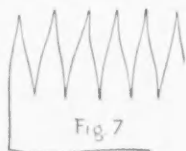
Continued from page 2

pleat in the other end (Fig. 5). Wind your piece of paper with the written instructions on it, around the pleated end of the petal and twist an elastic band around it (Fig. 6). Elastic bands are better than thread as they form a ridge which holds the petal firmly in its hole after it is once inserted. Insert the petals in their holes and the daisy head is complete.

Cut a calyx from the green paper about nine inches wide (Fig. 7). Wind this around the daisy head just under the petals (Fig. 8). Paste in place.

For the stem a slim roll of any paper,

even newspaper, will serve as a base. Roll it up tightly and insert the end into the daisy head. Secure in place with an elastic band. Now cut a strip of the green paper about two inches wide and about half as long again as your stem. Wind this a couple of times around the stem base, close up against the calyx and then wind diagonally downward until the stem base is covered (Fig. 9). Fasten the end of the strip with paste and your flower is finished! ☆



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You can send as many entries as you wish providing each entry is accompanied by one guarantee tag\* from a bottle of Hinds Honey & Almond Cream.

**ALL YOU HAVE TO DO** is to estimate the ages of the hands shown above and list them in the order you think they belong, starting with the youngest. For example, if you believe A is 20, B is 41, C is 38, D is 40, E is 45, your entry will read 1-A, 2-C, 3-D, 4-B, 5-E.

All entries must be post-marked not later than midnight, November 15, 1939.

Decision of the judges will be considered final. In case of ties, the entry first received will earn award.

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lettuce, "You better talk to the new owner about that. I wouldn't know, Mr. Hardcastle no longer owns this place," and stepped on the accelerator.

"Wait!" I yelled, and threw my leg over the door and landed on two suitcases. "If you don't want me to go where you're going—"

"I'm going back to town. I doubt if this coincides with your plans."

"It does not." I reached over and turned off the ignition. "But there's one thing I have to know before I let you go. Are you going to marry Phil Hardcastle, or are you just going back to the grind?"

She didn't answer, but turned her head away. The back of her hair without the crazy hat looked more natural. I took her by the shoulders and turned her around. Her bottom lip was trembling like a baby's, but she faced me like a fighting cock. "I'm not going to do either. Now, will you please get out?"

"What happened to Hardcastle and this house?"

"He just lost interest when—"

"When what?"

"When he—couldn't get the person he wanted to put in it."

I LOOKED at her, trying to find out if she meant what I thought. She was

looking at me too, right in my eyes, and—I took a chance. I put my arms around her and kissed her the way I had been wanting to do since the first night I saw her. And she let me. Then I took that crazy hat off and hung it on a tree beside the car. "You won't need that in the country, anyhow," I told her, kissing her right this time.

An hour later, maybe it was two hours, maybe three, someone rang the farm bell, and Gilly jumped like a house afire.

"It's Charley. I forgot all about him," she confessed. "He said if I'd wait until this afternoon he'd had a surprise for me."

"He had," I said, "it's me. Was I worth waiting around for?"

She gave me a look that answered everything. "And that reminds me," she grinned, digging into her handbag. "I've kept you waiting a long time for this," and she dropped a fifty-cent piece into my hand.

"No, you don't," I laughed, giving it back to her. "I'm hanging onto that IOU for a souvenir. I want to frame it for my desk. You see," I kissed the dimple in her chin which I had overlooked before, "it isn't every day I can buy a queen like this for fifty cents." ☆

## Knitting Socks for Soldiers?

Here are the official Red Cross  
instructions for knitting socks

IF YOU want to check on what color to use, get in touch with your nearest Red Cross headquarters. If you are not near one, however, use any dark shade—nothing bright.

### Man's Day Sock

Directions for hand-knitted regulation socks.

Length of foot when finished,  
11 inches.

Four and three-quarter ounces of  
4-Ply Fingering.

Needles: No. 11, by Bell Gauge.

Cast on 60 stitches, rib 3 inches, 2 plain, 2 purl. Knit 7 inches (10 in all). **HEEL**—Knit plain 28 stitches onto one needle, turn, purl back these 28 stitches, turn, knit plain. Repeat these two rows (always slipping the first stitch) 11 times (12 in all), or 24 rows.

With the inside of the heel toward you, purl 15 stitches, slip 1, purl 1, pull slipped stitch over, purl 1.

Turn, knit 3 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, purl 4 stitches, slip 1, purl 1, pull slipped stitch over, purl 1.

Turn, knit 5 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, purl 6 stitches, slip 1, purl 1, pull slipped stitch over, purl 1.

Turn, knit 7 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, purl 8 stitches, slip 1, purl 1, pull slipped stitch over, purl 1.

Turn, knit 9 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn, purl 10 stitches, slip 1, purl 1, pull slipped stitch over, purl 1.

Turn, knit 11 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit 1, turn,

purl 12 stitches, slip 1, purl 1, pull slipped stitch over, purl 1.

Turn, knit 13 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit 1.

Pick up and knit the 12 stitches down the side of the heel piece and knit 3 stitches off the front needle.

Knit the 28 stitches of the front needles onto one needle; the last 2 stitches knit onto the third needle, on which pick up and knit the 12 stitches at the other side of the heel piece. Divide the heel stitches onto the 2 side needles and knit right round again to the centre heel.

First needle, knit to within 3 stitches of the front end of side needle, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit 1.

Front needle plain.

Third needle, knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit plain to end of needle.

This reducing to be done every other row until there are 56 stitches on the needles (front needle 28, side needles 14 each).

Knit plain until the foot from the back of the heel measures 9 inches.

**KITCHENER TOE**—to decrease for toe—Knit 6 stitches, then slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, knit 6 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over. Repeat this round the three needles. Then knit 6 rows plain, then knit 5 stitches, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, and repeat round the three needles. Then 4 plain rows, then knit 3, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, repeat to end of three needles, then 3 plain rows. Then knit 2, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, repeat to end of three needles,

☆ Continued on page 83

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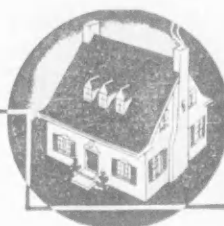
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# YOUR HOME

Editor: EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.



A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE  
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**D**O THE walls in your home look dowdy, and are they badly in need of repair? If so, at first blush it may look as though there would have to be a lot of ripping and tearing to bring them up to scratch. But like many other things in life, first impressions are sometimes erroneous. It does not matter a tinker's hoot whether the wall defects which offend your eye are cracks, blisters, or are caused by the bad proportion of the room; there are ways and means to correct them at little cost and with a minimum amount of disorder.

If the walls are cracked and painted, and you still wish to use paint as a finish, fill the cracks by brushing into the crevices a mixture of three parts boiled linseed oil and one part turpentine.

If the cracks are rather wide, use white lead thinned with turpentine to a fairly thin paste. Rub on with a cloth to force the paste into the cracks, wiping off the excess. Light sandpapering may be necessary to smooth the paste fill. Such a finish would provide an excellent base for wallpaper as well as paint.

A point to remember is that you cannot paint over a calcimined finish. It must be removed entirely before painting, and can be removed with a wire brush.

If the plastering is badly blistered or is coming away from the wall through dampness or faulty construction, or even through wrong application of the plaster, there is only one thing to do—take it off and replaster the wall.

## FIRST AID for Dowdy Walls

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.I.C.

**BUT THERE** are more ways of killing the cat than by stoning it. If the blisters and defects are not large in size, the surface can be covered with a coated fabric. This fabric is washable canvas, which stretches slightly so that minor cracks and blisters which may develop later can be taken care of.

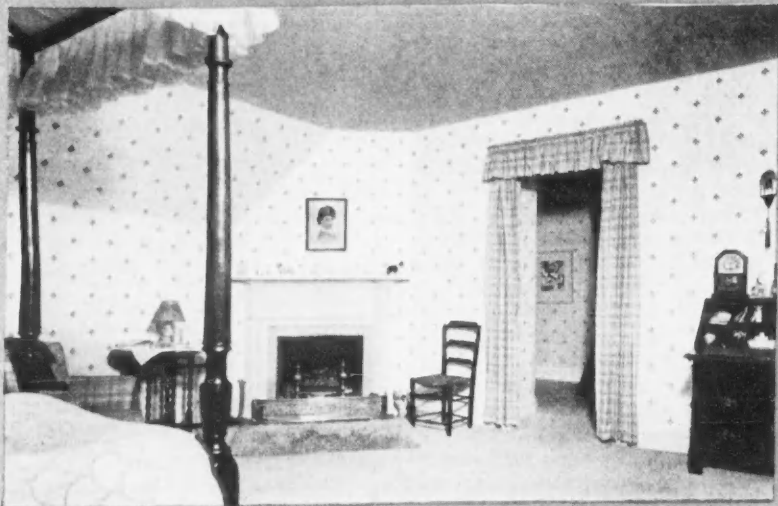
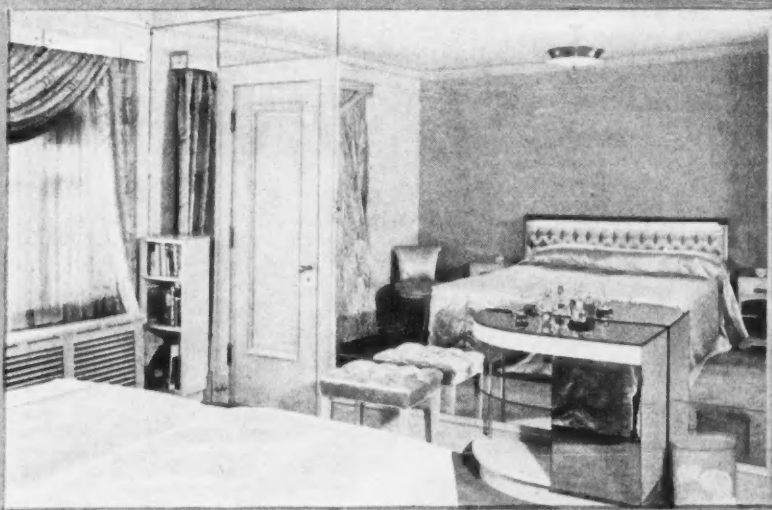
If the blisters, cracks or stains are numerous, you can resurface the walls with a wood veneer backed with canvas. This material is applied in the same way as

wallpaper, but looks like wood panelling, although it costs much less.

If you are tired of the present lines or proportions of the room, build a wall within the present wall. It is not an expensive job. You can use some of the finest wood—mahogany, walnut, gumwood or redwood, pine or birch mounted on plywood. It can be fixed to batten firmly nailed to the stud or brick wall, as the case may be, thus squaring the room up as you want it. The door and window trim can be taken off and blocked out to take the extra thickness of wall. The new face can cover the existing baseboard, and a two-inch cove molding nailed on the new surface for intersection of floor and wall.

The same technique—nailing batten on the walls—is applicable if you use plaster, asbestos, gypsum or insulating board. But the battens would be necessary only if the walls are in very bad shape, such as being out of plumb or upright, or if the room requires re-shaping, because it is too high for its size, or has awkward corners or recesses which get on your nerves whenever you enter the room.

FROM TIME to time I have suggested making partition walls soundproof, especially where they come between kitchens, bathrooms and other rooms. Here would be an excellent opportunity for doing this without a great deal of trouble. ☆ *Continued on page 64*



The keynote of the living room, upper left, is the admirable grouping of furniture. Note the simple, dignified fireplace, spot-lighting and spacious windows. (Murray Brown, Architect, Toronto). The modern bedroom, upper right, has a mirrored wall facing the bed, which makes the room appear twice the size. (Kaplan-Sprachman, Architects, Toronto). The lower left photograph shows a "Cape Cod" girl's room,

with four-poster bed, plaid drapes, rush bottom chair, pierced colonial brass fender, rag rug and spotted wallpaper. The living room, lower right, is a very pleasing example of maple and colonial furniture in combination. Note the built-in bookcase, which balances the door on the other side of the room. The radio is built into the side of the fireplace. (Two bottom rooms by Allward and Gouinlock, Architects.)





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## Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 9

However, the heat in the canal put the postscript out of his mind. He had just strength enough to notice that neither Mr. Findlater nor Miss Janeway were at the captain's table that night. Madame Li sat alone, wrapped in a gentle Oriental remoteness. He was half tempted to join her. They had several things in common. They were, it seemed, in business together. It would be interesting to know more precisely what the business was. On the other hand the conversation might drift round to the English girl who had shared her cabin with a stranger, and he had no desire to discuss a situation that was quite obvious. Findlater was a millionaire on the loose, and Biff-Janey was a girl who by means of some mysterious quality had won the hearts of a stupid public and would probably keep them long after decent, useful people were forgotten. She had pulled herself out of the gutter with no standards and a determination to grab anything she could get from anyone.

He only wished to heaven someone else had saved her.

S.S. Siren anchored at Suez. She sailed again at dawn. The worst heat over, the ship became a deserted fortress with gloomy subterranean rumblings. David finally went ashore. So far he didn't think much of the Orient. It looked cheaply Occidental. Two British cruisers added a very rowdy element. David felt that they should have been reminded that they represented the British Empire. They seemed to be mainly engaged in representing the Old Kent Road on a Saturday night. David pushed his way through them, feeling aloof and disgusted and distinctly lonely.

It might have been loneliness on the sight of a parked limousine, or just plain thirst, that drove him into the Café des Vieux Copains. It was a garish place, thick with bad air, sailors and native riffraff. Some of the sailors were dancing with the hostesses—tawdry, raddled-looking women—to the feverish syncopation of what appeared to be a band of Nubian brigands. David picked out Biff-Janey and Mr. Findlater at once. They were at a side table drinking champagne and looking travel-stained and pleased with themselves. Mr. Findlater was openly holding the girl's hand. David had heard a lot about what the East did to one's moral fibre. And they weren't even through the Red Sea.

Biff-Janey saw him too, and beckoned. She looked really pleased, and for a moment he felt happier. Anyhow he had no choice. He shouldered his way across the dance hall and an annoyed sailor said, "Nah then, guv'nor, who d'you think you're a shovin' of?"

"Don't look at my nose," Biff-Janey said. "All the skin's off. We don't have suns like that in Manchester. Eh, lad, but you should have seen the Sphinx. She knows a thing or two, Sam says, but she tells nawt."

"Miss Janeway," Mr. Findlater explained with unexpected primness, "has been studying history."

"So it would seem," David said. He felt cynical. She probably didn't know what the word meant.

☆ Continued on page 65

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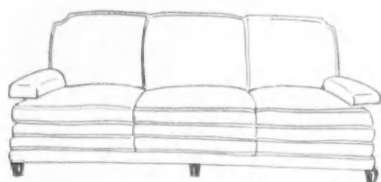
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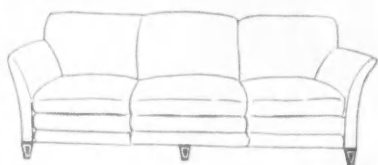
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To slip-cover the London club couch at left and the Tuxedo chesterfield below would call for eleven yards of material in each case.



or linoleum floor covering in plain mulberry.

Queen Anne wing chairs are equally suitable for living rooms or bedrooms. Charming effects can be obtained with either crash or printed linen slip covers. Bright bird plumage designs with plenty of light background are always a success in rooms facing south. If the room has a northern exposure, floral designs with orange, pastel blue and mulberry are hard to beat.

The pillow-back chair is for the "master of the house." It gives him a setting which is always helpful in the home. If he has a taste for modernity, slip-cover the chair in striped rayon—yellow and black will create an atmosphere and score a bull's eye.

The modern club chair is ideal in a room furnished with honey mahogany. There would be an opportunity to use sail cloth to advantage. It could be changed as often as you wished, without worry about the expense.

A tuxedo couch contributes in no small measure to gracious living. When slip-covered with a striped rayon, a dignity is at once added to any room in which it may find a home. Young moderns favor it in generous measure, and rightly so. A suitable setting is



invaluable when entertaining or indulging in a tête-à-tête.

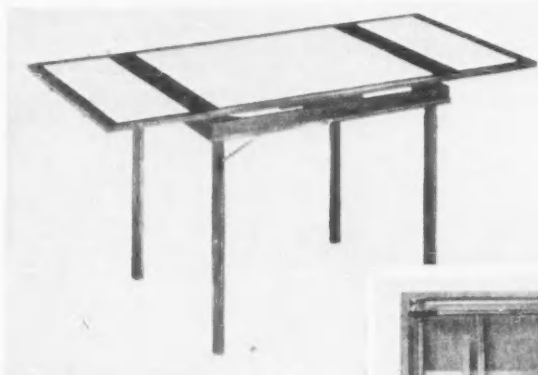
The London Club chesterfield is typical of the tendency for Canadians to emulate some of the excellent designs of furniture to be seen in the Old Country. This piece is both formal and intimate.

If you want to give added zip to one of your rooms for the winter months, slip-cover some of the chairs, the sofa, couch or chesterfield. For the quantity of material required, note illustrations.

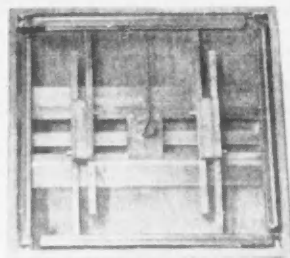
Slip covers in use today not only fit but have the effect of permanent upholstery. Reproductions of old needle-point and tapestry of sanforized-shrunk fabric have raised the slip cover to new heights, and allover embroidered cotton and linen achieve the appearance and atmosphere of permanent upholstery. Others have a floral type motif or are of high-grade sail cloth.

It matters not which, most of the new fabrics being used for slip-covering furniture are dependable, washable and zipper fastened, and the covers will fit like gloves if made as they should be. ☆

## NEW TABLE MANNERS



IN KEEPING with the general trend of the times toward furniture which will adapt itself to any mood, are tables which can appear in several sizes. Open to its full length, the type of table illustrated can do duty for the family meals. Afterward the two ends, instead of folding flat against the sides to the discomfort of anyone sitting there, slide neatly under the centre panel, for the bridge game. And if you should want the table out of the way completely, the legs fold up into the smallest pos-



sible space, and the whole thing tucked away out of sight. These tables are sturdily built and give a sense of solidity the old types often lacked. They are particularly useful for apartments and small homes. ☆

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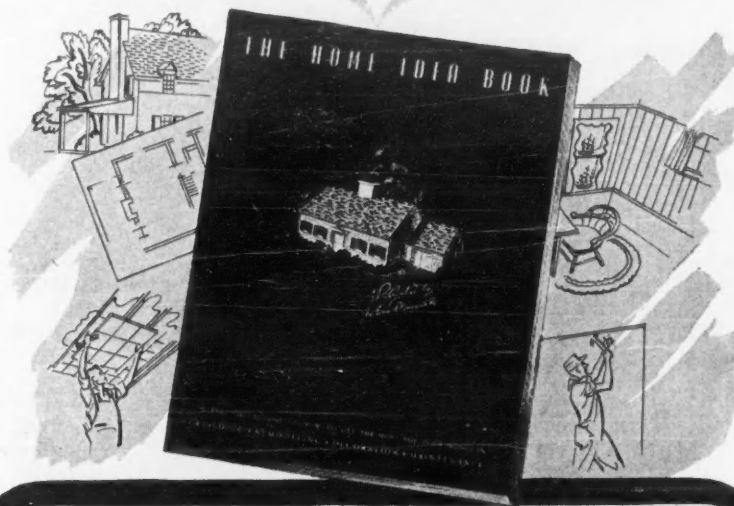
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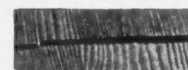
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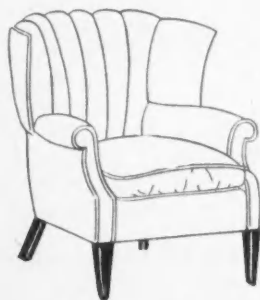
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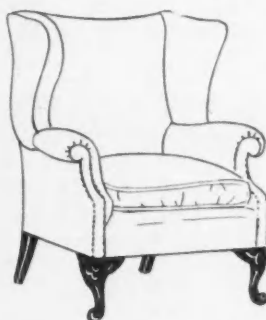
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## Sound Furniture and Slip Covers

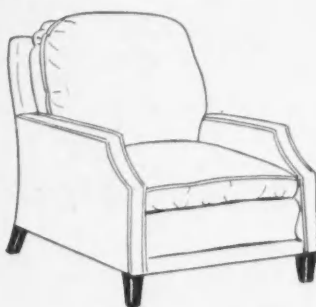
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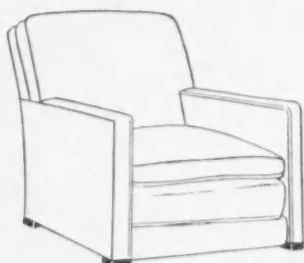
Five yards of fifty-inch material would be needed to slip-cover this cosy barrel chair.



The material cited in each of these examples is fifty inches in width. The Queen Anne wing chair above calls for five and a half yards.



Six and a half yards of material would be needed for a pillow-back chair such as this.



A modern club chair requires five and a half yards of material for a slip cover.

IF YOU are thinking of buying a new chair, sofa or chesterfield, there are many details of construction which should receive your consideration before you finally make a purchase.

For one thing, remember that things are not always what they seem, and especially is this so with upholstered furniture where the construction is hidden.

Your first enquiry should be about the frame: Is it constructed of good hardwood? If not, don't buy it. Are the legs securely joined to the hidden frame with dowels properly fitted? If they are not, and are only nailed on, then be prepared for embarrassment when you or your visitor come crashing to the floor, which is not such an uncommon occurrence as some of you may imagine.

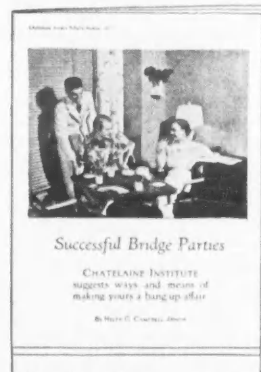
The next thing is to see that the bottom of the frame is webbed, with springs mounted on. If the webbing is inferior, it is likely to tear loose and cause the springs and the seat to sag. If the springs are sparse, lumps and knots are bound to develop. The springs should be sewn on the webbing, and tied to one another and to the frame. Eight ties at least are necessary, preferably more, in a well-made chair. Good pieces of furniture are always covered with good and spotless muslin which covers burlap firmly sewn in place over the springs and webbing.

One of the latest materials for filling is made of rubber. Some manufacturers claim that it can supplant springs, hair, down and suchlike, and consists of fifty per cent of air because of its cellular design. Maybe; but time will tell. But since we know from experience that horsehair is satisfactory, has resiliency and is long wearing, it would be far better to insist that your piece of furniture should be filled with horsehair. The pillows should have down, or down with feathers, and be covered with good muslin.

The only things that you can judge at a glance are whether the covering is one that you like, if it is of good quality, and whether it fits like your tailor-made suit. But never lose sight of the fact that a pleasant exterior may cover a multitude of sins.

The barrel chair is the very thing for a cosy corner in the living room. It offers opportunities for tying in the color scheme of wall and rug. A slip cover made of canary-colored repp would blend delightfully with a colonial wallpaper in light brown, sepia and midnight blue, and a broadloom

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## The House Clinic

Queries should be addressed to Evan Parry, F.R.A.I.C., Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope for reply.



**Question**—We bought an old house and are trying to fix it up ourselves as much as possible. The living room is small—so we thought of knocking the wall out between it and the sleeping porch, which opens into the dining room, with a fireplace built in the end and making corner windows. Should we make the door an archway or seal it up? We also thought of glazing the porch and making a sunroom with French doors entering into the living room—as it is really waste space. Our kitchen is painted all ivory, with black knobs and quarter-round, with henna (plain) inlaid linoleum. What could we do to the stairs in the hall? Paint them ivory, or revarnish the light woodwork?

**Answer**—The living room can be made most interesting with a new fire-



place, bookcases and corner window. The opening leading into dining room closed up. Porch closed in with glazed sashes would make quite a nice place for lounging, and, if heated, could be used during both summer and winter. Paint the staircase newels, posts and margins of tread and risers the same color as the lighter background of the wallpaper, and ebonize the handrail. A brown carpet for the stairs would be quite successful. A mirror extending from top of mantel to ceiling and of the same width as that of mantel, would give distinction to the living room.

☆☆

**Question**—Our house is colonial style, and the living room has two windows like enclosed sketch. What material would you suggest for the drapes, and how should I drape them; also what material for the glass curtains? The wallpaper is of the ivory shade with no design, but looks like a rough plaster, and the shades in rug are in rose: furniture is upholstered in taupe mohair.

**Answer**—Use homespun drapes, floor length, with stripes of orange, dusty rose and very light cream. Venetian blinds are suitable for colonial style windows, and they eliminate the necessity for glass curtains. If you insist upon the latter, use Tuscan net, oyster shade.

☆☆

**Question**—Would you give me some

idea how windows in a sun porch should be draped? They are about twelve inches apart; and what kind of curtain material would be best?

**Answer**—Either homespun or monk's cloth, floor length, would be suitable. Treat the windows in pairs—one pair of draw-over drapes for each pair of windows; this avoids fussiness. One Venetian blind over each pair of windows would justify the omission of glass curtains.

☆☆

**Question**—We have recently bought our own home, and are not satisfied with the woodwork. The dining room is panelled halfway up, and is very dark. Is there any way I can remove the original finish and do it over lighter? I would like it finished in the lightest color possible, as the room is quite dull. Would also like to know how to remove from kitchen walls paint that has become chipped and scarred.

**Answer**—I presume the wainscoting you describe is finished with a varnish. If this varnish is not checked, you can paint over it. First of all, add benzol to the first coat of white undercoat of paint that you are applying, one-half cup of benzol to one quart of undercoat. This has the effect of loosening the varnish enough to bind the varnish and undercoat together. After this is dry, sandpaper the surface, then apply two more coats of paint and finish with a high-grade enamel. Let it stand twenty-four hours to dry before touching it. It is most essential that each coat should be sandpapered after the application, before applying the new coat. If the wainscoting finish is not checked, you can paint over it after



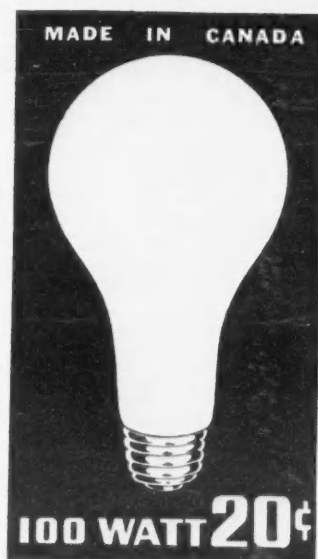
well washing the surface with soap and water, then giving three coats and enamel finish. For the kitchen wall, to get a satisfactory job, it would be necessary to cut out the cracks and give the walls a new finish plaster coat. An alternative with no mess and of moderate cost, is to cover the walls with one of the pressed fibre or asbestos boards from your local builders' supply house.



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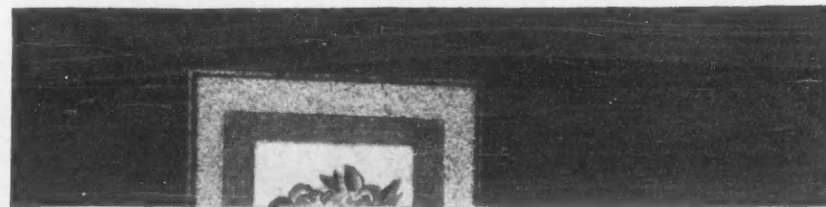


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## **Pointers for the Home**

TO PREVENT the sides of hot water bags or ice bags from sticking together, sprinkle a little talcum powder inside the bags when storing them.

When painting, you can prevent running or dripping paint by using a shield on the brush made from a rubber ball cut in half.

It is dangerous to life and limb to place scatter rugs at the top or bottom of stairs.

Anthracite coal is being used in the Pennsylvania State Building, New York World's Fair, for a decorative building material. Two of the interior walls are faced with this material, polished, and they reflect like mirrors.

To test silk for color fastness to perspiration, soak a small sample in diluted acetic acid solution for ten minutes; then dry it gradually without rinsing. Leave for a few days and then compare it with the original.

Disused tin biscuit boxes can be painted, decorated and used for small woolies—ski socks and scarves—for placing in clothes closets. Moths would be out of luck.

Before applying paint to a glossy finished sheet metal tile, sometimes seen in bathrooms, rub lightly with a very fine sandpaper. The surface must be free of dirt and grease. Use flat paint for a first coat and finish with enamel.

For glazing chintz or stiffening fabrics, apply a thin solution of tapioca on the material when it is stretched.

To conceal any small scratches on mahogany furniture, first remove wax or polish from the area of the scratches, then rub with the meat of pecan nut.

Wool is being used for knobs on natural-finished pine furniture.

For distinction in decoration of a room, build from the color of the furniture, not from the color of a rug or even from the color of the drapes.

When planting shrubs on a hillside, set them several inches below the

surface and line the sides of the pockets with stones. Watering is then no problem.

A slight change in position of the lamp with relation to the magazine or book you may be reading, will assist the problem of reflection from shining surfaces. This is further alleviated by the new lamp which provides a diffusing bowl underneath the shade, which so breaks up the light waves as to soften the reflection and produce a more comfortable lighting result on the reading surface.

A room which in a general way may seem well lighted may have poor light by which to read or sew. To overcome this, the best thing to do is to have, in addition to the general lighting of the room, local lamps, placed in each furniture grouping, so that the light source is not more than three feet away from the seeing task.

Three good color schemes for the outside of wood frame houses are:

- (1) Oyster white body, cream sash, dark grey roof and shutters.
- (2) Brown body, cream trim and burnt orange roof.
- (3) Yellow body, deep blue trim and golden brown roof.

Spent tanbark is an excellent material for surfacing garden walks. Especially if laid on a good cinder foundation. Tanbark does not get muddy and is strongly acid. Lime-loving plants should not be planted along the edges of such walks.

Mexican pottery, textiles and paintings give enormous vitality to a modern room.

One of the simplest methods of eliminating weeds in driveways and paths is to sprinkle one pound of dried flake calcium chloride to one square yard on area to be treated. Take care to keep

the chemical off adjoining grass as it burns and destroys.

Before repainting window shutters from which the paint is peeling and cracking, thoroughly clean and then apply a good coat of priming paint before commencing the repainting job. Use a heavy oil paint without driers.



carpenter, and would not affect your comfort in the home while he was doing it. An advantage to be gained by a false ceiling is that you can sound-proof it and cut out noises emanating from rooms overhead.

Another way to create illusion in the height of a room is to fix a dado rail two feet six inches high from the floor on four walls of the room. The surface of wall between the dado rail and the baseboard can be covered with either one of the materials already described, and painted. The walls above the dado rail can be prepared, painted, or faced with a wood veneer backed with canvas.

It is astonishing how a dado rail cuts the height of a room. Women know what horizontal lines in their dresses will do; the same principle applies to walls.

The chief feature of such a treatment is that you can turn a Victorian monstrosity into almost anything you desire, without removing a stick of wood or a lump of plaster.

With the advent of new overcoating material for walls of kitchens and bathrooms, there is no logical reason why you should be discouraged at their appearance.

SO MANY treatments of walls for these rooms are now obtainable at moderate cost that one wonders why greater advantage has not been taken of them. For instance, mention has been made upon more than one occa-

sion in these columns of moisture-resistant materials for bathrooms and kitchens. They are not expensive, and are easily applied to old or disfigured walls and are made of linoleum, enamelled steel, enamelled copper and asbestos, in almost any color. They can be washed down in just the same way as you wash the kitchen sink or bathtub.

Maybe you would like the lower part only of the wall covered with this material, up to twelve inches above fixtures such as sink, bath, lavatory basin and toilet, and the rest of the wall treated differently. This can be done with good effect by using insulating board or pressed wood with horizontal joints and decorated to suit your taste. As an alternative you can cover the walls above the dado with a washable wallpaper.

As regards insulating board, there are many people who do not thoroughly appreciate how charming the texture of this material is for wall finish, or realize that it has insulating value by stopping both heat and cold.

I think you will agree with me that a room can give you either the jitters or a feeling of contentment and repose. The walls are largely responsible for these reactions. Therefore, why not take advantage of the pep you have saved up from your holidays and have a shot at tailoring the walls—by making new ones for old? You won't regret it, in fact you will get a kick out of it and intrigue your friends in the exercising of your ingenuity. ☆

## Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 58

She looked up at him, laughing.

"Shall we dance again?"

"Not in this place," he said.

"What's wrong with it?"

"Everything. It's not fit for a white woman—"

"But you're not a white woman—"

"You are."

"Look here, young man," Mr. Findlater interposed. "I brought Miss Janeway here. I know more about life than you do—"

"I have no doubt, sir."

He had not meant to be offensive. It was the heat and noise and the general beastliness of it all. Mr. Findlater leaned forward. His resemblance to a prize fighter past his prime but still capable of giving a good account of himself became more marked.

"Mr. Gretorex," he said, "you are sitting at my table and I should hate to have to knock your block off."

"You might try, sir."

Both men stood up at the same moment. A sailor who walked as though he were on his ship in a high sea lurched down on them.

"If any of you gents want a fight—" he said. Then his eye lighted on Biff-Janey and his arms went up in an ecstatic howl that stopped the Nubians and everyone else dead in their tracks.

"Boys, look what I've found!" He picked her up as though she had been a long-lost child, and set her on the table. "It's our Biff-Janey!"

David and Mr. Findlater forgot each other. And they were both forgotten. The mob bore down on them like a wild sea onto a tiny islet. It sent up a foam of shouts and laughter through

which she laughed back at them, fearless, excited, happy.

David seized Mr. Findlater by the arm.

"We've got to get her out of this—" Mr. Findlater shook him off.

"Don't be a young ass. She sang for them once in Portsmouth when the fleet was in. I heard her. She couldn't be safer in a nunnery."

There was no chance to explain that it wasn't a case of safety.

"Give us a song, sweetheart!"

A sailor jumped onto the orchestra platform and pushed a fat Nubian from the piano stool. Over the sea of heads he and Biff-Janey winked at each other. His big red hands hovered over the keys, waiting her signal.

David half turned to go. He washed his hands of the whole disgraceful business. But she saw him. She saw that he meant to escape. And deliberately she leaned forward, as she had done that first night, singing direct to him.

"Eh, lad, but why did they make thee so kissable—?"

It was almost malicious. He stopped, facing her. He wanted to strangle her. He wished he'd let her go to the bottom of the sea.

The sailor dubbed in an accompaniment. The mob joined in the chorus. They seized David and set him up on the table alongside of her. It wasn't big enough for them both. He had to hold onto her again. She might fall off and break her other arm. It would serve her right. But it seemed that he was doomed to preserve her from the consequences of her own headlong irresponsibility. Meantime the man-

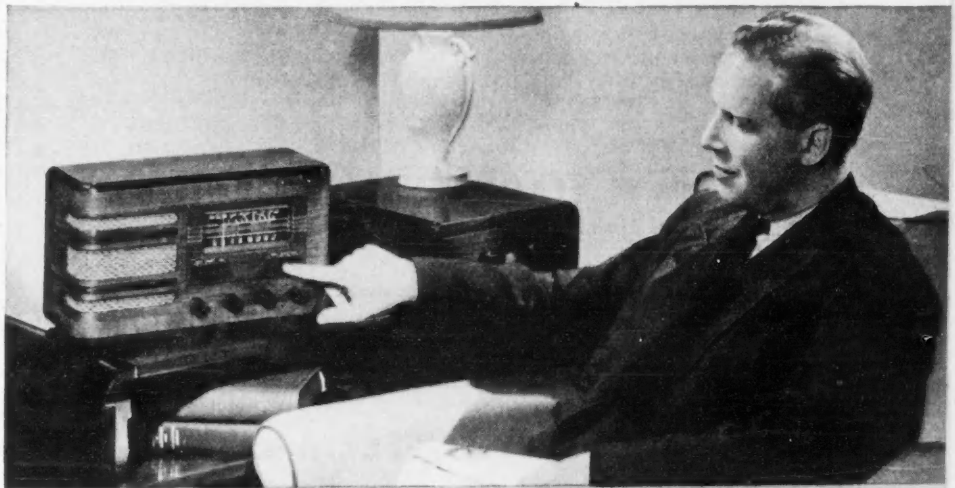
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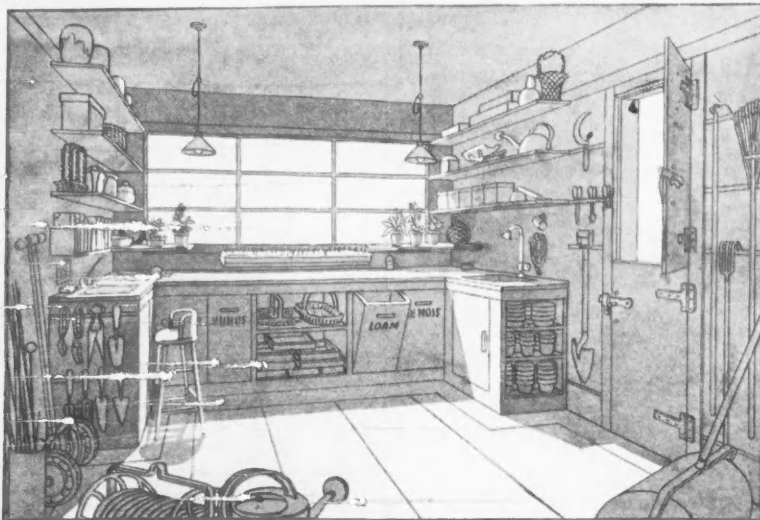
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## A Workroom for Gardeners

by EVAN PARRY, F.R.A.C.

GARDENING is a pleasure if you have the necessary facilities to make it so. Of prime importance to that end is a workroom, a place for methodically storing tools, fertilizers, seed flats, rakes, hose, watering cans, etc.

Many use such a workroom for experimenting with growth and culture of flowers, also for making notes and keeping records.

Some gardeners could possibly find space in the basement of their home, without disturbing other space-consuming units.

For others, a workroom could be built as an adjunct to the garage, or to the house itself, and this is how it can be done.

Overall size of the workroom shown in the illustration is 8 ft. by 10 ft. Walls built on wood sills of two 2 in. by 6 in. scantlings—lumber bedded on a level grade and creosoted to resist decay. Floor, 2 in. by 6 in., joists spaced at two-foot centres, covered with 7/8-inch rough boarding and finished with asphalt tile.

Walls of 2 in. by 4 in. studs placed at four-foot centres with horizontal braces. Head of walls two 2 in. by 4 in. wood plates with a roof, flat or pitched as location may require. The construction of the roof can consist of 2 in. by 4 in. rafters spaced sixteen inches centre to centre. If built against a wall, cover the rafters with asphalt or asbestos shingling on rough boarding. If flat, a standard built-up roof

would do the trick. In both cases flash the intersection between roof and wall with metal flashing.

The outside of walls can be covered with plywood and asbestos shingles. Inside face of walls either left with studs exposed or covered with rough board finished with insulating board and moisture barrier.

The bench table, legs and frame should be dressed spruce or fir, and the top of table made of plywood and finished with linoleum. The sink, white enamel of standard size and fittings, connected to rain water drain, or the waste could drain into a soak-away pit if conditions permit.

Bins for loam and fertilizers work on the same principle as flour bins in the kitchen.

It is advisable to have a stool with dwarf back if you want comfort and ease while working in the room.

The window sash and Dutch door can be made at a local mill. The advantage of a Dutch door is that one half can be opened while working.

Lighting should be as simple as possible—two drop lights with green shades. The wiring insulated against dampness.

What you put in the workroom is up to you, but the illustration will help to remind you of many things which otherwise might be overlooked.

If you want it heated, install a small electrical heating unit, or a radiator connected up to the heating system of the house. ☆

## First Aid for Dowdy Walls

Continued from page 59

Assuming one of the faulty walls is between the living room or dining room and the kitchen, the noise of handling dishes, pots and pans can be very disturbing, but can be partially eliminated by use of insulating board and mineral wool.

The same applies to a bathroom or toilet when there is only a single partition between it and the rooms adjoining.

All you have to do is batten out the offending partition or wall, leaving a

two-inch space which is the thickness of the batten and fill the voids with mineral wool. If this is done on both sides, excellent results will ensue, but even one side of the partition thus treated would make an appreciable difference.

You can finish the walls in any way you wish—paint, paper or calcimine.

IF THE room is too high for its size, lower the ceiling by putting in a false one. This can be done by a local

A NASTY JOB  
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27 YEARS AGO!



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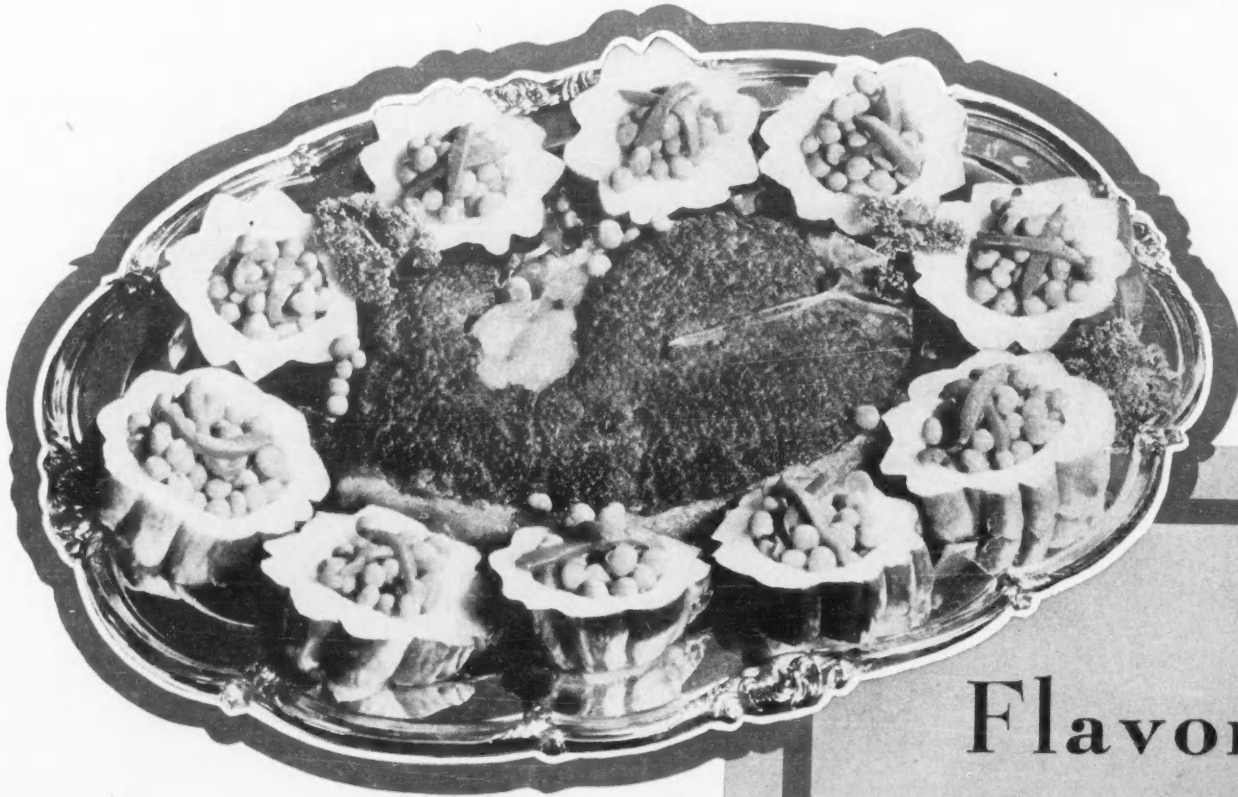
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# HOUSEKEEPING



A DEPARTMENT OF HOME  
MANAGEMENT-Conducted  
By HELEN G. CAMPBELL.



In Hamburger T-bone steak,  
the bone may be made from  
parsnip. Pepper squash  
rings with green peas pro-  
vide the garnish.

Silver courtesy  
Wm. A. Rogers Limited.

## Flavorful Economies

*Now, more than ever, do house-  
keepers pay attention to nourish-  
ing meals and balanced budgets*

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

CANADIANS have no need to forego good food, but thrift, these days, is both a patriotic duty and a cardinal virtue. Whether from necessity or as a matter of sound common sense, housekeepers turn their backs on waste and extravagance and consider the cost and nutritive value as well as the flavor of the food they provide. For, especially in times like these, a balanced budget and balanced meals are both important.

Luckily, plain fare can be as delicious and appetizing as extravagant concoctions, and from a dietetic standpoint much more desirable. But it takes ingenuity, judgment, and some skill, to set a good table while at the same time carrying out a program of economy.

Begin at the beginning by planning your menus ahead of time, keeping in mind both the nutritive value and that fine combination of flavors which makes a meal successful. Then follow up with careful shopping to get the best return for your money, with good cooking and attractive service to make the most of every dish. Certain foods are essential in a satisfactory diet, irrespective of how much or how little you have to spend. Milk, for instance, should be poured with a generous hand, allowing at the very least one pint for each child and half that amount for every adult, in the day's meals. It doesn't matter so much how you take it—as a drink, as an ingredient in many dishes, or as an accompaniment to others—so long as you get your full quota and your rightful ration of the vitamins, minerals and protein it provides. Judged on the basis of these contributions, milk is an inexpensive item, particularly when you consider that there is no waste and that it serves so many useful purposes.

Fruit and vegetables run milk a close second in dietary importance. You cannot afford to omit them—even if you would—but you can make an economical choice from those varieties in season and the excellent canned products which are available all the year round. Their many forms and flavors make them among the most adaptable of foods to use in menus for daily

service, but it's a good plan to use some of them raw and work a green vegetable into your menus as often as you can.

The cheaper cuts of meat are equally as nutritious as the more expensive and quite as flavorful when properly cooked and cleverly seasoned. Here is a chance to exercise your culinary skill, to make your bill of fare more varied, and to serve wholesome, appetizing meals within the limits of your budget. Fish, too, offers variety in economical service, and even at winter prices, eggs are indispensable to much good cooking.

When our policy is thrift, and the dollar must do its full duty, bread and cereals are used extensively as a source of energy as well as certain necessary elements. Modern versions of these staples are innumerable, so monotony can be side-stepped while economy is served.

A safe and simple rule for those who look well to the ways of their households, is to buy first the essential foods, then add such little luxuries as you can afford. Eliminate waste, plan for the use of left-overs, and with various combinations of well-chosen dishes, provide simple, well-balanced meals which meet the needs of the family. The following recipes will help to keep the budget under control without tightening your belts and without the sacrifice of fine, appetizing flavors.

### Hamburger T-Bone

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Pounds of minced round steak
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt

- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of mustard
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of horse-radish
- ½ Cupful of chopped green pepper

Combine the onion, salt, pepper, mustard, horse-radish and green pepper with the minced meat, and mix well. Pat out into shape of a T-Bone steak, using strips and wedges of parsnip for the bones and fat. Broil, and when done, remove to a hot platter. Garnish as desired and serve piping.

### Rice and Meat Balls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

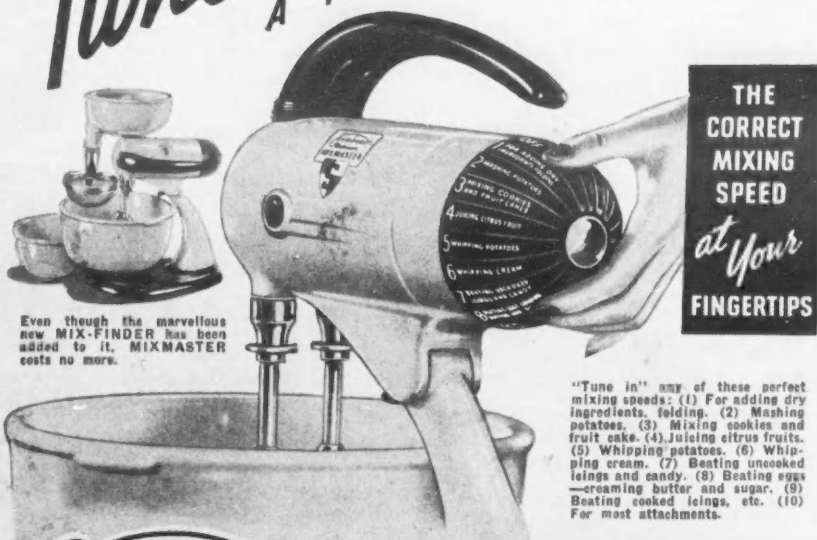
- 1½ Pounds of ground beef
- ½ Cupful of uncooked rice
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of grated onion
- 1 Can of tomato soup
- 1 Cupful of water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper if desired

Mix the beef, uncooked rice, salt and pepper. Shape into small balls and drop into the hot tomato soup, to which the water, onion and chopped green pepper have been added. Cook slowly for forty minutes. Serve on a hot plate with the tomato sauce, thickened with a little flour if desired. ☆

Continued on page 73



# "Tune in" A FEATHER-LIGHT CAKE



Even though the marvellous new MIX-FINDER has been added to it, MIXMASTER costs no more.

"Tune in" any of these perfect mixing speeds: (1) For adding dry ingredients, folding. (2) Mashing potatoes. (3) Mixing cookies and fruit cake. (4) Juicing citrus fruits. (5) Whipping potatoes. (6) Whipping cream. (7) Beating uncooked icings and candy. (8) Beating eggs—creaming butter and sugar. (9) Beating cooked icings, etc. (10) For most attachments.

## Sunbeam MIXMASTER

WITH THE EXCLUSIVE NEW

### Automatic Mix-Finder

Home economists agree that PROPER MIXING, at the correct, uniform speed, is the success-secret of baking, particularly of cake-making. With this marvellous new Automatic Mix-Finder, you simply dial MIXMASTER to the correct mixing speed. Whether it's creaming the butter and sugar for a cake, blending your favorite salad dressing or whipping creamy-fluff mashed potatoes—you have the perfect mixing-speed at your finger tips—instantly. MIXMASTER, the world's best electric mixing machine, is the only mixer equipped with Mix-Finder. Better results are assured—and so much easier for you because MIXMASTER does all the tiring arm-ache jobs.

## NEW Sunbeam TOASTER (T9)

Either POPS UP the toast . . . or . . . keeps it warm in the Toaster-oven 'til wanted.

A turn of the button sets the New Sunbeam to operate either way. You drop in the bread, press the lever and that's all. Sunbeam patented Double-Thermostat control tends to everything. No watching! No burning! No worry! A grand toaster sparkling with rich, new, distinctive beauty.

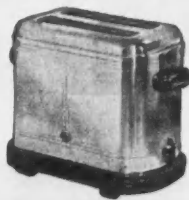


## Sunbeam COFFEEMASTER

Unbreakable. Chrome plated inside and out. To make good coffee the water should never boil and should pass through the coffee only once. COFFEEMASTER controls this AUTOMATICALLY. Simply put water in lower vessel, coffee in top. Forget it. Come back any time, even hours later, coffee ready to serve, delicious, hot. Automatically brews coffee at correct temperature for correct time—then sets itself to keep coffee hot till wanted. Lower vessel loveliest of servers, 8-cup capacity. Also supplied with matched tray, sugar and cream set.

## Sunbeam IRONMASTER

The only automatic iron with Heat Dial at thumb-tip—away from heat (see arrow). More clearance for fingers, no burns. Dial plainly marked "Artificial Silk, Silk, Wool, Cotton, Linen, Off." Light weight iron—only 3½ lbs. Heats quicker—low heat in 30 seconds, high heat in 2½ minutes. Maintains desired heat evenly, automatically. No waiting, no scorching. Better ironing with less effort, in less time.



## Sunbeam Silent Automatic Toaster (T7)

Keeps toast warm in Toaster-Oven 'til wanted

Fully automatic, needs no watching. Uniformly delicious toast no matter how many slices. Set for light, medium, dark. Current shuts off and red signal light flashes out when toast is done. SILENT because Patented Double Thermostatic toast-timing—no clock-work. Moderately priced. Canada's best buy in automatic toasters. Also supplied with smart buffet set.

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Factory and Office, 321 Weston Rd. So., Toronto, Ont. . . 50 years making Quality products.

agement of Les Vieux Copains had rung up the police. And the police, old in experience of the seafaring temperament, had rung off.

An hour before dawn the limousine made its way slowly along the main street to the docks. A sailor sat at the wheel. The Navy, represented by the crew of two of His Majesty's cruisers, provided the power. Hunched in the corner of the back seat and facing Mr. Findlater, David Gretorex and Jane Janeway exchanged brief but conclusive opinions of each other.

"You made an exhibition of yourself."

"Of course I did. That's how I make my living."

"You let down the whole country."

"How? By giving th' lads a good time—making them feel a bit at home like—?"

"It—it was downright cheap."

"It didn't cost them owt—if that's what thee means—"

Lancashire thickened on her. Balliol asserted itself insolently.

"You know quite well what I mean. You know what I think—"

"That I'm good-for-nowt. Well, I make people laugh. That's summat. And what do you do?"

"He makes people laugh too," Mr. Findlater said. "Some people."

"You keep out of this!" David said menacingly. "It's all your fault. You dragged her into this. You've behaved like a perfect bounder, sir."

"And you, sir, are behaving like what you are—a young stuffed shirt."

Suddenly Biff-Janey recovered her good humor. She laughed.

"Eh, lad, I've been trying to find th' word for it. Thee's hit the nail right on th' head."

They did not speak again.

The gangplank was like a bridge between two worlds—between the seething riotous shore and the dark, proudly withdrawn ship. And at the end of it, Madame Li met Biff-Janey. The Chinese woman seemed to have been waiting for her. She took both her hands and held them. Her small face, in the ship's fading lights, had a strange look—almost of relief.

"I have just heard," she said. "The enemy is firing on Shanghai—"

THE TWO women stood together at the ship's side, looking down into the yellow water of the Yangtze and talking quietly. David Gretorex lifted his hat as he passed. Since the night at the Café des Vieux Copains he and Biff-Janey had not spoken. They knew now what they thought of each other, and in a few hours they would be spared the necessity of even bowing. Under ordinary circumstances David would have been thankful. But the circumstances were not ordinary. They transcended personal antipathies.

At the mouth of the river they had stopped to take on the pilot and a flock of uneasy rumors. They were to be turned back. The International Settlement was in flames. It had been overrun by a panic-stricken horde from Chapei. An American warship had been sunk. There was nothing certain but that they continued to glide between the flat green fields toward a destination which was quite obviously no place for a woman, especially a fellow-country woman, however undesirable. ☆ Continued on page 77

## ARTICLE N° 1

By Robt. G. Jackson, M.D.

IF you had for twenty years been looking into a grave and then had worked out a food that had brought you back to such health that for thirty years you had not had an ache, a pain or a cold you would feel pretty sure you had unusual food knowledge. Then if after thirty years of absolute health you had a serious accident that confined you to bed for seven months at eighty yet those same foods ultimately brought you back to the most perfect health of body and mind at eighty-one you would know you were really a food expert. Well such has been my happy experience.



ROBT. G. JACKSON, M.D.

My training in medicine, food chemistry and dietetics and my experience in my long, long illness in mid-life fitted me in a most unusual way to develop an unusual food and Dr. Jackson Meal (formerly Roman Meal) is certainly that. With my experience and special knowledge back of it, it ought to be, and a trial of three or four packages will prove it to you.

One-half million copies of my book "HOW TO BE ALWAYS WELL" have been sold at \$3.00 per copy. If interested in better health write for particulars to Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., Toronto 9, Ont.

FREE! For valuable free literature on food and health write Dr. Jackson Foods Ltd., 516 Vine Ave., Toronto.

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\*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.

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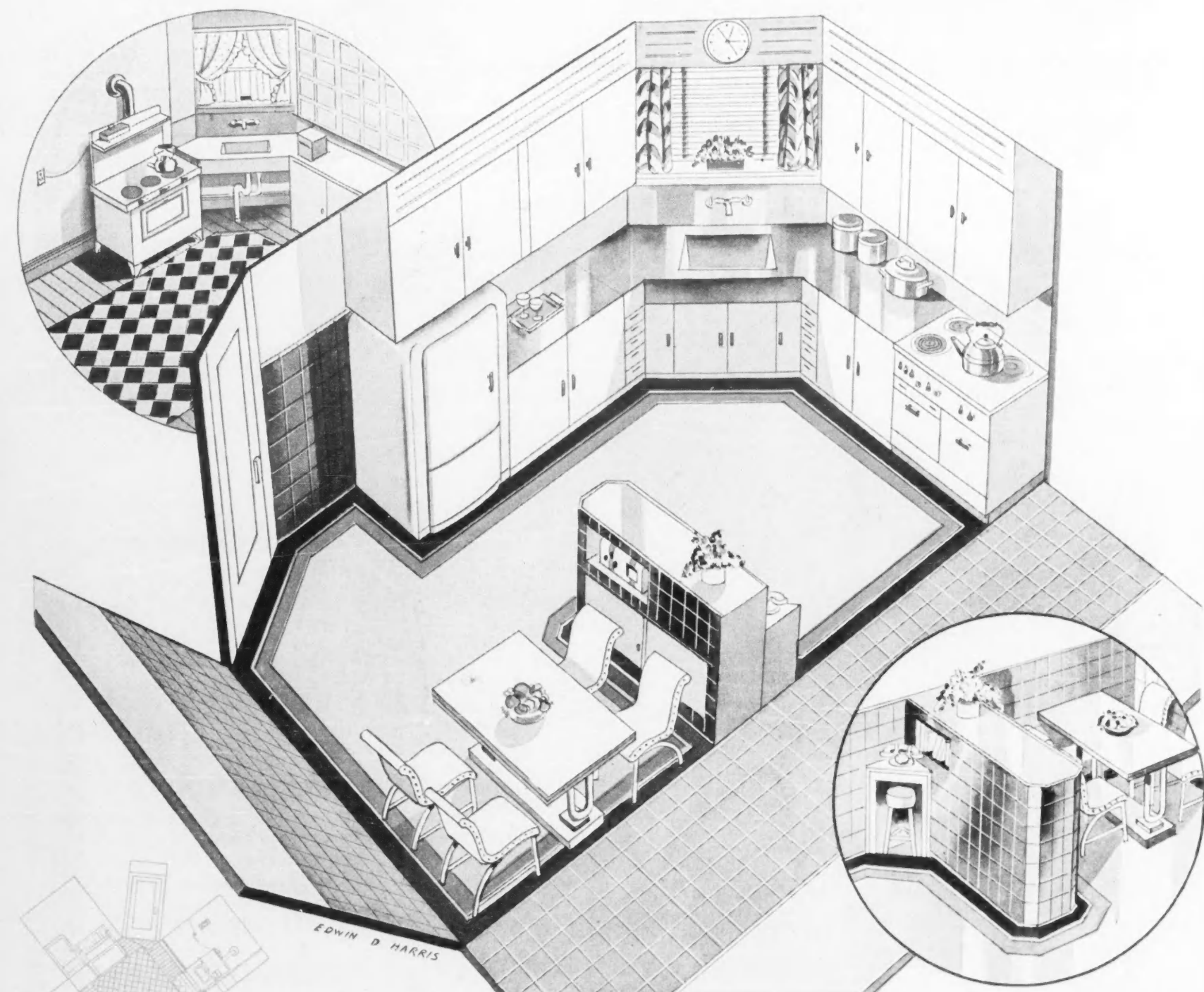
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# Kitchen Transformation

by HAMILTON GILLIES WILSON

Before - and - after floor plans. Compare the scattered inconvenient arrangement of the old kitchen with the compact convenience of the new.

The view (above) of the kitchen as the Wilsons planned it shows what modernization can do. The result is greater working comfort and a saving of space which is turned to good account, divided from the rest of the kitchen by a low partition and used as a breakfast nook.

SOME three years ago *Chatelaine* held a "\$500 Kitchen Idea Contest" which attracted the attention of Dorothy and me. We had always wanted to see that old makeshift kitchen of ours in a remodelled state, so, we entered the contest. On seeing our completed plans, we were frankly amazed at the change that had taken place. It seemed literally impossible that such a transformation could come about. We hurriedly sent in our entry, and although we were not among the lucky winners we did get "honorable mention" in the competition — and here's what we did.

When Dorothy and I finally decided to go ahead with our plans and remodel the kitchen, we kept three basic facts at the back of our minds throughout the whole procedure—efficiency, economy and beauty. It was these three things that guided us, and before we

made any decisions we asked ourselves if to place a certain table here would be efficient and how about its cost, and would it help to unify the finished plan. Using this scheme simplified our work and made our finished kitchen the one we had always hoped for.

The Contest rules demanded we keep within a budget of \$500 which was to include all new equipment, labor and extras. We also intended to spread the work over a number of months so that the cost would be lighter on our pocket-book. And then with sheaves of paper and good sharp pencils, we set out on our replanning adventure!

We made endless rough copies to illustrate our ideas as they came to us, and we took measurements of each article in our present kitchen to ensure accuracy. To these we added further ideas and then started to draft our definite plans. ☆ Continued on page 70

# Now Kraft's famous Cheese Food VELVEETA



GRAND! WE USE  
SO MUCH VELVEETA



GET ONE, MOM.  
IT'S MY FAVORITE  
KIND

## in a money-saving 2-lb. loaf!



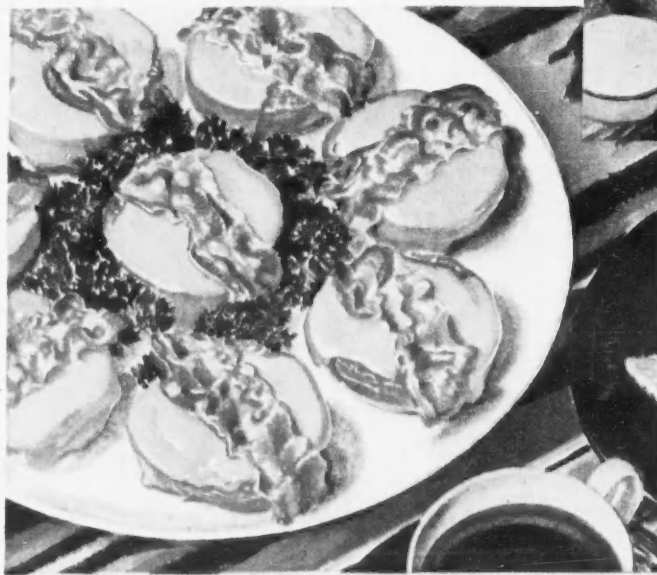
NEW FAMILY-SIZE LOAF IN NEW TRANSPARENT WRAPPER—NEATER, EASIER TO OPEN

### Smooth cheese sauce *quick!*

Just melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  pound of Velveeta in the top of the double boiler. (No need to slice or grate it because this cheese food melts *so perfectly!*) Then stir in  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of milk . . . and presto! you have a satin-smooth sauce, rich and tempting. A nutritious sauce that lures the family into eating their vitamin-rich vegetables with enthusiasm! And do discover what magic Velveeta sauce works with eggs and sea food, too.

LOOK for the Coupon inside the box which carries this 2-lb. Velveeta Loaf; it offers a handy Cheese Cutter for only 10c.

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## Story of the Girl and the Cowboy

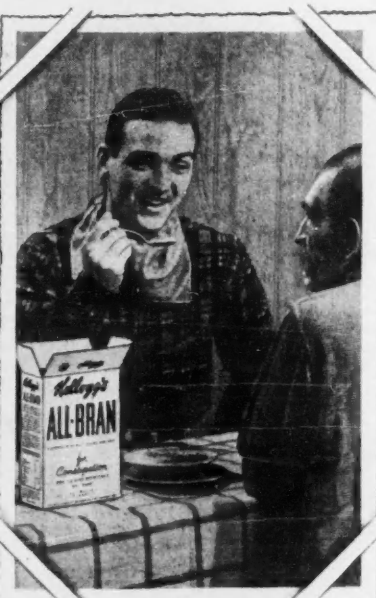


**THE GIRL:** Come on, Cowboy! Let's take a ride.

**THE COWBOY:** Miss, I got troubles that are taking me for a ride!



**OLD JOE:** So you pass up the prettiest filly on the place! What business has a cowboy with constipation? You don't eat right! Bet you don't get enough bulk! KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN for breakfast might make you right as rain.



**THE COWBOY:** So this is ALL-BRAN! Mmm! It shore beats those cathartics!

**OLD JOE:** Right! For ALL-BRAN gets at the cause of your trouble. Eat it every day and drink plenty of water.



**THE GIRL:** (sometime later) So you won the rodeo prize today. You certainly are a regular fellow!

**THE COWBOY:** (to himself) Guess I got Joe to thank for that "regular" part.

**Join the "Regulars" with  
KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

## Kitchen Transformation

Continued from page 68

It was quite obvious, even to the inexperienced eye, what the trouble was in our kitchen. It was the same thing that is to be found in a million other kitchens. There was no sensible arrangement. The stove was against one wall, the refrigerator over in a corner and the sink in another corner. The cupboards were on the opposite side of the room, and the lighting was bad. These main faults can usually be eliminated by rearrangement. We started by completely removing from the kitchen our old range and the worn linoleum, for we decided that it was long past the time when these should be replaced. The table and chairs followed the range, and an odd bench that was absolutely useless in a kitchen was freshly painted and removed to the garden. We took out the glass doors of the cupboards so they could be replaced by solid wooden ones which were more modern in design, and save the toil of polishing small panes of glass. We removed the curtains, which were worn and faded, and got rid of an old electric socket by the side of the sink that cast more shadows than any light it gave. Our present sink was of Monel metal and quite modern in design, so no change was necessary here. Our electric refrigerator was a new model, thus eliminating another major cost. That was how we stood as we finished with the old kitchen.

Our next move was to rearrange our present equipment. The sink remained in its position beneath the window at an angle to the rest of the room, and the refrigerator was moved over to its left. The reason for this, of course, was to bring the source of food supply as near as possible to the sink where it was

to be used. In its old position it meant walking the full length of the room to get anything. Cupboards were put in between the sink and the refrigerator to balance up with those on the right. The new electric stove was also placed over to the right at the same level as the cupboards. This brought the stove close to the sink, for any well-planned kitchen has the three work centres conveniently placed: the refrigerator, the sink and the stove in good relation. New cupboards were placed on the left of the window and new matching doors on the old cupboards to the right of the window.

When these changes were made on our plans, we had a central working area in one corner of the room. In a semicircle from left to right we had the refrigerator, a clear working surface of Monel metal joined up to the sink, followed up by another working surface on the other side, and then the stove itself. We had all cupboard space to each side of the window and below the sink. The space between the cupboards and ceiling was closed up to keep out dust and to give a more modern finish. Over the window was installed an electric clock. This was my idea, for I was sure it would keep Dorothy up to scratch, and there could be no excuse for late dinners. A good idea, though we did not use it ourselves, is to put an electric fan over the window, as this will draw all kitchen odors outside, keeping the room fresh and airy. Venetian blinds were put on the window, along with colorful drapes. Small, open alcoves stored such things as coffee-maker, toaster and other appliances—easily accessible for use.

☆ Continued on page 73

### COST

#### STRUCTURAL CHANGES

New doors for old cupboards, new cupboards, finish from top of cupboards to ceiling, drawers, partition (150 sq. ft. pine lumber)

Cost	12.00
Labor	23.00
	<u>\$35.00</u>

#### WALL TREATMENT

Wall board tile from floor to four feet up (black, 112 sq. ft.)

Cost	56.00
Labor	8.00

Paint above tile and ceiling (ivory, 200 sq. ft.)

Cost	2.00
Labor	3.00
	<u>69.00</u>

#### FLOOR TREATMENT

Inlaid linoleum (ivory, red and black, 12 sq. yds.)

Cost	20.00
Labor	23.00
	<u>43.00</u>

#### EQUIPMENT

Stove	189.50
Clock	5.00
Venetian blinds	6.30
Breakfast suite (leather)	99.50
Radio	29.50
Drapes (2 yds.)	2.00
Indirect lighting (2 fixtures)	10.00
	<u>341.80</u>

#### MISCELLANEOUS

Metal for decoration	2.00
Enamel for woodwork and trim (155 sq. ft.)	

Cost	2.50
Labor	6.00
	<u>10.50</u>

TOTAL	<u>\$499.30</u>
-------	-----------------

The chromium and glass of these things stood out handsomely against the Chinese red enamel and added a decorative touch of their own. New small drawers were added to each side of the sink for knickknacks, and the garbage container was kept in the cupboard below the sink. Incidentally, although not feasible in our kitchen, a small door could be made through the wall of the house (under the sink) in much the same manner as a milk box, and the garbage container could be brought through here. This would save endless steps and besides is a sanitary feature. A new indirect light was put above the sink and behind the clock, in place of our old socket. The light now shone directly down on the sink, yet produced no glare on the eyes. It is always wise to have the sink near a window and underneath a light, for a great percentage of the housewife's time, while preparing a meal, is spent here.

So we had formed in one unit the whole working kitchen. A complete meal could be prepared without walking over ten feet to either side of the sink. It was as simple, as pleasant and as inexpensive as we had always wanted.

In the other corner of the room we planned the breakfast nook. Our first move was to put up a partition to separate it from the rest of the kitchen. The partition was four feet high and formed a small enclosed area. It contained an open shelf for a radio and cupboards for china. On the other side was a bookcase for recipe file and tele-

phone book. Into the outside corner, made by the partition and the wall, was placed a telephone and table; this was an extension from our main phone. A modern breakfast suite was placed in the enclosure.

The color scheme was to be: cream—dominant, black—secondary and Chinese red—trim. Black wall board tile was used all round the room and partition, from floor to four feet high, and was both striking and sanitary as it could be washed frequently. Above this the walls were cream, as also were the cupboards, stove, refrigerator and breakfast suite. The floor was of inlaid linoleum in plain cream with a border of red, cream and black that followed the wall line of the room. This gave the kitchen a definite unified appearance as well as a brightness that was absent before. The indirect lighting was achieved by installing a double socket in place of the single, and putting a circular metal disc over all, thus diffusing the light about the room.

There we had a complete "dream-kitchen." Not fancy nor overdone, but simple, efficient and beautiful. Obviously this plan will not fit every house, but many of the ideas can readily be copied.

In the beginning we had many difficulties, but this added to our fun. We were continually writing to various manufacturers for pamphlets, price lists and samples, and in the evening we would pore over these together, deciding on this thing and that thing, arguing over something else, but finally

settling on something that pleased us both.

There were often differences of opinion between Dorothy and me, but this greatly helped in improving the kitchen. For example: we each wanted an entirely different setup for the breakfast suite. We gave our opinions, and then we would compare our notes; look into all the pros and cons, examine the actual article in a store, feel material qualities and discuss prices. Then with all our data in front of us on paper, we came to a final decision and picked what we both agreed was the best.

So we made it into a shopping game. As we proceeded with plans, we would visit the departmental stores and gain first-hand knowledge of the various products. When we came to the final choice we knew the best qualities and features of each. Thus, with this system, we got the most for our money, had a more satisfactory kitchen and a lot of fun on the side.

A few hints might be of value.

Before beginning to remodel, plan with pen and paper the kitchen you want. Keep the working section of the room together in a compact arrangement, still making it comfortable, for this saves endless steps and time, which is often so precious. Keep within a definite budget decided on beforehand. And finally, keep in mind those three important words: efficiency, economy and beauty. And the best of luck to you! ☆

## Flavorful Economies

Continued from page 67

### Curried Liver

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of liver
- 1 Onion, sliced
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of drippings
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{8}$  Teaspoonful of pepper
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoonful of curry powder
- 1 Cupful of water or meat stock
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of vinegar or lemon juice

Wipe the liver and cut into small squares or long strips. Brown with the onion in the bacon drippings, then add the salt, pepper, curry powder and liquid, and cook slowly for fifteen minutes, or until the meat is tender. Remove the meat. To the liquid in the pan, add the flour which has been mixed with a little cold water to form a paste. Stir until thickened, then add the vinegar or lemon juice. Pour over the liver and onions. Serve with a border of steamed rice, or on toast. Five servings.

### Polenta

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of cornmeal
- 4 Cupfuls of water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of grated cheese
- 1 Can of tomato soup

Stir the cornmeal into the boiling salted water, stirring constantly until thick, then complete the cooking in a double boiler or well cooker. When done, spread half-inch thick in a large shallow pan and chill. Cut into squares and arrange in layers in a baking dish, sprinkling the cheese between the layers. Reheat in the oven and serve with tomato soup diluted to the consistency of a sauce.

### Steamed Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 1 Cupful of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of milk
- Flavoring

Cream the butter, add the sugar and

egg and beat well. Sift the flour and baking powder together and add alternately with the milk. Add the flavoring. Steam fifty or sixty minutes and serve hot. The flavoring may be a tablespoonful of marmalade, or quarter teaspoonful of true vanilla or lemon extract. May be served with hot lemon sauce.

### Chocolate Cereal Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Squares ( $1\frac{1}{2}$  oz.) of unsweetened chocolate
- 3 Cupfuls of milk
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Cupful of cream of wheat, uncooked
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Egg yolks
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 2 Egg whites
- 6 Tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar

Break the chocolate into small pieces, add to the milk and heat until the chocolate is melted. Gradually add the cereal, sugar and salt, which have been combined, stirring constantly until the mixture reaches

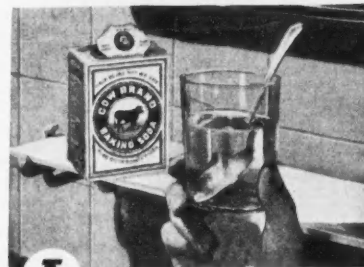
☆ Continued on page 76



## COOKIES

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## Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for October

1	BREAKFAST (Sunday) Grapefruit Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Cream of Mushroom Soup Jellied Cabbage and Pineapple Salad Rolls Peach Tarts Tea Cocoa	DINNER Dressed Pork Tenderloin Baked Potatoes Baked Tomatoes Vanilla Ice Cream Butterscotch Sauce Coffee Tea	17	BREAKFAST Stewed Prunes Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Waffles or Griddle Cakes Bacon Maple Syrup Waldorf Salad Tea Cocoa	DINNER Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Vanilla Rennet Custard with Toasted Coconut Coffee Tea
2	Cereal with Raisins Toasted Rolls Coffee Honey Tea	Cold Pork Tenderloin Relish Pan-fried Potatoes Fresh Apple Sauce Spice Cookies Tea Cocoa	Baked Meat Loaf Potato Cakes Spinach Floating Island Coffee Tea	18	Melon Cereal Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Ramekins of Pilchard and Peas Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Prune Whip Tea Cocoa	Pepperpot Soup Cold Roast Veal Mashed Potatoes Buttered Squash Peach Tarts Coffee Tea
3	Melon Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Creamed Eggs on Toast Lettuce Salad Canned Berries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Peas Plum Roly-poly Coffee Tea	19	Grapefruit Juice Fried Tomatoes Bacon Toast Coffee Tea	Scalloped Vegetables with Left-over Veal (if any) Brown Bread Canned Berries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Stewed Spareribs Dumplings Mashed Turnips Spinach Banana Fritters Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
4	Tomato Juice Cereal Fish Cakes Coffee Toast Tea	Scalloped Potatoes and Onions with Cheese Radishes Celery Peaches and Cream Cocoa	Boiled Corned Beef Parsley Potatoes Cabbage Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea	20	Grapes Cereal Brown Toast Marmalade Coffee Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Lettuce French Dressing Fruit Jelly Whip Tea Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Parsley Potatoes Harvard Beets Pineapple Rice Coffee Tea
5	Stewed Plums Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Celery Soup Sliced Bologna Chopped Relish Browned Potatoes Chilled Melon Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Hash Summer Squash Buttered Beets Rice Pudding with Molasses Coffee Tea	21	Stewed Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Onions Stuffed with Flaked Left-over Fish Celery Sauce Sliced Oranges and Bananas Wafers Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Boiled Potatoes Vegetable Marrow Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
6	Orange Halves Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Beans Sliced Tomatoes Stewed Pears with Ginger Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	Breaded Fillets of Haddock French Fried Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Cottage Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	22 (Sunday) Honeydew Melon Grilled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Clam Chowder Biscuits Sandwiches Sherbet Tea Relishes Macaroons Cocoa	Roast Duck Apple Sauce Candied Sweet Potatoes Green Beans Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea	
7	Apple Sauce Cereal Plain Muffins Coffee Syrup Tea	Creamed Chipped Beef on Toast Sweet Pickles Canned Fruit Cake (use left-over cottage pudding) Tea Cocoa	Bacon and Eggs Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Diced Fruits in Jelly Cookies Coffee Tea	23	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Duck and Rice Croquettes Brown Sauce Grated Raw Carrot and Pepper Salad Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Scotch Broth Vegetable Plate (Baked Stuffed Potatoes, Succotash, Creamed Oyster Plant) Pecan Pie Coffee Tea
8 (Sunday)	Grapes Cereal Grilled Kidneys and Bacon Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Mixed Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Nut Bran Muffins Cream Cheese Hot Chocolate Jam Tea	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Mashed Turnips Deep Apple Pie Cheese Coffee Tea	24	Orange Halves Cereal Raisin Scones Coffee Honey Tea	Asparagus on Toast with Cheese Sauce Stewed Plums Cookies Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Pork Chops Duchess Potatoes Fried Tomato Slices Upside-down Gingerbread with Pears Coffee Tea
9	Half Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Welsh Rarebit Celery Chilled Melon Wafers Tea Cocoa	Barley Broth Cold Roast Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Carrots Tapioca Cream with Stewed Plums Coffee Tea	25	Pineapple Juice Griddle Cakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Parsley Omelet Watercress Garnish Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Dressed Heart Scalloped Potatoes Cabbage Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
10	Stewed Plums Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Baked Stuffed Eggplant Brown Bread Individual Caramel Custards Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver Fried Onions Creamed Potatoes Cabbage Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea	26	Apricots Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Bacon Sweet Potatoes Grapes Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bouillon Cold Sliced Heart Mashed Potatoes Glazed Parsnips Baked Custard Coffee Tea
11	Orange Juice Cereal Bacon Marmalade Coffee Toast Tea	Pea Soup Sliced Cold Meat Green Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Honey Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Egg Sauce Boiled Potatoes Baked Cucumbers Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea	27	Half Grapefruit Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Onion Soup Vegetable Salad Canned Cherries Jelly Roll (from Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Fish and Chips Green Peas Blancmange Coffee Apricot Sauce Tea
12	Apples Bread and Milk Toasted Biscuits Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Sweetbreads on Toast Sliced Tomatoes Cherry Jelly Whip Tea Cocoa	Fried Fresh Ham Mashed Sweet Potatoes Braised Celery Baked Pears in Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	28	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Frankfurters Sauerkraut Brown or Rye Bread Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Molded Lettuce with Pimiento Fruit Iced Cake Coffee Tea
13	Tomato Juice Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Grilled Kippers with Lemon French Fried Potatoes Fresh Fruit Cup Tea Cookies Cocoa	Lobster Supreme Soup Sweet Potato Croquettes, Green Peas, Creamed Cauli- flower, Broiled Mushrooms Steamed Nut Pudding Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea	29 (Sunday) Grape Juice with Orange Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Individual Meat Pies Chili Sauce Apple, Celery, Pear and Nut Salad Cake (from Saturday) Tea Cocoa	Fricassee of Chicken Riced Potatoes Broccoli Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	
14	Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Baked Corn Pudding with Green Pepper Hard Brown Rolls Pear and Grape Salad Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Parsnips Orange Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	30	Cereal with Chopped Dates Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Cole Slaw Melon Tea Wafers Cocoa	Minute Steaks Mashed Potatoes Creamed Onions Sliced Bananas and Oranges Coffee Tea
15 (Sunday)	Fresh Pears Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Sliced Canned Corned Beef Horse-radish Potato and Celery Salad Individual Peach Shortcakes Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Grilled Lamb Chops, Sausage and Bacon Potato Chips Buttered Asparagus Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Coffee Tea	31	Stewed Pears Cereal Graham Wafers Coffee Jam Tea	Canned Salmon Salad Brown Rolls Coffee Jelly Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Grilled Ham Creamed Potatoes Buttered Cauliflower Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
16	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Potato Soup with Parsley Biscuits Gingerbread Tea Cheese Hard Sauce Cocoa	Browned Hamburger with Gravy Buttered Noodles Scalloped Tomatoes Baked Apples Coffee Tea	The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month			

The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances  
Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month

## Nothing Begins Today

Continued from page 66

Strange-looking craft turned painted curious eyes on them as they passed. The toylike figures in the paddy fields stood up motionless to watch them. The whole world seemed caught in a brief, tragic peace.

But toward dusk, as they turned out of the great river into its winding tributary, they heard a sound that some of them had heard too often not to recognize. Mr. Findlater shrugged his shoulders cynically.

"It seems," he said, "that we've just waited twenty years to get our breath."

But David had been a little boy at Longspere when all that had happened. He felt—not frightened—but as though that distant thud had hit him over the heart. Southward a light had kindled, spreading fan-shaped over the horizon, then died away.

"The boys are hitting it up," Mr. Findlater observed.

He and David were standing together by chance. They had not been on speaking terms either. But something too significant had happened for them to ignore each other. A gunboat shot past upstream. It wore its colors ostentatiously under searchlight. Mr. Gretorex and Mr. Findlater both raised their hats.

"It's not my flag," Mr. Findlater explained rather hastily. "But I'm darned glad to see it. Not that flags do us much good these days."

They had turned a bend of the Wangpoo. And this time they saw the flash. The Settlement must be getting it in the neck, Mr. Findlater remarked. According to the pilot, two hotels had been struck already. The Palace had had three stories gutted.

"That's where Miss Janeway was going," David said. He knew because he had seen the labels on her luggage piled up in one of the gangways.

"She'd better go somewhere else. I told her so. It won't be pretty."

"She'd better go home," David said crossly.

"We'd all better go home—if we knew what was good for us."

"Well—I can't. I've business here. And I suppose you have."

"I had. Cotton mills over in Pootung. I guess we'll see them burning. You're with the Anglo-Sino Company, aren't you?"

"Yes. My father's chairman."

"Sure." Mr. Findlater turned speculative eyes on him. "The aristocracy in business. Very interesting people—the Anglo-Sinos. You should keep an eye on them, Mr. Gretorex. Things aren't always as they seem from behind a chairman's handsome mahogany desk. You may be surprised."

The suggestion was offensive. But David was not offended. He merely felt very young and worried.

"Look here, sir. I don't care a hang about the Anglo-Sino people. I mean—I do of course. But that's business. Miss Janeway's different. She's serious. If someone doesn't stop her she'll get herself and everyone else into a lot of trouble."

"She's that sort," Mr. Findlater agreed.

"She ought to be sent home."

"Who's going to do it? You?"

"Of course not. But I thought, sir—

well, you've got some influence with her."

Mr. Findlater grinned.

"So you think—" He dug in his waistcoat pocket for a cigar. "The fact is, she thinks she has a good reason to be here. She's made up her mind about it."

"Rot," David said simply.

"Sure it's rot. But she comes of a pigheaded race. And a peculiar family. Maybe you noticed her mother? A very positive woman. It's taken her twenty years, so I'm told, to bully the conservative mayor and corporation of her native town into putting up a tablet to her late communist husband. But they're going to do it. It sort of makes running the town easier."

"Why a tablet?" David asked.

"It appears Mr. Janeway was a hero. He died saving a lot of mill hands from being burnt to death. Got burnt to death himself. Not enough left of him for a funeral. So now there's to be a tablet and a grand unveiling. And Bert Janeway, the son, has got to be there—even if she has to stop the war to get him."

THE SHIP was slowing up again. To the west a bouquet of lights hung against the darkness. "Woosung," Mr. Findlater said. "We haven't much time."

He took David familiarly by the arm and walked him down the deck. A motor launch, showing a single green light, shot out of the shadows of the west shore. The two women at the ship's side watched it anxiously.

"They're coming for me," Madame Li said. "When I have news of your brother I will let you know. If he is alive we shall find him."

"You're awfully kind."

"You've been kind to me."

"I wish I could do more," Biff-Janey said sadly. "You're so small. You ought to be kept out of trouble. One of these days you'll get yourself hurt."

"I expect to. Many people are being hurt. It is not important."

"If you and I aren't important," Biff-Janey said, "what is?"

"The Almighty State," Mr. Findlater suggested. "And if anyone can tell me what that is I'll eat my hat." He took it off and said formally, "Mr. Gretorex and I form a deputation, Miss Janeway. And Mr. Gretorex is the spokesman."

And withdrew rather treacherously to Madame Li's far side, leaving David and Biff-Janey to confront each other.

Their faces were both set and hostile.

"The fact is—" David began, "I—we think you ought to go home. The ship sails for Hong Kong tomorrow, and you can stay on board—"

"It's no concern of yours, Mr. Gretorex."

"You're an Englishwoman and it is—"

"I'm Lancashire. And I can look after myself."

"I—we don't think so. You'll get into trouble. And then someone will have to get you out of it."

"Nobody will ask you, anyway."

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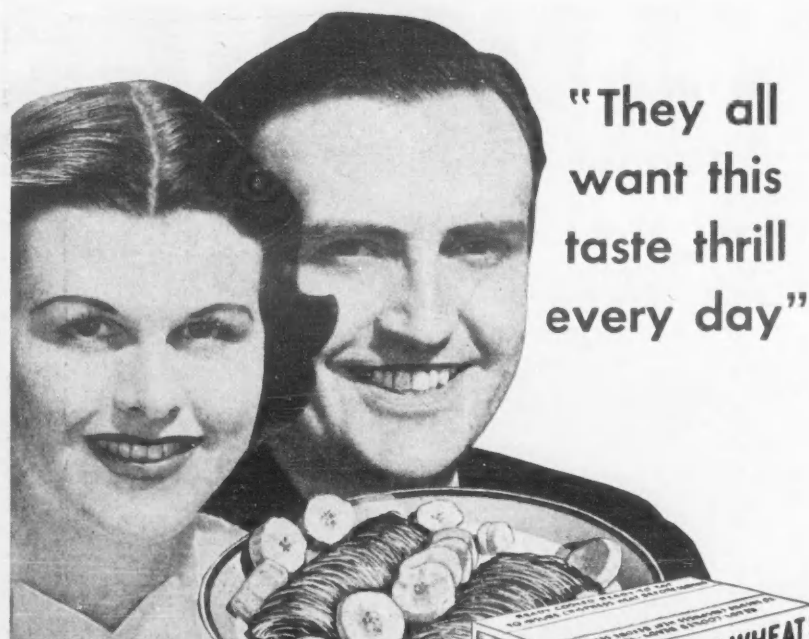
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## Flavorful Economies

Continued from page 73

boiling point. Cook gently for five minutes, stirring constantly. Combine with the slightly beaten egg yolks, add the vanilla and turn into a heatproof serving dish. Beat the egg whites until stiff, add the sugar and beat until the mixture will stand in peaks. Pile roughly on top of the pudding and brown in a slow oven—300 to 325 degrees Fahr.—for about twenty minutes. Six or eight servings.

### Garden Succotash

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of cooked or canned lima beans
- 1 Cupful of cooked or canned yellow corn
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of cooked or canned green peas
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Teaspoonful of sugar
- 1/2 Cupful of thin cream
- 1/4 Cupful of finely chopped red pimiento

Mix all the ingredients together and put in a baking dish. Heat in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for thirty minutes. Seven or eight servings

### Pork and Parsnips

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 1/2 Pounds of fresh pork
- 1 Large onion, peeled and thinly sliced
- 5 Cupfuls of hot water
- 4 Cupfuls of peeled, diced parsnips
- 1 1/2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour

Cut the pork into small dice and brown in its own fat. Add the sliced onion and cook until lightly browned. Add the hot water and cook slowly until the pork is nearly tender. Add the prepared parsnips and the salt, and cook for fifteen to twenty minutes, or until the parsnips are tender. Mix the flour to a smooth paste with a little cold water, add to the hot mixture and cook, stirring constantly until thick. Serve hot with a sprinkling of chopped parsley. Six servings.

### Baked Cucumbers with Fish

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cucumbers
- 1 Cupful of flaked cooked fish
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped celery
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper and paprika
- 1 Can of celery soup

Peel the cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise and scoop out the centres. Combine the fish, chopped parsley, celery and seasonings, and add enough of the soup to moisten. Fill the cavities with the mixture, place close together in a baking pan and pour around the remainder of the soup, which has been diluted with an equal quantity of water. Bake in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for half an hour, basting occasionally with the liquid. Six servings. ☆



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Biff-Janey's face. For he was standing very close to her. She looked at him too—a very straight clear glance, devoid of laughter or hostility. And it occurred to him that for the first time they really saw each other.

"All right," she said, "I promise."

JANE JANEWAY looked round the room. She had never seen it before. But David had made it as familiar to her as her own hand. She looked out of the long French windows onto the terrace, and wondered if the old bad-tempered peacock still trailed his gorgeous train over the velvet grass. Last of all she looked at the portrait over the mantelshelf. Then she forgot what she had planned to say. And when she remembered she couldn't say it. Hard, invisible fingers had her by the throat. Even the gay, rich clothes made her think of him—she couldn't imagine why. The last time she'd seen him he'd been in mud-stained rags. But he'd worn them with just that air. And there were the same ice-grey eyes, the long thin mouth (it looked cold and hard. But she knew now that it wasn't), the peak to the close-cropped fair hair.

They seemed to know what was wrong with her. Lady Flavia said quietly, "It's very good of you, Miss Janeway, to have come so far to see us. We know that you have your own loss to bear."

They didn't know anything—yet. But they were going to. She hardened herself. They weren't the sort to break down, and she wouldn't. She wouldn't give them that much satisfaction. All Ma's hostility to their kind flamed up in her, burning a brief pity to ashes. Probably they thought of her as a sort of newspaper reporter bringing them a story that was no real business of hers. She looked over. A thin dried-up little man stood by the window twirling his pince-nez and looking as though there was a faint but unpleasant odor in the room. They'd introduced him as Sir George Reeves. He might be the Archbishop of Canterbury. She'd still have no use for him. The old girl was different. She sat bolt upright in her straight-backed chair, dead still except when she gave one of her scarves a sort of reproving twitch. She was David's mother. So somewhere in that woolly confusion of beads and gewgaws was a bit of David—perhaps that secret bit that in the end Biff-Janey had discovered for herself. If she thought too much of that she'd go to pieces. Lord John stood opposite her, his back to the fire. "Hedgey" they called him. And he was rather like a hedgehog, the quiet friendly kind that old-fashioned country folk keep by their hearths in winter time. (But he'd sold rotten goods to people who trusted him. And in the end he'd sold out his own son. When he knew that, he might go to pieces too. She'd like to see them all in pieces.)

And then there was this Elinor, David's girl. No use hating her. She wasn't responsible. And she was so lovely. And quiet as a picture. Somehow she made Biff-Janey feel all odds and ends—an explosive mixture of love and hate and grief and anger that might blow up at any moment and scatter her and her purpose to the winds.

"Please go on—if you can, Miss Janeway."

She was hurting them with her

silence. There were violet shadows under Lady Flavia's eyes. Lord John seemed to grow old waiting.

"One night Madame Li came to the hotel. She'd escaped from Chapei into the Settlement. She said she knew where Bert was. He was taking care of some of her husband's wounded up in a place they called a lamasery. It was on an island in one of the lakes fifty miles away. She said if we went together maybe we might get to him. So I rang up David. You see, I'd promised I'd tell him. He'd got some queer idea that just because I was English he had to keep an eye on me—"

"Quite," Lord John said. "Absolutely right."

"Well, David said, 'Don't be an idiot. You can't do things like that. The Japs are running amok all over the place.' Then he brought his car round and we got out of Shanghai into the country. I don't know how. He was right about the Japs. They swarmed. But there was a flag painted on the car, and David didn't give them time to think. We broke a couple of springs, and then at daybreak an airplane spotted us. We had to jump out and run for our lives, and the car went up in blue smoke. After that we had to walk. It was hard going—especially for David. You see, he was still in evening clothes—"

She set her teeth on a little laugh that might easily have run away with her. But it had been really funny. She tried to make them see the dawn breaking on that flat, drear landscape, and David sitting on a Chinese grave, watching his car smolder and telling a group of bewildered refugees who couldn't understand a word he said that he was an Englishman and that the attack was an outrage and he was going to write to the *Times* about it.

"I shall write myself," Lord John said.

"And then Madame Li broke down. She didn't seem to know who she was or where she was going. We had to drag her along. Sometimes David carried her. Some soldiers who had escaped from Chapei joined us. They knew Madame Li and that helped. But none of us had any food. At least David had pushed some sandwiches into his pocket. But there wasn't enough for all of us, so he threw them away."

"Only fair," Hedgey said.

"Then David's pumps gave out. But one of the soldiers took off his puttees and wound them about his feet. They sort of liked him, I think, in spite of his seeming so queer. They knew he had courage too."

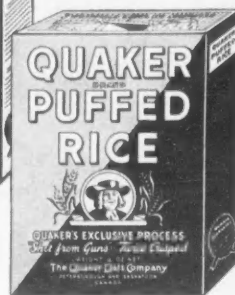
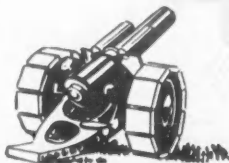
"Really, I was always sure of it," Lady Flavia said, almost humbly, as though she were apologizing to someone.

"We got to the lake the next night. There was a raft and we crossed over to the island. It was more like a mountain sticking out of a lot of marsh. The monastery or whatever they called it sort of grew out of the top. Bert was there, just as she'd said. He wasn't as surprised as you'd think. But he was awfully angry. He said we might at least have brought some bandages. He had fifty wounded men on his hands and not a bandage in the place—"

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"Nobody will be asked. They'll just have to."

"Like pulling me out of the sea?"

He was hot and stammering.

"That's not fair. You've no business—"

"I've better business here than you have, I told you. I've come to find my brother."

"You can't find lost people in China."

"I can find Bert. Ma says he's like a bad penny—"

Mr. Findlater looked over his shoulder.

"Mr. Albert Janeway is a missionary," he explained. "And even a medical missionary to a communist is a very bad penny indeed. Positively counterfeited. And bound to turn up."

Biff-Janey rounded on him fiercely.

"That's not funny. It broke mother's heart. She and Bert said things to each other before he went away that she's never forgotten. They just threw God and Lenin at each other. And now she's sorry. She won't say so. But I know Ma. And he's got to come home to the unveiling, missionary or no missionary."

David Gretorex had relapsed into bewildered silence. He had no clue to these people, except possibly Lady Flavia. He realized now that if he'd ever understood her she might have been extremely useful. Elinor was obviously no good at all. Meantime the slowly moving panorama of lights had come to a standstill. There was a mild disturbance in the gangway, and a man in uniform stepped out on deck. He came straight to where Madame Li waited. A ship's lantern lighted his face. He made David think of a young Buddha. But the uniform and the revolver were modern. He saluted.

"Li Ai Chu T'a T'ai."

She bowed to him.

Biff-Janey knew for certain that this was a great lady.

Madame Li bowed to her too. She did not shake hands. She made the English girl understand that this was a grave leave-taking.

"I am going to join my people, Miss Janeway. But I shall not forget—"

Biff-Janey nodded. Her voice was low pitched and husky. After all, Ma was a thousand miles away.

"God bless you," she said, "and help you to lick the stuffing out of everybody."

She turned back to the rail. She watched dark figures crowd forward on the deck of the launch clinging to the ship's side. They—whoever they were—were greeting Li Ai Chu T'a T'ai. There was a shout. The ship's engines vibrated back to life. The launch slid away down stream and was lost.

David Gretorex spoke in a great hurry.

"Listen. I did save your life, didn't I?"

"Reckon you did."

"So you owe me a good turn. Promise me before you do anything idiotic—before you do anything at all, you'll let me know."

"So that you can pull me out again?"

"So that—that I can see you through—"

To the south, as though a signal had been given, a great flame went up. In its reflection David Gretorex saw

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"Reckon he'd never heard of Biff-Janey—and wouldn't have cared if he had. No. The only person who could do anything was Bert. Bert said, 'All right. If you shoot David Gretorex, I quit. If you don't, I'll stay round as long as you need me.' Well, the general needed him for his sick and wounded. So that told a bit. And then Bert pointed out that David might be useful—you know, to get money back for those guns. A hostage, he called him. But it was a champion fight between them."

She had a fleeting picture of that final violent scene; bull-necked Lancashire facing slender, steel-faced Chinese soldiers across the table where General Li had held his one-man court martial. Lancashire had won—on terms. Bert had stayed in exile, putting Ma and old Melford behind him—for good and all as it turned out. And saving no one.

Good old Bert.

But David had protested, arguing that Bert must go home with her. Whatever wrong had been done, it was up to him, David Gretorex, to pay for it. For the first time she'd seen him without armor, fighting, as it were, with naked hands, sweating and haggard and stammering.

No one had listened to him.

"In the end General Li sent me to Canton. He took Bert and David with him. As soon as I could I got hold of a friend of mine in Shanghai—Sam Findlater—who's got brass enough to buy up all the Chinese generals in sight. And he said he'd do what he could. But then the news came—"

The news that somewhere west of Nanking General Li's guerillas had been trapped and wiped out, General Li himself and his staff and his prisoners had been blown to pieces in an air attack.

HAPPEN SHE'D have lost him anyway. He couldn't have come back to this place with her—no more, she supposed, than she could have gone back to Ma and Melford and her job with him. They'd belonged to each other for that moment on the old terrace just because they hadn't been going anywhere from there. It was queer how clearly she was beginning to understand.

In her distress she had stripped the glove from her left hand. The ring shone in the spring sunlight filtering through the mullioned window opposite. It seemed to draw all the life of the room into itself. Biff-Janey looked up at Elinor. But Elinor was looking at the ring.

She was so still. But Biff-Janey wasn't fooled. She knew now about these quiet proud people. Behind their stiff shirt fronts they could bleed to death. Besides David had loved this girl. And happen, if he'd come back to his own world, would have gone on loving her.

She took the ring from her finger. It hurt—like she'd torn a living part out of herself.

"He wanted me to give you this. He said it belonged to you."

Elinor took it from her. She slipped it onto her engagement finger. She said, "Thank you." Her face was still white and frigid. But her eyes were very bright. She didn't quite know what had happened. But she knew she'd won. ☆ *To be Continued*

IT DISSOLVES IN A JIFFY  
—BURSTS INTO A MASS  
OF RICH SUDS



## New Rinso Washes Dirtiest Clothes Snowy White

GOODNESS! THE **NEW RICHER**  
**RINSO** GIVES UP TO 3 TIMES  
AS MUCH SUDS AS THOSE OLD-  
TYPE SOAPS I'VE USED



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AND LOOK AT THESE LINENS!  
AS MUCH AS **TEN SHADES**  
**WHITER** THAN LAZY BAR  
AND PACKAGE SOAPS EVER  
GOT THEM FOR ME

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THAT MAKES IT MORE ECONOMICAL  
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**RINSO  
COMES  
IN 3 SIZES...  
Regular-LARGE  
-GIANT**



**"I'M PROUD  
THEY ALWAYS  
PRAISE MY  
CAKE!"**

**IT'S SIMPLY  
GRAND HOW THE  
FAMILY CHEERS MY  
CAKE SINCE I STARTED  
USING SWANS  
DOWN!**



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vision that she would share with no one. It wiped out those listeners and their secure and serene background. She was back on a rough path winding up through fir trees and David had taken her hand so that they should not be separated in the darkness. They were not frightened. As David said, they were on safe ground. She did not know quite what he meant—she only knew that it was true. The harried, desperate men around them grew calm as though, if they were to find death here, they knew they had also found sanctuary. The very fir trees had breathed a mysterious quiet and encompassed them with consolation. Here, Biff-Janey had thought confusedly, men lived the Good Life of which the Chinese woman had talked to her. Even the soldiers who came scattering through the trees to meet the newcomers, not sure whether they were friends or enemies, talked in hushed tones, protecting the peace about them, glancing at the strangers with interest but without wonder. Here, perhaps, wonders might be the order of life. They had turned and led the way up the last steep ascent to the clearing and the temple blocked out in strong tranquil shadow against the stars. They had crossed a walled terrace into a courtyard. By the farther doors of the temple men in long robes had stood motionless with torches in their raised hands, throwing shadows.

A man had detached himself from them—a bustling, bull-necked black-bearded fellow in Chinese dress with the Red Cross pinned to his sleeve and a revolver dangling by a lanyard from his wrist.

The beard couldn't disguise him. Biff-Janey had gone direct to him and put her arms round him and kissed him. And he'd grinned down at her.

"If it isn't my old Biff!" he'd said.

Just as though they'd run into each other on Melford High Street.

"Yes—Miss Janeway?"

It was the girl who had spoken, for the first time, and almost with impatience. Biff-Janey looked up quickly.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was sort of remembering. We were in that place a week. Madame Li died on the second day. Exposure, Bert said. Reckon it was more like heartbreak. It sort of broke me up too—her going. We had been friends. And she was champion. But we had no time to fret. The soldiers were dying too. Poor Bert couldn't do much—only make things easier. Then one night a runner got through. He told us the Japs knew where we were and were coming to mop us up. He told us what had been happening in Nanking. So we knew what would happen to us—"

"Go on," Lady Flavia said sharply.

"A Chinese officer offered to send out a white flag. If they took any notice of it he'd explain that we were English people who'd been kidnapped and that they'd like to hand us over before the mopping-up business started. There was just a chance the Japs would like a good mark for rescuing us—"

"They needed it," Lady Flavia commented.

"David said he wouldn't go. He didn't seem able to. He said he couldn't just sneak off and leave the chap who'd given him his puttees to be slaughtered. It wasn't sense. But that was how he felt."

## PIE-ON YOUR DIET!



**It's Different!**

**MRS. KNOX'S  
LEMON CHIFFON PIE**

(6 Servings) • Filling for one 9" pie

1 env. Knox Gelatine ¼ cup granulated sugar  
¼ cup cold water 1 teaspoonful grated lemon rind  
½ cup lemon juice  
½ teaspoonful salt  
4 eggs

Add one-half cup sugar, lemon juice and salt to beaten egg yolks and cook over boiling water until of custard consistency. Soften gelatine in cold water, add to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Add grated lemon rind and cool. When mixture begins to thicken, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites to which the remaining sugar has been added. Pour into cold baked pie shell or crumb crust and chill. (If desired, a thin layer of whipped cream or meringue may be spread over pie before serving, but if this is done it will add to the calories.)

**NOTE:** Do not confuse Knox Gelatine with factory-flavored gelatine desserts which are about 85% sugar. Be sure to use pure unflavored Knox Gelatine.

## CALORIES CUT NEARLY IN HALF

Only 284 calories per serving in this Knox Lemon Chiffon Pie. Compare that with 502 calories per serving in ordinary lemon pie. New diet principle shows how to keep fit—and avoid fat. Send for FREE booklet with 30 streamlined recipes. Delicious desserts and salads with calories cut to a minimum. Booklet includes non-fattening mayonnaise and low-calorie but-ter. Send for "Be Fit—Not Fat" booklet today! Knox Gelatine Co., Dept. C., Johnstown, N. Y., U. S. A.

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Sandwiches with a smack the taste loves to linger on! You make them so quickly, so easily, with Paris Pâté—spiciest, daintiest of sandwich spreads. Just open the tin—spread it thin.

Get It At Your Grocer's. 58



"You could have gone," Elinor said. "No, I couldn't," Biff-Janey said. She caught Lady Flavia's eye. It had a spark in it—a terribly familiar spark. "Anyway it didn't matter," she went on, "because it wasn't the Japs. It was General Li with his crowd. He'd heard about Madame Li, and he knew what would have happened to her. He didn't know that she was dead already. So he came. Someone ran up through the trees—shouting at us not to fire—"

SHE STOPPED for a moment. And then went on again. There was a sad intentness in their listening. But no tension. They knew the end. They did not know yet how it had come about. Biff-Janey lost sight of them again. She saw how the dark fir trees had seemed to come to life—to become men. She saw the tall lean soldier stride up the broken steps of the terrace and stand, his hands folded over the hilt of his sword, looking from one to another till he found the man he wanted. She remembered his face—withered-looking like a leaf after a long winter.

"And so you," he had said gently, "are David Gretorex, son of Lord John Gretorex, chairman of the Anglo-Sino Company"—his voice had taken on a smooth but deadly bitterness—"who sold us our guns," he'd said.

Lord John made a little bewildered movement.

"Don't understand. What guns? Never sold guns to anyone in my life."

"Your precious company did. Rotten guns. They killed the wrong people." She flung at him, "They killed David."

"Did you know anything of this?" he asked of the man standing by the window.

Sir George adjusted his pince-nez, to stare in horror.

"My dear fellow. I am a public servant. You know as well as I do that I can have no interests of that sort."

"You knew there would be fighting—"

"We all knew. Don't be absurd, sir. If you have any doubts as to my disinterestedness my affairs are open to your or anyone's inspection."

"No doubts at all, Reeves. Not suggesting anything. Apologize." He said with sudden firmness, "Go on, Miss Janeway."

"Well, it was touch and go. The general wanted to shoot David right then and there. Reckon Nanking had made him a bit crazy. And then his wife—they had meant a lot to each other. I told him that David had tried to save her. But he wouldn't listen to me—"

"Why not?"

This was the moment to fling into their faces, "Because I was David's wife, and the general knew I'd lie like anything to save him." But she didn't do it. She couldn't. Not yet. It wasn't anyone in the room who stopped her. It was the room itself. Its faded loveliness had got under her skin; it had done something to her. She had a sense of its age, its dignity, its helplessness.

She heard herself stammering, "Why, he knew what I was—just a cabaret girl. He wouldn't have believed a word I said—"

"Oh, come!" Lord John remonstrated gently. He made her a grave little bow. "Our Biff-Janey is not just a cabaret girl, you know."

## THE VOLUNTARY REGISTRATION OF CANADIAN WOMEN

to our country. What you can do—your neighbor can't. What one community can excel in, another centre cannot handle so well. We simply say to you—"What can you do? What do you want to do to help? What training do you need?"

### Does the V.R.C.W. Restrict the Field of Service for Women?

Some people have wondered whether, in giving their support and help to the V.R.C.W. they are restricted in any other field of similar service should the call arise? Of course not! This is a nationwide plan and is of great value. But should any one of the organizations for women ask for any service in any particular field, of course your association with the V.R.C.W. would in no way interfere. For instance, take the work of the Red Cross as an example. It is organized to meet an emergency. Supposing, for instance, that a plane should bomb Halifax, the Red Cross would be the logical women's organization to take charge in such an emergency. The foundation upon which the V.R.C.W. work is based is primarily the need for an accurate survey of Canada's woman power.

### The Peacetime Service of the Questionnaire Statistics

From the outset we have stressed the peacetime importance of the statistics we shall compile. For there are peacetime emergencies too, in which women's organized help is needed—for instance in the conservation of food, in the distribution of surplus foods, and in the

unemployment of young girls. We hope too through the questionnaire answered to discover such things as which vocations for women are overcrowded and those in which opportunity seems to lie. For information alone should be of definite value in giving help to young girls who are wondering in what fields they should enter.

### Who Will Use the Information?

What will happen to the statistics and information when it is compiled? It will be in charge of your national committee elected by yourselves. It will be available for those who need it in the service of Canada, and will be used as the committee judges fit.

### What is the Government's Attitude?

When the present organization was first suggested a group of women went to the Government Department involved and asked them to handle it. The Government stated that while it did not feel that it was in the best interests for the registration at that time to have them undertake it, they would welcome the information when it was compiled. Later, however, there was some discussion on this point and to settle the matter I, in company with other members of my Committee, went to Ottawa to see the Prime Minister. Mr. King expressed his wholehearted sympathy with the plan and stated that the Government welcomed all voluntary movements designed to be of service to our country in periods of national distress. ☆

## Knitting Socks for Soldiers?

Continued from page 56


then 2 plain, then knit 1, slip 1, knit 1, pull slipped stitch over, repeat to end of three needles. Then 1 plain row, then 1 row decreasing, if necessary, so as to leave 7 stitches on front needle and 4 on each of the back needles. Knit the back stitches onto one needle. Break off the wool, leaving about 10 inches. Thread this into a darning needle, put through the first stitch on front needle as if for purling, but do not take the stitch off. Then put the darning needle through the first stitch on the back needle as if for purling, and take off. \*Then through the next stitch on back needle, as if for knitting and do not take off. Then through the

first stitch on front needle, again knitting and slip off. Through the second stitch on front needle purling and do not take off. Through the first stitch on back needle purling and take off. Repeat from \* until all the stitches are worked off.

N.B.—Each stitch must be gone through twice, except the first and last on back needles. Always keep the wool under the knitting needles.

When reducing, it is better to slip 1 and pull the slipped stitch over instead of taking 2 together.

In finishing off end of yarn, run yarn once down the toe so as not to make a ridge or lump. ☆



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### EGGS IN BREAD CASES

12 slices bread Grated cheese, Soft butter if desired  
6 eggs Crisp bacon, if Salt, pepper desired

Cut bread in large rounds with cookie cutter; spread half of them with butter. With smaller cutter, remove centres from remaining rounds, and place resulting rings on buttered rounds; spread with butter. Into centre of case, break an egg carefully; sprinkle with salt and pepper—and with grated cheese, if desired. Place on pan and bake in hot oven, 475°, about 7 minutes, or until white is set. Serve with crisp bacon, if desired.

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"THAT'S THE FOOD FOR ME!"**

**'SCUSE ME WHILE I  
SING A SONG:  
I FEEL BETTER  
ALL DAY LONG!**

**WHY CAN'T ALL  
THE FOOD I EAT  
TASTE AS GOOD AS  
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**CREAM of WHEAT**  
A BREAKFAST CEREAL THAT'S EASY TO DIGEST



**Senator Iva  
Campbell Fallis,  
National Chairman  
of the V.R.C.W.**

## Answers your Questions about—

EVER SINCE the plan for the voluntary registration of women for national emergency was announced last May, we have naturally been besieged by questions from women throughout the country. Very briefly they have resolved themselves, in the main, into these points:

### Who is Behind the Registration?

The V.R.C.W. was conceived as a plan whereby the women of Canada themselves, through their highly developed organizations throughout the Dominion, could voluntarily take a mass survey of what women are capable of doing to help in any national emergency—in peace or war. It was felt that women today realize the difference between being willing—and able. That in times of stress, in this highly mechanized age, our woman power must also be expertly analyzed, and the information available for use to the best advantage. It is a movement which began with the women of Canada themselves. The fact that it has grown to such a competently efficient organization has only been possible through the deep interest and universal co-operation of the women throughout every province and municipality.

### What is the Plan for Registration?

There will be definite periods set apart for registration in Canada, for it must be carried out under expert direction. Thus our questionnaires are being numbered for the different localities, and local booths will be set up, where those women who wish to do so, may voluntarily register for service in whatever capacity they feel they can best serve. There will be no door-to-door canvass. Only the names of those who come to the registration booths in registration week will be kept.

There can be no hit-and-miss method about the registration. We have selected the best of two first-class methods of compiling the statistics, and we know that the women of Canada will co-operate by registering during the correct week and under the conditions we ask them. When you consider that if we have a satisfactory registration, with the questions answered sincerely and earnestly, we should have a million questionnaires filled out, you can understand the mammoth task of cross-indexing and compiling the information given. You can see that we must follow competent advice for the most businesslike

handling of the registration with the least expense and effort. That is why we have had to ask the hundreds of women who wished to register individually, to wait and do so at the proper time, in their own locality. It must be remembered that we have to take all the information for one community from our records at the same time. It is impossible even to consider the immensity of detail necessitated by any individual request for registration. The opportunity will be given. The plan will be carefully arranged to facilitate the taking and compiling of information. Its success will depend on the response of our women. That appears to be something we can count on wholeheartedly.

### What About the Questionnaire?

A great deal of work and consultation went into the preparation and form of the questionnaire. For its basis, we studied the cards used in England and Canada during the past war. We consulted authorities for advice, and received suggestions from women themselves throughout the Dominion.

Now, obviously, there are questions which may seem strange to some women who are city dwellers. But the value of those same questions will be very evident to rural women, who will understand the need for them. The survey had to be very broad—yet very specific. We wanted to elicit as much useful information, as simply as possible.

You'll notice that the questionnaire is divided, roughly, into four parts. The first deals with your name and address and individual details. The second with information which might be needed should old and young be brought to Canada from England for safety. The third relates to the problem of having to replace men in industry, with women capable of "carrying on." The fourth has to do with the necessity for sending troops out of Canada. This information of what our women can do—of what they are willing to do—and in what they need special training—will be of extreme value to Canada.

It is not expected that any woman can answer all the questions in the affirmative. I will count myself lucky if I can answer two or three. If the questionnaire had been one which most women could answer generally, it would have little value. We want specific information to be of most help

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Baby's Own Tablets bring quick relief from most of "baby's" ills.—Teething troubles, constipation, simple fever, diarrhoea, upset stomach, colic, simple croup and colds. Try them. 25 cents. Your money refunded if they are not effective.

### Bulbs for Winter Beauty

Continued from page 25

top to allow for adequate watering.

Whether bulbs are grown in water, fibre or soil, it is advisable to store the containers in a dark place until the root system becomes established. The necessary length of time varies with differing bulbs and different varieties, so the following timetable for rooting will act as a general guide. The times given are more nearly the minimum time required than the maximum.

#### Timetable For Rooting Bulbs For Indoors

Paper-white narcissus—three to four weeks.

Snowdrops and scilla sibirica—six weeks.

Crocus, Roman hyacinths, grape hyacinths—eight weeks.

Dutch hyacinths, tulips, daffodils, jonquils, narcissi—ten to fifteen weeks.

In order to test the root development of soil-planted bulbs, invert the pots over the hand until the ball of soil falls out. If the root growth is heavy it is time to remove the pot into the house.

#### Forcing in House

Begin the forcing of the bulbs in the house at as low a temperature as possible. Fifty degrees Fahrenheit is ideal to start with, and the pots should be kept away from direct sunlight. Gradually the temperature may be increased, but at no time should bulbs be exposed to intense heat, as the buds and flower stalks will shrivel up. This is most important. The time elapsing between the end of the storage period and the first flowers varies from one to three weeks, depending on the variety of bulb. A similar variation occurs in the length of blooming period per bulb, some flowers lasting only a few days while others have been known to continue into the third week. However, it will be seen from the planting timetable that it is quite possible by intelligent selection to have bulbs blooming in successive rotation from Christmas until spring.

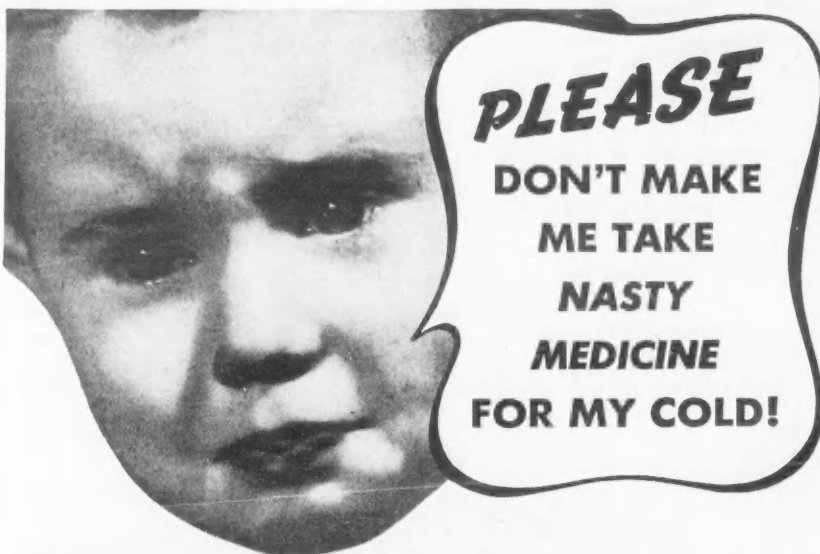
#### Succession of Bloom

The season usually opens with the paper-white narcissus which, if planted about the third week in November, will make the very nicest kind of Christmas gift, not only for your own house but to give to your friends. Attractively packed in appropriate holiday wrapping, they make an inexpensive and highly appreciated gift. For a succession of narcissi bloom, plant at intervals of a week or ten days.

The small bulbs of snowdrops and scilla sibirica, which require six weeks for rooting, should be planted close together in order to make a showing. This also applies to crocuses, which take approximately eight weeks for rooting. These harbinger of spring also make welcome gifts for the sick-room.

Those who have not yet grown the Roman hyacinths with their charming slender stalks of scattered and fragrant bloom are advised to include some in their list for the coming season, as they

★ Continued on page 87



**PLEASE  
DON'T MAKE  
ME TAKE  
NASTY  
MEDICINE  
FOR MY COLD!**

### HE'S RIGHT, MOTHER Dosing His Cold May Only Make Him Feel Worse

WHY make your child more miserable . . . why risk upsetting his stomach and making the cold distress worse by drastic, often harmful dosing?

Mothers all over Canada have stopped this unnecessary dosing for colds. They have proved for themselves that there is a better way—a quicker, safer, more direct way—to relieve the misery. They have learned to depend on the external poultice-and-vapor treatment that children really like—Vicks VapoRub.

#### Here's the Direct External Treatment

You simply massage VapoRub on throat, chest, and back at bedtime. Unlike internal medicine, it begins at once to bring relief direct to the air

passages of nose, throat, and chest—right to the spots where the cold is causing discomfort.

VapoRub's soothing medicinal vapors are inhaled with every breath. At the same time, it stimulates like a warming, comforting poultice. This double action quickly loosens phlegm, soothes irritation, relieves coughing, eases muscular soreness and tightness.

Breathing easily again, the little patient sleeps in comfort while VapoRub keeps on working hour after hour. And often after a night of healing restful sleep, most every sign of the cold is gone.

**Home Proved, Clinic Tested for You**  
Vicks VapoRub is Canada's most widely used medication of its kind. Its effectiveness in relieving colds misery has been proved day after day, in millions of homes—and further proved under medical supervision in one of the largest colds-clinics ever held.

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# Mother, Be Careful

ABOUT GIVING YOUR CHILD  
UNKNOWN REMEDIES



Take no chances  
with your child's health  
to save a few pennies

**Be sure to ask the one man who really knows**

**Before you give your child a doubtful "bargain" remedy . . . any medicine you are not absolutely sure about—ask your doctor**

**WAIT.** Call up your own good doctor before you give your child a single dose of some cheap, unknown drug . . . a shopworn "orphan" product, perhaps, or a mysterious new medicine with some fancy name; "something just as good" sold on the old hawk's argument that it's a few pennies cheaper. Such a "bargain" could be the dearest purchase ever a woman made, mother.

For your own peace of mind alone, give no home remedy you don't know all about without your physician's approval first.

## What the Name "Phillips'" Means

Ask your doctor even about the common children's remedy, milk of magnesia. And when he says, "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia," see that you get real "Phillips'" when you buy.

Your doctor has long known Phillips'—and knows its marvelous gentle action is especially suitable for the delicate system of children.

If your child prefers Phillips' in the newer form—tiny peppermint-flavored tablets scarcely larger than an aspirin tablet—that children chew like candy, give it this way. Each tablet contains the equivalent of one teaspoonful of the



Have your physician "check up" your family frequently. His scientific training may safeguard against serious illness.

liquid Phillips' and a big box costs only 25¢ at your drugstore.

The small bottle of liquid Phillips' costs but a quarter, too, so take no chances on an unknown preparation. Get the genuine Phillips' by asking for it by its full name "Phillips' Milk of Magnesia."



**PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA**

# The Baby Clinic



Conducted by  
Dr. J. W. S. McCullough



## WHAT SHALL THE MOTHER EAT?

FOR THE average mother and the average baby there are no foods which need be deleted from the diet because of producing any ill effects on the baby, such as colic. A mother may eat anything that agrees with her own digestion. A diet which is suitable for her under normal conditions will be suitable during the nursing period—except that she will need to take a somewhat larger amount.

The nursing mother's diet must be well balanced, that is, it must contain a sufficiency of all kinds of food, including those rich in vitamins. Among these foods are milk, butter and eggs, leafy green vegetables and raw fruits. There seems to be no good basis for the idea that the nursing mother cannot take acid fruits, vegetables and salads. These are all good for her if they do not upset her digestion. There is no evidence that the taking of moderate amounts of tea, coffee or cocoa affects the character of the breast milk. While alcoholic beverages may be taken in moderation without injury to the breast secretion, it is equally true that their use in such forms as beer or porter, is useless as a stimulant to the increasing of milk in the mother's breast. No ill results from smoking

have been reported. Highly-spiced foods and condiments such as pepper, mustard, vinegar, pickles and pepper soups may seem to cause distress in the baby. Garlic, onions or asparagus, which give a distinct odor or taste to the breast milk, may cause the infant to object.

In an odd case the baby may be allergic to one or more foods taken by the mother. By this, I mean that such foods taken by the mother disagree with the child and may result in attacks of eczema or other manifestations. Certain laxatives, and laxative fruits may occasionally cause looseness of the baby's bowels, or cause distress and colic. Cause and effect should be the guide in such cases. If the condition in the baby clears up when the suspected food is eliminated from the mother's diet, that is the proof. It is

very rare that the food of the mother disagrees in any way with the baby. In respect to the supply, every mother should know that the more thoroughly she uses the breast supply the better will that supply be. There is nothing mysterious about breast milk. It is the result of two things, namely sufficient good food and complete use. ☆



## YOUR QUESTION BOX

**Question**—Baby girl, twenty-six months old and weighing 26½ pounds, has a rattling in her chest, poor appetite and won't drink from a cup. I have to get up twice a night to give her milk. She grits her teeth and talks a lot when asleep.—Mrs. D. C., Cobourg, Ont.

**Answer**—A child (girl) of twenty-six months should weigh 27¼ pounds, so your girl is but little underweight. A diet of milk is not suitable for this age. She should be having a variety of foods and I have asked the Ontario Health Department to send you a list. You will have to stop the milk during the night. Give her a drink of water if she awakens. The use of milk through the night causes the gritting of the teeth and talking. You have got your child into bad habits and you must cure her. The appetite will return with the use of proper food.

☆☆

**Question**—My daughter, a year old last September, is very healthy and

well, but has only six teeth. She was breast-fed. She has been immunized against smallpox, scarlet fever and diphtheria. She does not walk yet. Why, when she is so well otherwise, are her teeth so slow and her walking delayed? The urine is sometimes very strong in smell.—Mrs. B. E. P., Sudbury, Ont.

**Answer**—The condition, if the smell is like ammonia, may be corrected by giving a third of a teaspoonful of baking soda daily in each of three feedings. After washing, the diapers should be soaked in a saturated solution of boracic acid, and after rinsing should be allowed to dry with some of the solution left in them. Teething will be improved by the use of cod-liver oil, a teaspoonful after each of three or four feedings. Delay in walking is more difficult to handle. If your child has no muscular trouble, or, rather, no nerve disorder causing muscular defect, I should hope that she will eventually be able to walk. It might be advisable to have a child specialist see her. ☆

## CHATELAINE

Vol. 12. No. 10

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 make divisions to suit yourself.

(16) C686—"In an Old Chinese Gar-  
 den." An exquisitely dainty pair of  
 needlework pictures—stamped on mid-  
 night blue taffeta or cream sampler  
 linen, size 9 x 12 inches, to be worked  
 in pastel shades. In taffeta, 65 cents  
 per pair; in linen, 45 cents the pair.  
 Cottons for working, 10 cents.

(17) C684—Fireside coal mitt. To be  
 worked in gay colors on black, with  
 cottons for working, it is priced at  
 35 cents.

(18) C681—Needle case. Dainty but  
 practical, stamped on black silk taf-  
 feta, with "leaves" for needles, button  
 for fastener and cottons for working  
 (cardboard for stiffening is not sent).  
 Price, 25 cents.

(19) C687—Tray cloth. A charming  
 and really distinctive cloth that looks  
 lovely, mounted—as you will see by  
 illustration—but can be finished to use  
 on any tray. Do you know that a pic-  
 ture frame of suitable proportions that  
 you might happen to have on hand can  
 be made into a beautiful tray by add-  
 ing handles and tiny rubber bumpers  
 procured from your hardware store? The  
 design measures 11 x 17 inches, but  
 it comes stamped on fine white or  
 heavy cream linen, or on fine Chinese  
 linen in pale bisque, size 15 x 21 inches.  
 It is priced at 50 cents, and cottons for  
 working in two shades of green are 10  
 cents. ☆

Order from Marie Le Cerf, 481 University  
 Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or  
 money order. If sending cheque kindly add  
 exchange. Prices include postage.

## Bulbs for Winter Beauty

Continued from page 85

are becoming increasingly popular,  
 due to their daintiness, lengthy season  
 of bloom and ease of culture. They  
 may be grown in water, fibre or soil.

The early-flowering tulips, single  
 and double, including such varieties as  
 General de Wet, orange; Couronne  
 d'Or, double yellow flushed orange;  
 and Peach Blossom, double pink; will  
 respond to forcing in the house, but the  
 Darwins and late-flowering varieties  
 offer too many difficulties for the  
 average house gardener.

When the early-flowering varieties  
 are potted in the late autumn, they  
 should be plunged deeply in a cold  
 frame with at least six inches of soil  
 over the pots. There they remain until  
 midwinter, covered with first a layer  
 of loose material to protect the young  
 shoots and a top layer of sand and  
 sifted coal ashes sprinkled over the  
 pots and in between. In winter the  
 bulbs in the frame will probably need  
 extra protection from frost. In the  
 absence of a cold frame, the pots may  
 be buried in a two-foot trench, as  
 mentioned before. A deep mulch will  
 be necessary with the arrival of cold  
 weather.

After a rooting period which varies  
 from ten to fifteen weeks, the tulips  
 are brought into the house and kept  
 cool until acclimatized. If exposed  
 at once to ordinary house temperature  
 the sprouts are apt to wither up. An  
 unheated sunroom, porch or other cool  
 room is an excellent location for the  
 plants until half grown.

Daffodils and narcissi are handled in  
 the same way as the tulips and are  
 other bulbs well worth trying include  
 the frezias, lily of the valley and  
 amaryllis. ☆

HOW MOTHER WON  
**EXTRA**  
**Hugs AND Kisses**  
 FROM HER FAMILY  
 WITH Aunt Jemima's  
 DELICIOUS  
 JIFFY-QUICK PANCAKES

PANCAKES! MY TEASIN', PLEASIN',  
 SCRUMPTIOUS PANCAKES!  
 DAT'S WHAT WILL HAPPIFY  
 YO' FAMILY RIGHT NOW!

YOU SAID IT! AUNT  
 JEMIMA! WE CRAVE  
 YOUR PANCAKES.

LET'S TELL  
 MOTHER  
 QUICK!

AND IT'S EASY AS 1-2-3  
 TO WHIP UP MY FLAVOR-  
 SOME PANCAKES!

I'LL MAKE YOU  
 SOME AUNT  
 JEMIMA'S RIGHT  
 NOW! IT ONLY  
 TAKES A JIFFY!

As easy as 1-2-3 to fix Aunt Jemima's  
 Pancakes or Aunt Jemima's genuine old-  
 time Buckwheats. (1) Just add a cup of  
 water or milk to a cup of Aunt Jemima's  
 Magic Ready-Mix. (2) A flip on the  
 hot griddle, and they're all ready to  
 serve—light, tender, and golden brown!

**PANCAKE DAYS IS HAPPY DAYS**  
 with Aunt Jemima's

I OWE YOU A BIG  
 HUG AND KISS FOR  
 THESE SWELL AUNT  
 JEMIMAS!

ME, TOO, MOM!  
 YOU'RE A  
 WONDER

Happify your folks today with appetizing, tantalizing  
 Aunt Jemima's. Easier and cost less to make than  
 ordinary cook-book recipes. Nourishing. Easy to di-  
 gest. Serve them at breakfast, lunch or supper—  
 starting today! And here's a grand idea! Aunt Jemima's  
 Ready-Mix makes delicious, crispy waffles. Try them!

**TODAY**  
 is Aunt Jemima  
 Pancake Day

AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX  
 FOR PANCAKES

WAFFLES TOO!

An' enjoy  
 my ol' fashion'  
 buckwheats, too!

GET BOKE PACKAGES  
 FROM YO' GROCERMAN AN  
 SERVE TURNABOUT

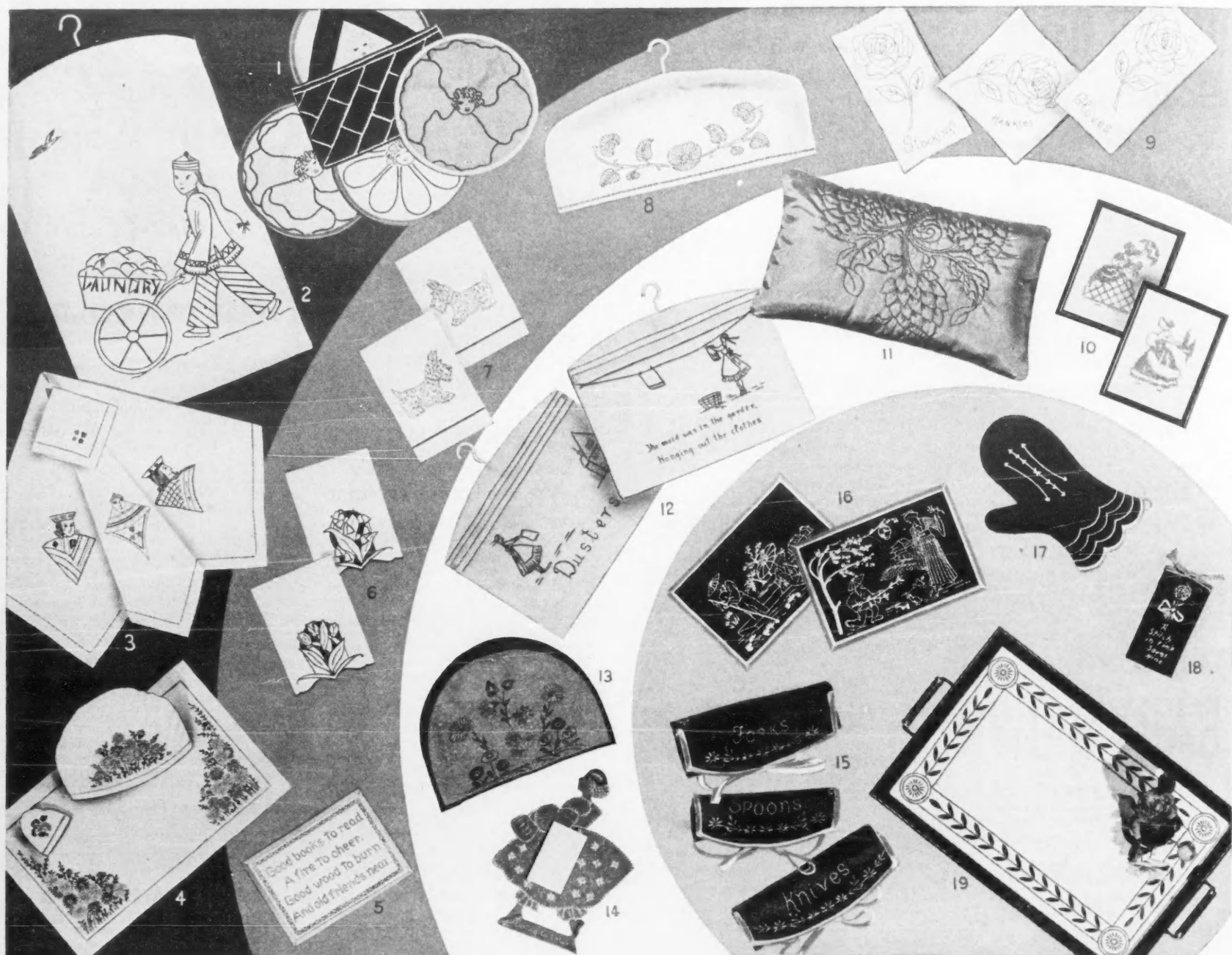
AUNT JEMIMA  
 READY-MIX  
 BUCKWHEAT, CORN  
 & WHEAT FLOUR

IN THE RED BOX

IN THE YELLOW BOX

P.S. To Mother: You will agree that Aunt  
 Jemima's Pancakes are the best-tasting  
 and easiest you ever made, or we will  
 gladly refund your money!





(1) **C689**—"Flower faces." Novelty kitchen holders in colors—mauve pansy, pink rose, red poppy, and yellow for the black-eyed Susan. With binding and cottons for working (interlining is not sent), they are priced at 50 cents the set. **C704**—The little "Wicker Basket" container to tack on the wall is stamped on brown embro cloth, to be worked in wicker shade. Size about 5 x 10 inches, price, 15 cents, including cotton for working.

(2) **C693**—"China boy" laundry bag. An amusing design in a full-size bag—18 x 32 inches—in blue, green, yellow or cream, with binding (hanger is not sent). Price, 50 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

(3) **C617**—Bridge cloth or luncheon set. A really handsome and most uncommon design. Stamped on medium green or orange art felt, with 3-color binding in red, gold and black, \$1.00. The 36-inch luncheon cloth comes stamped on white, cream, green or yellow linen, at \$1.00, and serviettes can be supplied at two for 25 cents. Cottons for working the bridge cloth, 15 cents; for the luncheon set, 20 cents.

(4) **C683**—Breakfast tray set. A profusion of gaily colored flowers that will brighten the dull morning—stamped on white, cream, green or yellow linen, the set, including serviette, is priced at \$1.00. Cottons for working come to

15 cents and a cosy form can be supplied at 25 cents.

(5) **C703**—Sampler in cross stitch. A charming little gift for a man, or lovely to hang beside a fireplace. There is the least possible work on this little sampler, stamped on cream sampler linen, size 9 x 12 inches (the design itself being 6 x 9 inches). Price, 35 cents; cottons for working, 5 cents.

(6) **C690**—Fingertip towels in cut-work. Lilies of the valley and tulips are quickly worked and stand out most effectively. Stamped on white, yellow or green linen, size 12 x 18 inches, tiny hems are required down each side. Price per pair, 50 cents; cottons for working, 10 cents.

(7) **C688**—Doggy towels. Needlework etchings—just straight line embroidery—that you will find very quick to work. Stamped on fine white linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches, \$1.00 per pair; black cotton for working, 5 cents.

(8) **C701**—Dress protector. Very modern in design, to be worked in the

new running stitch embroidery, you will find this the most popular of all small gifts. Stamped on taffeta silk in pink or blue, with cottons for working, 50 cents; stamped on embro cotton in peach mauve, yellow or blue, with cottons for working, 25 cents.

(9) **C697**—Gloves; **C698**—Hankies; **C699**—Stockings. Sachets in American beauty design make the daintiest and most uncommon gifts. Stamped on taffeta silk in pink, blue, French rose or old gold, complete materials are priced at 75 cents each.

(10) **C682**—"Summer and Winter." These pretty silhouette pictures are stamped on fine white linen, to be worked in black—size 7 x 9 inches, they are priced at 35 cents per pair, including cotton for working.

(11) **C685**—Quilted cushion. A beautiful design, stamped on beige Venetian satin, 11 x 18 inches, front and back with quilting and cottons for working in green or other color, price, \$1.00. This cushion can also be supplied in

taffeta silk, in black, French rose, old gold, midnight blue or green—complete materials, \$1.25.

(12) **C691**—Peg bag, and **C692**—Duster bag. A cute design that you will enjoy working. About 12 x 15 inches, finished—stamped on brown or rust embro cloth—price, 25 cents each; cottons for working either bag, 5 cents.

(13) **C702**—Tea cosy in art felt. Field flowers make a light and dainty design for this very practical and inexpensive cosy. No form is necessary, for padding is sent to place between the two thicknesses of felt, and an all-round gusset makes it full size. In two shades of green, with cottons for working and padding, \$1.00.

(14) **C700**—Kitchen memo pad. Distinctly modern and snappy, you'll just love this in your kitchen. Stamped on red or orange art felt, size 9 x 12 inches, with cottons for working and pad (cardboard backing is not sent). Price 25 cents.

(15) **C694**—Knives; **C695**—Forks; **C696**—Spoons. Dainty yet very serviceable containers for your flatware. Stamped on green art felt, each container will hold 12 pieces. With binding for edges in gold and cottons for working, they are priced at 50 cents each. If you wish a container for odd pieces, we send the largest size,

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is a  
*Golden rule*



### Fish Casserole

Flake 1 lb. of fish and place in casserole. Slowly melt  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. Canadian Cheese in a double boiler; stir in  $\frac{1}{3}$  cup of milk. Pour the sauce over the fish. Line the rim of the casserole with unbaked biscuits cut in half (use prepared biscuit mix, your own recipe, or the oven-ready kind). Bake in hot (425 deg. Fahr.) oven until biscuits are done.

*Ladies*  
**WRITE FOR  
FREE  
BOOKLET!**

Any day a  
**FISH**  
day



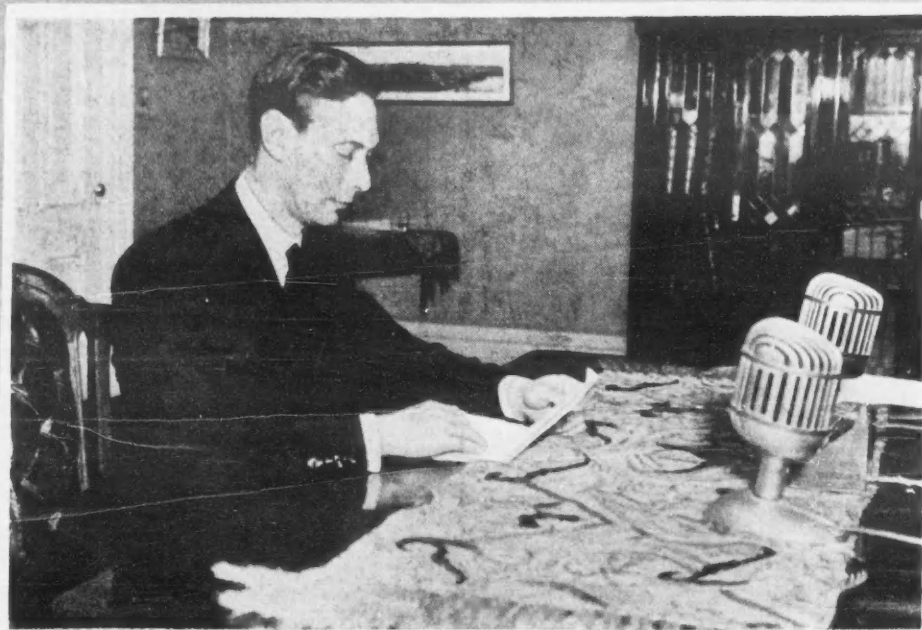
Department of Fisheries, Ottawa.  
Please send me your 52-page Booklet, "100 Tempting Fish Recipes". 95

Name (PLEASE PRINT LETTERS PLAINLY)

Address

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Last May, King George VI spoke to his Empire from Winnipeg. A few months later from Buckingham Palace, he spoke again — on the day England declared war.

His words, sounding round the world with a solemn impressiveness, contain a statement of the facts so simple and forceful that they can stand for all time as symbolic of his people's feeling.

Chatelaine presents them as a memento of a fateful hour — and as a page to be read and re-read in the days which lie ahead.

## THE KING

### *To His People, September 3, 1939*

**I**N THIS grave hour, perhaps the most fateful in our history, I send to every household of my peoples, both at home and overseas, this message, spoken with the same depth of feeling for each one of you as if I were able to cross your threshold and speak to you myself.

For the second time in the lives of most of us, we are at war.

Over and over again, we have tried to find a peaceful way out of the differences between ourselves and those who are now our enemies; but it has been in vain.

We have been forced into a conflict, for we are called, with our allies, to meet the challenge of a principle which, if it were to prevail, would be fatal to any civilized order in the world.

It is a principle which permits a state in the selfish pursuit of power to disregard its treaties and its solemn pledges, which sanctions the use of force or threat of force against the sovereignty and independence of other states.

Such a principle, stripped of all disguise, is surely the mere primitive doctrine that might is right. And

if this principle were established through the world, the freedom of our own country and of the whole British Commonwealth of Nations would be in danger.

But far more than this, the peoples of the world would be kept in the bondage of fear, and all hopes of settled peace and of security, of justice and liberty, among nations, would be ended.

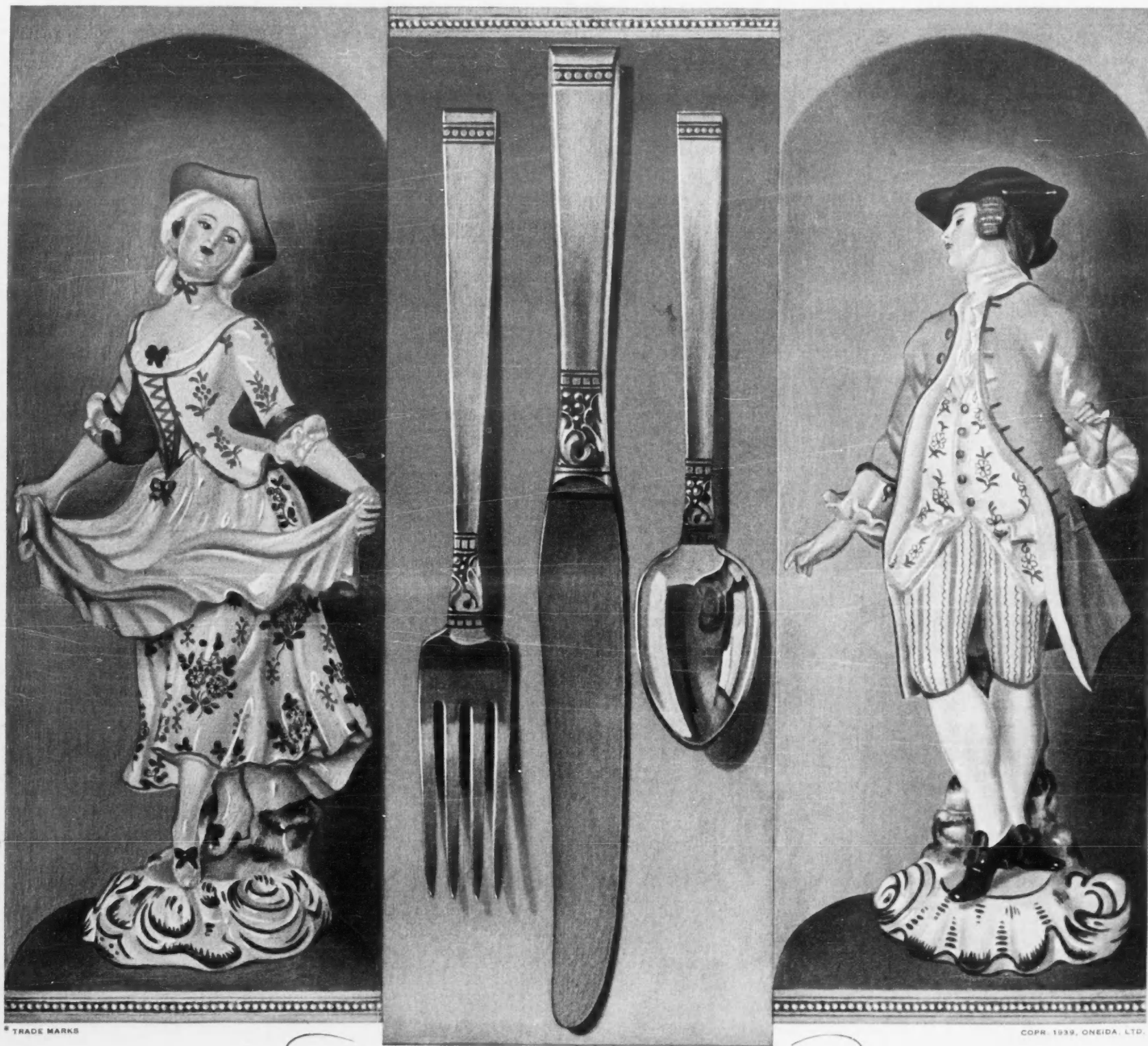
This is the ultimate issue which confronts us. For the sake of all that we ourselves hold dear, and of the world order and peace, it is unthinkable that we should refuse to meet the challenge.

It is to this high purpose that I now call my people at home and my peoples across the seas who will make our cause their own.

I ask them to stand calm and firm, and united in this time of trial.

The task will be hard. There may be dark days ahead and war can no longer be confined to the battlefield, but we can only do the right as we see the right, and reverently commit our cause to God. If one and all we keep resolutely faithful to it, ready for whatever service or sacrifice it may demand, then with God's help, we shall prevail.

May He bless and keep us all.



TRADE MARKS

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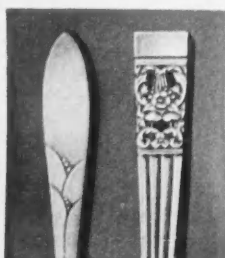
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